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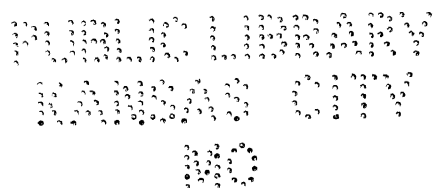
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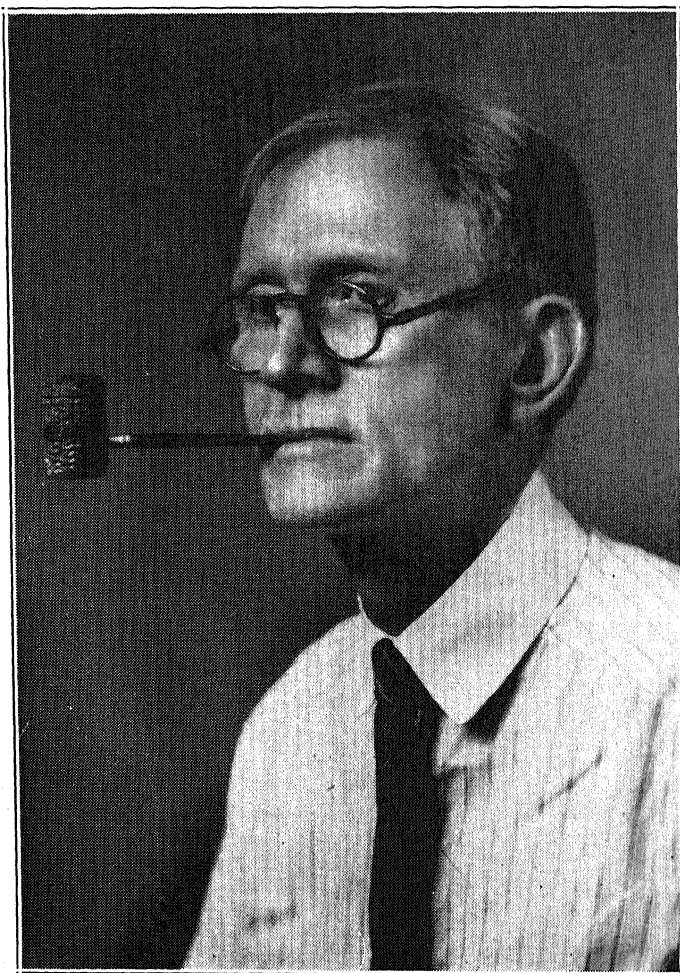
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M. B. MORTON

KENTUCKIANS ARE DIFFERENT

By

M. B. MORTON

50 Years Reporter and Editor

PUBLISHED BY
THE STANDARD PRESS
LOUISVILLE, Ky.
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This volume is dedicated to the memory of the
fine old slave Negroes to whom the writer
is largely indebted for the educa-
tion he received in Nature's
University.

PREFACE

THIS is the story of the life and observations of one who has been in the newspaper business for over fifty years, serving as reporter, city editor, and managing editor on newspapers in Russellville and Louisville, Kentucky; Birmingham, Alabama, and Nashville, Tennessee. He kept an imperfect diary and a scrapbook most of that time, though the first half of this was burned in the great Nashville fire in 1916. As a consequence most of the articles from my scrapbook were written after that time and appeared in the Nashville *Banner*, of which paper I was managing editor for thirty-nine years. None of these are credited to the *Banner*, except where, for some reason, it seemed necessary. A few articles not written by the author are duly credited.

Aside from a few personal observations, this book is merely a narration of facts.

As a boy slave-owner, a boy during the War Between the States, a pioneer in Washington Territory, and a daily newspaper worker, my experiences have been varied. I am hoping the book will be interesting to those who read it, and a contribution to the history of the times through which I have passed, since I first saw the light of day on a Kentucky farm, August 6, 1859.

Though I was born in Kentucky and lived there until I was twenty-three years old, I never really knew Kentucky until, after some years' absence in the West and South, I returned to Louisville and began work for the *Courier-Journal*. Then as a semi-stranger I discovered that Kentuckians were not like any other people, and that Kentucky hospitality was not a myth, though you found it was expressed differently. Nowhere else are you met so cordially, nowhere else are you sized up so quickly, and nowhere else is your status as friend or foe so rapidly determined. And you must be one or the other. Also Kentuckians frequently demand that you be a friend of their friends and a foe to their foes. The stories I tell in this book ought to convince you that my conclusions are correct. The few stories that have no bearing on Kentucky are inserted because I think they are worth preserving.

M. B. MORTON.

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KENTUCKIANS ARE DIFFERENT

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD'S RECOLLECTIONS OF WAR, SLAVERY, AND PIONEER LIFE

I first saw the light of day in Logan County, Kentucky. At a time when oratory was in flower, when men were knightliest, when "the price of a woman's virtue was a man's life."

African slavery prevailed and the greatest internecine war of all time was in the offing.

Judge Elijah Hise, Kentucky jurist and orator, was canvassing the counties along the line of the proposed L. & N. Railroad, making speeches in opposition to county subsidies for the road. He said the principle was wrong, and that the railroad would prove the great highway for the invasion of the South when armed hostilities, which were inevitable, began between the North and South.

Simon Bolivar Buckner, a West Pointer, recently resigned from the United States Army and soon to become a lieutenant-general in the Confederate Army, was, under the direction of the governor, training the Kentucky militia. These troops were to become the nucleus of the "Orphan Brigade," shortly to be one of the greatest fighting units in the army, after Buckner led them away to join the Southern host.

It was of this period that Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, the great naturalist of Harvard University, spoke when he said that in his opinion the human race reached its highest development on this planet, in Kentucky during the time just prior to the War Between the States.

I was born at "Mountain Home," my father's farm three miles from Russellville, Kentucky, on the Gallatin Road, as the sun was sinking, August 6, 1859. I have seen much, heard much, experienced much during the ensuing seventy-nine years.

I saw the last of African slavery in America, and am one of the few surviving men of the South who ever owned a slave. Between fifty and sixty years ago, during a residence of two and a half years in Washington Territory, I saw the last of real pioneer life in this country.

Now we seem to be experiencing the end of another era. Who can tell what the result will be?

My first recollections are of the farm, the Negro slaves, and of the Yankee soldiers in blue uniforms, speaking a strange lingo, riding through the farm, ordering something to eat, and helping themselves to provender, leaving gates open and swearing and abusing the "d—d sesesh." I was very much afraid of the "bluecoats," and had an especial horror of the Indianians, whose manners and morals seemed to my childish mind to be none of the best.

I heard little discussed but war and battles, guerrillas and runaway Negroes. The rattle of infantry was not uncommon and the booming of cannon could be heard every day, from Bowling Green, Kentucky, on one side to Russellville, Kentucky, and Clarksville, Tennessee, on the other. Practically all my people were sympathizers with the South, and many of my kinsmen were in the Confederate Army. My father and other men who had remained at home were guarded in their conversation, after the Yankee soldiers arrived, but the women were more outspoken and violent in their denunciation of the Yankees.

My father's house was a station on the "underground" Confederate mail route from the far South into Kentucky. Consequently we were in constant danger of being burned out and my father was in constant danger of arrest and imprisonment.

Sugar and coffee and other luxuries were hard to get. We generally burned tallow candles, made at home, for lights, and often sweetened our parched rye coffee with sorghum molasses, both of which and all of which were bum substitutes. We also wore—men, women, and children—jeans and cotton clothing, largely raised, spun, and woven at home or in the neighborhood. Clothed in homemade jeans, nappy and rough, a boy looked like a bear cub, or some other varmint, and I heartily detested my outfit. In winter men and boys wore heavy boots, and I cannot remember when I was so small I didn't wear boots in winter.

I was proud of my boots. I would grease them with tallow and march around like a major-general. As fall came on I was always afraid I was not going to get my boots, and the direst threat that could be made was: "If you don't behave yourself you shan't have any boots next winter." During the war newspapers were hard to get and much of the news came through rumors that drifted through the country. These rumors were generally of dire calamities such as famine, pestilence, devastating armies; and one that was especially disturbing to me, was that the devil had been unchained and that the end of the world was at hand. The devil and the other troubles were always headed our way. I really believe that all the Negroes and many of the white people thought the judgment day was at hand. The Bible was freely read and quoted to prove it. I would run and hide under the bed whenever Revelation was read.

The news in the newspapers was not much more reliable, and fully as disquieting as that which traveled from mouth to mouth, for they had very little opportunity for getting reliable news. In fact with railroads, telegraph lines, and printing presses in the hands of the Government, news had a poor chance. Every time a headline said: "Burnsides on the Potomac" or "Banks in the Shenandoah" even I knew that Burnsides and Banks had got licked.

When they said anything about Lee or Jackson being defeated even I knew it was a lie. The only piece of optimism in our universe was the belief that, come what might, neither Banks nor Burnsides could lick either Lee or Jackson. One time we were right.

When a newspaper was received one member of the family read while the others listened, for they could not wait to read it one at a time. The news was always so terrible that I sat and listened with a finger in each ear. I was in terror most of the time. I do not think I was very brave to start with, and I am sure my experiences did not increase my courage—soldiers driving away the stock, ordering dinners and suppers, taking away corn and other provender were common experiences.

A strange thing now that I look at it as I am going down the hill on the other side, is that I never in my life realized that

I was a little boy. I was always afraid the Yankees would mistake me for a Rebel soldier and shoot me. I remember having a hearty cry once because my mother who had got hold of some nice cloth, made me a little jacket to wear with my gray trousers, and took me to town to have my picture taken. I thought those gray trousers and that Zouave jacket looked altogether too military for a peaceful non-combatant, and that the "bluecoats" would shoot me on sight, mistaking me for a full-grown Rebel soldier, despite the fact that I was only four years of age. I used to run under the house and hide when the terrible Yankee soldiers came, for fear they would kill or arrest me and carry me off to prison.

Now after more than seventy years it seems to me almost unbelievable that I saw men and women owned by other men and women. Though Southern to the core, and born among slaves and slave owners, and though I owned a little "nigger" myself, even as a little child I saw the evils of slavery.

I never knew any brutal masters, but I knew it was wrong for one mind and body to be absolutely dominated by the will of another. The slaves were generally well treated and were generally satisfied in a way, though always there was a suppressed resentment at their fate. The comparatively few instances where slaves were mistreated by brutal masters, and where children and parents were separated on the auctioneer's block, were sufficient to damn the system.

Then the effect on the good masters, and that means most masters, was deplorable, for such a master must control the refractory slaves—and there were many such. He must even resort to the lash if necessary and the result brutalized even the best masters, and soured their tempers and dispositions.

Why did they not sell such slaves to the cotton and sugar planters?

Sometimes they did, but more often that slave and that slave's ancestors had belonged to that family for generations and the master often did not believe, strange as it may seem, "in the traffic in human flesh and blood," and besides he could not sell "old Jennie's son" for old Jennie had nursed him and perhaps his father when they were infants. So the refractory slave was generally kept on the place—a disorganizer and a thorn in the

"I don't care a d— whether you believe me or not, we are going to stay here tonight. We have already fed our horses, and now you have got to feed us."

Father awakened my mother, the Negro slaves, and cooked an enormous supper for the men. They then slept on the floor until morning. When they went to leave they rode their horses through the yard, yelling a farewell to the family who had entertained them. There had been a snow during the night and they left thousands of horse tracks all around the house.

My father thought he had come to the end of his career, for he knew the Yankee scouts would be there early in the morning, and see the horse tracks. He did not know what the result would be, but he was a great diplomat and had an active mind. The next morning when the scouts arrived he went to the front gate to meet them, and said: "Come on in the house, boys, it is too cold to stay out here, and I have plenty of good whisky and cigars." My father engaged them in interesting conversation and plied them with corn whisky, until they did not know a horse track from an elephant's track. Then he escorted them to the front gate and they rode away. That ended the incident.

A little later while threshing wheat with a groundhog thresher, if you know what that means, my father had a severe sunstroke. Big Ned was put on a horse and told to get the doctor, who lived three miles away, quick, and not to mind if he killed the horse. Ned followed instructions and when the doctor arrived he bled father copiously, as doctors generally did in case of sickness in those days. He said: "You will have to be taken to town where I can reach you without going through the Yankee lines, and being delayed by getting passes." This was done, and my father eventually recovered. He was taken to the home of Judge and Mrs. Elijah Hise, Mrs. Hise being my mother's aunt. Judge and Mrs. Hise then came out to the farm to look after it while father was away.

Judge Hise was fond of hunting, fishing, and swimming, and was not at all conscientious about enjoying these amusements on Sunday. One Sunday night after a heavy snow the moon was shining brightly. My older brother and I had been taken back to the farm with the new custodians. Judge Hise an-

nounced: "Boys, this is a great night for rabbit hunting. Let's go."

My aunt objected saying: "Mr. Hise, you know their mother will whip these boys if they go hunting with you on Sunday night, for she does not allow them to hunt on Sunday."

The judge replied: "You are not going to tell her, are you?" Being answered in the negative, said he: "Well, I am not going to tell her, so there is no chance for her to know it unless the boys tell her. If they are as d— fools as that they ought to be whipped." It began to rain and we did not go hunting.

But we were destined to a rude awakening a few days later. We had just sat down to dinner. Perhaps you would call it lunch. We had on the table turkey, biscuit, butter, milk, and dumplings. We heard the rattle of a drum and looking out the window saw General McCook, Yankee officer, with a thousand men filing into our cornfield. They stripped the corn from the stalks and put it in sacks which were thrown across their horses. Those horses were bountifully loaded with many things. They had geese, ducks, chickens, and pigs tied to the saddles.

Judge Hise was counted a Union man because, though he held that the contention of the South was constitutionally sound, he could never consent to the dismemberment of the Union, which he loved more than life. On this occasion he was greatly disturbed and highly indignant. Said he: "I will saddle old Peter and go to town and report these thieves to the commanding officer. Here they are robbing poor Bill while he is in town sick in bed."

Peter was a fat old horse, a good saddle and harness horse, of whom Judge Hise was very fond. He mounted him and started on his mission. Meantime a squad of soldiers, having filled their sacks with corn, came to the house for something to eat. My aunt, who was a dyed-in-the-wool Rebel, pretended to be deaf. The soldiers searched the house. When they got to the dining room which had been closed with the dinner on the table, they found my aunt standing in front of the door. "You can't come in this room," she said: "This is my parlor and you shan't go in there and mess everything up," so the soldiers passed on to other rooms. They opened an old tin safe and found in

it a large dish of smearcase—perhaps you would call it cottage cheese. They began to gouge their hands in and eat it by great mouthfuls. The old Spartan aunt snatched the dish, threw it in the yard, and said: "If you are going to eat like dogs, go out in the yard and eat."

Her slave cook, Hennie, seeing my aunt pretending to be deaf, also pretended that she could not hear. Finally the soldiers, all except one little German recruit, left the house and began chasing the flock of turkeys in the yard. My aunt ran out, and would jump in front of the saber when a soldier attempted to cut off a turkey's head. She would jump in front of a gun, when one undertook to shoot a turkey. The soldiers gave up the turkey hunt. The old lady then went back into the house, picked up a stick and said to the German recruit: "Now you are the only one left in the house, and if you do not get out I will knock you out." A soldier standing outside near the door yelled to the German with many profane epithets and told him to come out of the house and "let that old crazy woman alone." The German slowly obeyed, saying as he went down the steps: "If she had hit me with that stick I would have killed her." One gentleman in the squad had saved the day.

On his journey to town Judge Hise had got no farther than the big gate leading out of the farm when he was met by a squad of soldiers. One of them said: "Old man, get off that horse for we are going to trade horses." Peter was fat but the soldier's horse was poor and emaciated. "I won't trade," said the Judge. "Oh, yes, you will," said the soldier. "Get down and take the saddle off that horse." The saddles were exchanged, the soldier mounted old Peter and rode away, and the Judge came walking back to the house leading his new horse. Half way from the gate to the house he met the soldiers who had been there trying to get something to eat. At the same time they were met by another bunch of soldiers going toward the house.

"Where are you going?" asked one of the first squad. "We are going up to that house," said one of the second squad, "to get something to eat." The first man replied: "There is no use.

They have nothing to eat, and there is nobody up there except an old crazy white woman, and a Negro just as crazy as she is."

The Judge came on up to the house leading his horse. "I won't ride the d—— pack of bones," said he. So he took the saddle and bridle off the horse and turned him loose. The pack of bones wandered across the field, fell into a sinkhole and broke his neck. When the war was over and thousands of old army horses were being brought through the country and sold, the Judge for several years kept a sharp lookout for Peter, but he never saw him again. "Poor old Peter," said he. "He could not stand army usage, and they soon rode him to death."

There were few such outrages perpetrated in the War Between the States as were reported from France and Belgium during the World War. The reason was that it is almost impossible to assemble a dozen American citizens together where there is not one man who will not stand for any horrible outrage on decency.

Another war incident also illustrates this point. It happened early in the war. A young officer and three or four men came to my father's house searching for firearms. We had already given my father's Sharpe's rifle and my great-grandfather's deer gun to the Rebel soldiers.

"Have you any firearms?" asked the officer. "Yes," said my father. "Where are they?" asked the officer. "On top of that wardrobe," was the reply. The soldier reached up and took a gun from the wardrobe. It was an old shotgun that had belonged to my great-grandfather. He snapped it and threw it down with the remark: "That's not worth a d——." He reached up and got the other gun which had belonged to another great-grandfather. It was a beautiful little rifle, gold and silver mounted. He looked at it carefully and said: "That would kill a man. I will have to take it." My mother said: "You know full well that is not an army gun. It is a little squirrel rifle and shoots a ball only the size of a buckshot. My grandfather gave it to me, I prize it very highly, and I am asking you not to take it." The officer said his orders were strict, took the gun and rode away. In a few minutes he came back, handed the gun to my mother and said: "I am disobeying orders, but I hate to take

your gun, so here it is, keep it and say nothing about it." He then left and we saw him no more.

While my father was recovering from his illness in town he witnessed the following incident, which in the years to come he told me in detail. He was standing at the window and saw two of our neighbor boys, Nim Forehand and Bill Morgan, standing in the street. Both were Union men and Nim had already enlisted in the army. Nim and Bill were quarreling. Nim was applying every abusive epithet he knew to Bill, while Bill was saying nothing, and did not seem to know what he should do. Just then another neighbor boy, Tom King, who was a Rebel sympathizer, rode by on his way home, and stopped to see the row. Presently he said to Bill Morgan: "Bill, why do you let that Yankee talk to you that way? Why don't you knock him in the head?" Just then another neighbor who was passing slipped a pistol into Tom's pocket. Nim said: "If you don't like it, why don't you take it up?" "I believe I will," said Tom, as he dismounted. He drew the pistol which had just been given him and shot Nim. Tom was arrested and put in jail, and Nim was taken to a hospital where he finally recovered from his wound. Tom also had been released from prison. One day he came to town and was told that Nim Forehand had a navy pistol and was hunting for him. He went into a drug store, one window of which was filled with guns for sale. He asked the proprietor to show him a shotgun. He looked it over and said he would take it. Then he asked the proprietor to load the gun with buckshot, and that after awhile he would come by and get it. The proprietor knew Tom King and instead of loading the gun with buckshot he loaded it with mustard-seed bird shot. Presently Tom saw Nim Forehand coming with his navy pistol. He ran to the store, grabbed his gun, ran back on the street and fired at Nim's heart. Nim was badly wounded and again sent to the hospital. The birdshot did not do the work the buckshot would have done, but Tom was again sent to jail.

CHAPTER II

OUR OLD SLAVE NEGROES

I knew personally only two of the old slave Negroes who came to Kentucky from Virginia in 1815 with my great-grandfather, William Jordan Morton. I do not recall the names of any others. The two whom I remember were known as Aunt Eve and Aunt Jennie. Of course I knew many of the Morton slaves of later generations. One was called George Peter because he belonged at one time to my great uncle, Peter Morton, to distinguish him from other Georges in the family. George was born shortly after the family arrived in Logan County, Kentucky. He was medium-sized, very active and very strong, and lived to be one hundred years of age. He was burned to death in his cabin after he had become old and helpless.

Before his death William Jordan Morton made a will in which he distributed all his Negroes among his sons and daughters. There were six sons and six daughters. I knew little of the slaves of any of these except those of my grandfather, Marmaduke Beckwith Morton, for whom I was named. I have before stated that the only two that I knew who came from Virginia were Aunt Eve and Aunt Jennie. They were cousins and Aunt Eve's descendants always called Aunt Jennie "cousin." The Morton family was always more attached to Aunt Eve than to any other Negro. My grandmother died early and her sister, who later became the wife of M. B. Morton, and Aunt Eve reared my grandfather's children. My father had a great affection for Aunt Eve, as did all of us. He used to tell a story to illustrate how Eve looked after the children. On one occasion he and another boy had climbed up on the fence and the other boy, who was larger than he, was teasing him. Aunt Eve came by and saw the situation, picked up a plank and knocked the other boy

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off the fence, saying: "How dare you mistreat that motherless child?" This was a frequent question among Negroes of that time. They considered a motherless boy or a motherless girl needed attention and affection and would never allow them to be mistreated in any way. Aunt Eve and Aunt Jennie both had families. The families possessed quite different characteristics. Eve's descendants were considered superior to Jennie's family with few exceptions. Eve's children were, as far as I remember, Dick, Joe, Ellen, John, Margaret, and probably one or two more.

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Jennie's children were Ned, Maria, and George. There were probably several others whom I do not now recall. These Negroes all took the surname of their master and this is the name of their descendants to this day. I knew Aunt Eve, and in fact all the Negroes that I have mentioned, as a small boy. Aunt Eve was considered practically perfect in character. She was faithful, truthful, affectionate, and stood like the rock of Gibraltar for what she considered right. I believe she was a member of the Baptist Church. Marmaduke B. Morton was a Methodist, but most of his Negroes were Baptists.

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All Negroes of that period who were church members belonged to the white churches and all churches had a gallery for the Negroes. They partook of the sacrament just as the whites did, and a few of them remained with the white churches after the "freedom."

Aunt Eve was not black. She was medium-sized, very healthy and strong, and did a great deal of work, most of which was voluntary. She evidently had a strain of white blood in her veins, but all her children were black. Most of Aunt Jennie's children ranked below Eve's children in intelligence and very few of them could count a hundred. As a rule they could count about sixty. One of Jennie's grandchildren, who was younger than I, used to go hunting with me. I had a long spell of illness, and when spring came I was in the habit of taking rides on horseback. I carried my great-grandfather's squirrel rifle, before alluded to, and used to ride along the road and shoot young rabbits playing by the wheat fields. The little Negro would ride behind, get off the horse, pick up the rabbits and carry them home when we returned. I don't remember his name

but his nickname was "Boy." His father was a Yankee soldier. One day I said to "Boy": "How much can you count?" He said: "Fo'." I said: "Let me hear you count it." He counted: "One, two, three, fo'."

I concluded I would teach "Boy" how to count, and for a whole month every afternoon on our hunting expeditions I would try to teach him to count. I could never teach him to count more than ten. Some months later, after our companionship as hunters had ceased, I met "Boy" and said: "Let me hear you count ten." Boy hesitated and began: "One, two, three, fo'." He had forgotten my teaching and I don't believe he could ever afterwards count more than four.

One old Negro named Nick Orr was a member of the Methodist Church and all his life he retained his membership in the white church. He never joined a Negro church after the Emancipation. He would sit in the gallery and listen intently to the sermon, and he would shout and "thank the Lord" and endorse what the preacher was saying with a loud voice that could be heard all over the church. In fact his demonstrations were just as audible as the preacher's sermon. Strangers would come and comment on that old Negro's behavior. One man came to Russellville as a guest of my father and on Sunday went to church with him. After the services the visitor said: "Mr. Morton, why do you let that old Negro make so much noise up there in the gallery during services?" My father replied that nobody in the church objected and that in fact they had been hearing it all of their lives and they didn't think it was anything out of the ordinary. As far as I was concerned I considered old Nick's demonstrations a regular part of the service, and I would not have thought it complete had his part been omitted. A few of the Negroes retained the organization of the old Colored Methodist Church, although most of them joined the A. M. E. Church. The Negroes who remained loyal to the old church looked with great contempt on the majority who had joined other church organizations after the "Freedom."

My great-grandfather, William Jordan Morton, had quite a number of slaves, perhaps fifteen or twenty. My grandfather, when the Civil War came on, owned about thirty-five slaves.

It was a custom in our family never to separate a man and wife. If the wife or husband of a Morton Negro belonged to another man they were either hired or purchased by the Morton owner.

Much has been said about the loyalty of the Negroes to their masters during the War Between the States. This was generally true, but was not altogether due to the love of the Negroes for their masters. All their lives the Negroes had seen their masters dominate and accomplish anything they undertook and they did not think that any power on earth could overcome them. Consequently they thought the South would win the war, and being accomplished diplomats they concluded they would be on the winning side. A little later on, however, when the Union troops invaded the South in large numbers, their real feeling began to make itself known. They would run off and join the army, and all would do what they could to promote the Union cause.

When I was two years old—of course I do not remember this—my father had been in town with his family and they were going home in the carriage, I among the number. When we got about half a mile from town we met a body of Federal troops. Gabe, one of grandfather's Negroes, was riding beside the commander and piloting the troops. And yet Gabe had always been apparently intensely loyal to the South. Our family was halted. There were still a few scattered Confederates in town who had not obeyed General Johnston's order for all Confederate troops to move at once to Nashville, after the fall of Fort Donelson. While the officer was talking to my father the firing began in town, for a body of Federal troops had already arrived by train. The officer at once gave the order to charge into town and we were left alone on the highway to pursue our journey home.

Three of grandfather's Negroes, Joe, Dick, and John, were coming home one afternoon during the latter part of the war, after having worked on my grandfather's farm about two miles away. As they passed a kind of wet-weather spring known as the "Bear Wallow" they saw Bub Roberts, a young man whose term of service in the Confederate army had just expired. Bub

was on the side of the hill with a shotgun hunting rabbits. Joe proposed to his companions that they curry favor with the Federal troops by going to town and reporting that they had seen Bub Roberts and Colonel John W. Caldwell in conference on the side of the hill. The Federal troops were always looking for Colonel Caldwell because his home was in Russellville and his family was there, and it was generally suspected that from time to time he had slipped through the lines and come to Russellville. On this occasion, however, he had not been there, and consequently had not been in conference with Bub Roberts. After the Negroes told their story to the commanding officer he arrested Roberts, took him out to the suburbs, and hanged him to the limb of a tree. Then they let him down and told him they would spare his life if he would tell them all about Colonel Caldwell and where he was. Roberts of course could not tell them because he did not know. They strung him up a second and a third time. He was then nearly dead and the officer concluded that the Negroes were lying, that no man could undergo the suffering endured by Roberts without relieving himself by telling the truth. They released Roberts and gave Dick and Joe a sound cowhiding. John, who had refused to join in the plot, was not molested. When Joe came home that night my grandfather gave him a small amount of money and told him to leave the state at once, that he was most to blame for the whole transaction and that Bub Roberts was sure to kill him if he stayed in Russellville. Joe came back once afterwards, about twenty years after the war. I was very fond of Joe and so were other members of the family, for the incident related was his only dereliction. I met him during his only visit home, but refrained from divulging the fact that he was there. A few days later I met Roberts on the street and said to him: "Mr. Roberts, did you know Joe has been here on a visit?" Roberts said: "No, where is he?" I said: "He only remained a short time and has gone." Said Roberts: "I am glad he is gone. If I had known he was here I certainly would have killed him."

Before the fall of Fort Donelson several of my grandfather's Negroes, including Dick and John, had been hired to the Confederate authorities to work on the steamboats around Fort

Donelson; when the fort surrendered John and Dick were on one of the nearby steamboats. The crew was ordered to take the boat at once to Nashville. Dick, who was a powerful man, had been assigned to duty as a fireman. The alarm was spread that the gunboats were coming, and Dick and the other firemen put on all steam. Dick fed the furnace with sides of bacon with the result that the boat was nearly blown up. But she far outdistanced the gunboats. When they arrived in Nashville, the crew was discharged and Dick and John walked through the country fifty miles to "Marse Marmaduke's" home in the suburbs of Russellville. John announced: "When I saw all them seed (siege) guns sticking out from Fort Donelson, I said, 'she can't be took,' but them Yankees sure did take her."

The three Negroes that I loved best were Ned, Ambrose, and John. John was a small man who lived to be ninety years old and was the boy slave of my father. In the years to come he nearly always had some white man to write me just before Christmas: "The old Nigger needs a little money for Christmas and has no way to get it except from his white folks." The letters always had the desired effect.

Once John came to me and said: "Mr. Buddy, you know my house is about to fall down. I have bought a stack of lumber to build a new one. The sheriff has levied on the lumber for taxes and if you don't lend me ten dollars, he will take it, and I will never have a new house." John got the new house but I never got the ten dollars back that I loaned him. John offered to sell himself to me for \$1,000, but I declined the offer.

Dick was drafted and served in the Union army on the Gulf coast. After the war he and a number of other Negro troops were sent by steamer to New York, and then distributed to their homes. The first thing Dick did when he arrived was to go to see Old Mistress, as he called her—"Miss Betsy." He left his hat at the door, walked in and said: "Good morning, Miss Betsy." Said Miss Betsy: "I am glad to see you, Dick. You must have had some wonderful experiences during your extensive travels." "Yes, Miss Betsy," said Dick, "I seed a mairmaid." That was the only vivid recollection of war so far as Dick was concerned. Of course the "mairmaid" was probably a porpoise that was following the ship.

Ned was an exceedingly large and powerful man. He gave my grandfather a great deal of trouble because he demoralized the other Negroes by reason of his idleness and playfulness.

As my grandfather's boys grew up and became of age he put each in rotation in charge of his farm for a year or more. When my father's turn came he had so much trouble with Ned that he went to grandfather and told him that Ned must be sold. "The farm cannot be run successfully with him there setting an example for the other Negroes. We will have to sell him." Grandpa objected but finally consented. Aunt Betsy had to be consulted and she was as firm as adamant against the sale of Ned. She said: "No Morton has ever sold a slave, and the Lord will not hold us guiltless if we begin the practice." Aunt Betsy's argument and tears prevailed and Ned was not sold, but my father quit the farm, went to the University of Louisville and studied law.

Grandpa determined to hire Ned out to Brother Ab Miller, who was a good Methodist and famous for the successful management of slaves. This was done and Brother Miller took Ned home with him. Things moved pretty well for several days, but when one day Brother Miller had to go to town on business he called Ned, and told him: "I am afraid to trust you while I am away." Consequently he took Ned on a back porch, chained him to a post and left. Ned began to call Mrs. Miller and plead with her to release him. He said: "Mrs. Miller, you know I have been a good boy. I have minded you, and have done everything you told me to do. If you will unlock this padlock and let me go, I will follow you around all day just like a little dog, until Marse Ab gets back." His plea prevailed and he was released. Ned at once jumped over the railing to the ground one floor below and ran away, going straight for Marse Marmaduke's house. On the way a blacksmith saw Ned as he passed his shop, halted him, chained him, and took him to town to Grandpa, demanding ten dollars from him, which was the legal price for catching and returning a runaway Negro. Grandpa objected and asked: "Why did you catch Ned, when you knew full well he was coming straight home?" But law is law, and the ten dollars was paid to the blacksmith, and Grandpa never had any further use for that blacksmith.

Grandpa then hired Ned to Brother Hugh Barclay, a fine old Methodist tanner and an emancipationist, although he owned slaves and managed them profitably. Soon afterwards Ned ran away and went home. Brother Barclay came after him and took him to the county jail and told him he would remain there until he'd forgotten how to run away. Ned stayed for several days, all the time howling and weeping. He would call for "Marse Marmaduke" and "Miss Betsy" and tell them to come and get him out of that jail, that he was not at all happy. Of course his master and mistress did not hear his call, but all the neighbors for a block around did. Ned would say: "Please come and get me out of here. I can't even see the house. If I could just see the house I would be a little better satisfied. All I can see is the smoke from the chimney, and that helps some."

One night, Mr. Hockersmith, the old jailer, who had a family of fourteen children, went to Ned's cell to give him his supper. Ned at once jumped on Mr. Hockersmith's back, and the old man, thinking he would be killed, scrambled down the steps with Ned still riding. When they reached the door Ned jumped off and ran home. He was never hired out again. Grandpa said: "A Negro who wants to stay with me as bad as this one shall stay."

Ned said after that he had a very happy time "among the buttermilk jars in old Marster's kitchen" until the Yankees came and wanted to draft him for the army. The surgeon examined him and said: "He is a stout double-trigger." Ned was at once sworn in and taken to Bowling Green. That night Ned deserted from the army and came home. The next day a detail of soldiers was sent for him and took him back, for they knew exactly where they could find him. Ned promised faithfully that he would never desert again, and they excused him for his past performance and sent him to camp. Ned did not have a great regard for truth and veracity. In fact he never told the truth when an untruth would answer the purpose. It may be said, however, that his lies were never harmful. That night he ran away a second time and went home. Grandpa said to him: "Ned, when the soldiers come after you again they will shoot you as a deserter. They won't depend on you anymore. So you had

better hide out during the rest of this war." Ned took to the woods and remained a runaway Negro until the end of the war, slipping home frequently to get something to eat. Ned had a very large foot and during slavery wore out one pair of shoes every month. Grandpa supplied him on the theory that "it is cheaper to keep a Negro shod than to pay doctor bills." When freedom came, Ned went his own way and generally went barefooted winter and summer, because it was no longer old Mars-ter's duty to clothe him.

Ned was about the strongest man, black or white, I ever knew and was very fond of displaying feats of strength. He did not work regularly but always showed up at hog-killing time and always announced he could shoulder the heaviest hog at the killing. One time my father had a very large barrow that weighed over five hundred pounds. Ned said: "I am going to shoulder that hog." When he tried it he couldn't get the hog off the ground. Then said Ned: "If you niggers will put that hog on my shoulder I can walk away with it." This was done and Ned's legs began to tremble and the Negroes all began to laugh. My father was much excited, because he feared Ned would be seriously injured. He yelled at the other Negroes applying some uncomplimentary terms and told them: "Take that hog off that man's shoulder before he falls and breaks a leg." This was done. Ned never bragged quite so much about his physical prowess after that.

Ned worked only when he had to. He was so large that he consumed much food and he didn't care much how he got it. He did not consider it wrong to take anything that belonged to his old master's family. Father had a cornfield right in the edge of town, which supplied roasting ears to a great many colored citizens in that vicinity. So he employed one old Negro who lived close by to watch out for the marauders and keep them out of his field. One day the old guardian reported to my father that Ned had gone into the field and taken a hundred roasting ears, and when he tried to stop him just drove him off and said: "This is Marse Billy's field and you haven't got nothin' to do with it."

Later on my father met Ned and said: "Ned, I want you to stop stealing roasting ears out of my field."

Ned replied: "Marse Billy, I ain't stole no corn out of your field. Some nigger has been lying to you." Father said that no Negro had been lying to him, but a very reliable man had told him that he saw him get a hundred ears of corn out of that field.

"Now, Marse Billy," said Ned, "I told you some nigger had been lying to you, and now I know it, for I did not get but fifty ears of corn."

My elder brother, Hise, used to say that Ned was no thief, that he was just a large animal that provided for his necessities in the simplest way he could.

Ned was a great hunter, and was one of the few men I have known who could find a rabbit "settin'." He was fond of coming to my father's house and taking us boys hunting. He would frequently have us with him from early morn till dewy eve. My father always felt absolutely safe about us when we were with Ned, because he knew Ned would watch us carefully and would sacrifice his life before he would see injury come to any of us. We generally had plenty of shot, and when we didn't we used gravel, but strange to say we often got out of powder. Then we would begin at every house or cabin we passed to ask for a little powder. Sometimes we got it. One day I said to Ned: "Why don't you ask them to give you the powder instead of asking them to lend it to you? You know very well you never expect to pay it back."

"Yes, Buddy, I know all about that, but *lend* sounds better than *give*."

My great-grandfather on my mother's side, Major William Stewart, had been a pioneer and Indian fighter. He was fond of decorating himself and his shot pouches with porcupine quills, horsehair tassels, beads, and other things. Most of his powder horns were made by himself, were boiled and pressed flat and always had a motto written on both sides. Ned knew all these mottoes by heart although he didn't know any letters. He always wanted to wear great-grandfather's paraphernalia when he went hunting, and always wanted to come home through town so that everybody could see him. People would stop him on the street and say: "Why Ned, you've got on Major

Stewart's shot pouch," and read the mottoes on the powder horn. Frequently they had difficulty in reading and Ned would help them out. One of the powder horns had a quotation from Pope's Universal Prayer: "Teach me to feel another's woe, etc." One day a man read this quotation—"Teach me to feel another's walk." Ned was very much amused and said: "That man can't read writin'. He said 'walk', when he should have said 'woe.'" Ned was witty and bright in his conversation. Anybody would be amused talking to him. When he ate a meal in the kitchen at our house he always asked a blessing which was as follows: "Lord, Lord, make us able to eat up all that's on the table and a little more besides." Ned was one of the few Negroes I have known who never drank whisky. Nobody knows why, for he did everything else he should not have done.

When my boy was about seven years old his aunt took him to Russellville on a visit, and turned him loose to play around the public square. I had told him many stories about Ned. Presently he met him and knew him although he had never seen him before. "Isn't this Ned?" he asked.

"Yes," said Ned, "ain't you Buddy Morton's boy?" They knew one another though they had never met before.

"Ned," said the boy, "my father told me you could break a rock with your fist, is that true?" "Yes," said Ned. "Then I would like to see you do it," said the boy. Ned picked up a rock, wadded his old hat in his hand and proceeded to break the rock. He would have done it if he had broken every bone in his fist.

The last time I saw Ned was many years ago, when I spent the day in Russellville. He followed me around all day, and when I went to the train to leave Ned showed up with a box that weighed about fifty pounds, full of walnuts. I had lost my boyish taste for walnuts, but I would not have let Ned know it for the world. I thanked him and lugged the heavy box into the train.

When Ned died, I received a telegram about midnight from one of his nephews saying: "Uncle Ned is dead. Won't you bury him?" I secured the co-operation of Joseph and Doctor Daniel Morton of St. Joseph, Missouri, and we put up the money

to bury Ned. He now lies in a lonely grave above the "Bear Wallow."

Ambrose, one of my other Negro high particulars, was Ned's cousin. He was a fine worker and was employed by my father as his wagoner for many years after the war. He and I used to hunt together and have squirrel stews together all by ourselves. He knew all about horses and mules, and talked to his mules just like they were members of the family. When he took us boys on hunting expeditions my father trusted him just as implicitly as he did Ned. Ambrose drank whisky and fought other Negroes, but father knew that his boys were safe in Ambrose's hands. He was a small man but a splendid physical specimen, a grandchild of old Eve, and possessed many of her admirable characteristics.

When he went out in the woods to cut a load of wood in summer, he always stripped off his clothing and cut wood stark naked.

He knew exactly how to "work" a white man. Sunday mornings he generally showed up at the farm riding the fine horse of a white man for whom his wife cooked in town. He would get there before breakfast, in fact generally before my father was out of bed. He would walk into the room leaving his hat at the door, go up to the fireplace, stir up the fire, put on wood, clean up the ashes and take them out, and sweep the hearth. Then he would say: "Marse Billy, where's your boots?" "Marse Billy" would point where his boots were. Ambrose would get them and polish them faultlessly. Then he would come to the bed and announce that breakfast was ready. "Get up, Marse Billy, and I'll help you dress." Then he would hold "Marse Billy's" shirt and coat and trousers and pull his boots on and say: "Now, Marse Billy, you looks fine, I hope you will enjoy your breakfast."

"Marse Billy" knew exactly what all this meant and would say: "Now you d—d nigger, what do you want?" Ambrose would reply: "Marse Billy, the idea of you asking me such a question as that, I just came out to see you."

After breakfast Ambrose never failed to borrow two or three dollars because of his debaucheries and card games of the night before.

Ambrose differed from Ned in that he was truthful, but he was not so entertaining a conversationalist. Once when they were working in the brickyard together some of the boys concluded they would give Ambrose a whipping for some of his misdemeanors, but a difficulty arose when they could not catch him, for he could run like a deer. Then they called on Ned to catch Ambrose, because, notwithstanding his great size, Ned was a remarkably swift runner. Ned started to catch Ambrose and was fast overtaking him, when Ambrose drew a little four-barreled pistol from his pocket and shot Ned in the calf of his leg. Three or four days later I met Ned and asked: "Where did Ambrose shoot you?" Ned pulled up his ragged trousers and showed me a little spot that looked like a tick bite, put his finger on it and said: "There's the place." He carried that bullet without inconvenience the rest of his life.

Among the other slaves already mentioned as my favorites, was John. He was a small man but strong, and a splendid worker. He had very little to say but was always exceedingly kind to me. He was not especially fond of white folks but had great respect for my father and grandfather. He lived a sober and industrious life and died in his own cabin, after a green old age.

Among the Negro women who were slaves of our family my favorites were: Aunt Eve, Margaret, Ellen, and her daughter Luan. Margaret was our cook for a number of years. Ellen remained with my grandfather throughout slavery and afterward until he died. She was as expert a house-servant as anybody ever saw and was a good seamstress. Her daughter, Luan, was not much older than I but she always petted me and would go fishing and bring me the fish she caught and do other things that are always grateful to a young boy.

Aunt Betsy, my grandfather's second wife, trained the Negro girls with great care. They were wonderful house-girls. She also read the Bible to them, prayed with them, and considered them fine and moral. It was a great shock to her later on when these girls began to have babies, showing that her moral training had not had much effect.

I never knew of but one instance in the family where an adult slave was whipped. I am sure my grandfather never

whipped an adult slave. Negro children were often switched just as white children were.

At the time my father, as already related, was in charge of my grandfather's farm, a neighbor named Doc Cooper was in the habit of walking through the farm on his way to town, as it was a short cut, and walking back the same route on his way home. One afternoon Cooper came through the farm and said to my father: "William, I want you to whip that Negro Meshach, because he was impudent to me when I passed through this morning." Father summoned Meshach and then asked Mr. Cooper to tell his story. Then he asked Meshach to tell his. When this was through father was not convinced that Meshach had done anything very reprehensible, and said to Mr. Cooper: "Doc, I have never whipped a grown man in my life, and I don't intend to begin now, but if you really think Meshach deserves a whipping you may give it to him."

Meshach cast his eye around at my father and said: "Marse Billy, you ain't gwine ter whip me?" My father said no, and Meshach said: "You ain't gwine ter take no part in it?" Father again said no. Meshach cut his eye around towards Mr. Cooper and said: "Uh oh, Marse Billy, dat white man can't whip me." Meshach was not whipped.

The only instance when my father whipped an adult slave was when he whipped Big Hiram, and this could hardly be classed as a slave whipping. Certainly my father had ample provocation. Hiram, whose wife lived in town, came out home early one morning to begin his day's work, and as usual went in my father's room for orders. My father told him to black his boots, which Hiram did, and, being of a surly disposition, he smeared blacking inside of the boots as well as on the outside. That night when father took off his boots he discovered that his white yarn socks were perfectly black. Then he investigated and found that Hiram had smeared blacking inside his boots. The next morning when Hiram arrived my father was not in bed, but was out in the yard barefooted, with the boots in his hands. He at once began to beat Hiram over the head with the boots, much to Hiram's discomfiture. The next night

Hiram ran away, joined the Yankee army, and has never been heard of since by any member of the family.

My father and mother had an excellent nurse whom they had hired from her master. They considered her absolutely honest and trustworthy. One day Judge Elijah Hise came out to our house, as was his custom, and took the baby and its nurse, Nellie, into the parlor, which was always darkened in the daytime when not in use. The floor was covered with a handsome yarn carpet under which was a considerable amount of wheat straw, so that the floor made a fairly good bed. Judge Hise got a pillow and lay down on the floor and played with the baby for some time. He had an old bead purse with rings in the center which he gave the baby to play with. Presently the judge went to sleep and the nurse took the baby, left the room, and shut the door. When Judge Hise awakened he felt in his pocket for the purse and found it gone. He remembered having given it to the child to play with. So he went out of the room, found Nellie and the baby, and asked Nellie for the purse. Nellie said: "Why Judge, I haven't got it. We didn't bring the purse out of the parlor." The Judge insisted that Nellie must have stolen the purse. He went to my father and told him so and said: "I insist that you whip Nellie and make her give me my purse." Father refused, saying he had always found Nellie honest and reliable and he did not believe she stole the purse. The Judge insisted that there was no other solution to the purse's disappearance and finally said he would whip Nellie himself, which he did, Nellie all the time protesting her innocence. When it was all over, and the Judge's conscience was beginning to hurt him a little, he walked back in the parlor to get his coat. When he put it on he discovered that the purse had been crammed into his collar back of his neck by the baby—one end was hanging out. Then he came out and asked for Nellie. When Nellie came, still tearful, said the Judge: "Nellie, I whipped you wrongfully, you didn't steal my purse. I wish I could do something to compensate you for your punishment, but I don't know what to do. I am sorry Nellie, I apologize to you, and I hope you will forgive me." He then slipped a coin into Nellie's hand, turned and sheepishly walked away.

These are some of the things that happened when I was a little child "running with the Negroes." Our parents always seemed to

think that we associated too much with the Negroes, but it was our darling delight. On Sundays the Negro boys from surrounding farms would gather at our place and engage in games of various kinds, including marbles, foot-and-a-half, and leap frog. My father and mother thought I should go to Sunday School on Sunday and not play with the Negroes. I thought otherwise and whenever I could I would slip away and join the Negroes down about the lower barn and escape from Sunday School. As an old man I am now willing to admit that those Sundays were about the happiest Sundays of my life.

But everything must end. Slavery ended and the war ended. A few of the Negroes, a very few, stayed with their old masters as hired servants, but almost immediately after the surrender at Appomattox most of the Negroes left their masters and went to town to enjoy their freedom. Every Negro house in town was filled to overflowing. Old stables were utilized as dwellings. My great-grandfather's old tanyard was possessed by the liberated slaves. They placed loose planks over the tan vats and probably a dozen or twenty families moved into the tanyard. They danced there at night and stayed there in the daytime. How these liberated slaves managed to live I cannot imagine. Few of them worked. Some of them had odd jobs now and then. Most of them did nothing but sing and dance and enjoy life. Hen roosts and potato patches and roasting ear fields were pillaged without remorse.

For many years I planned to give a barbecue and picnic to the surviving old slaves of our family. I intended to have the white people, members of the family, serve the old Negroes, like they had once waited on us. I delayed too long. Now there is not one of the old Morton slaves living.

CHAPTER III

THE FREEDMAN'S BUREAU

In the course of a year most of the Negroes went back to work, and gave little trouble, except that fomented by the representatives of the Freedman's Bureau. This was the most distressing part of the Reconstruction period, when the South was dominated by carpetbaggers from the North backed by Federal bayonets. It was much worse than the war itself. Many of the agents of the Freedman's Bureau were utterly corrupt. They interfered in every disagreement between the whites and blacks. They always decided in favor of the black, except when the white man would give them a bribe. One such agent, whom I knew, was in the habit when a white man stated a grievance to him of turning his back on the man, patting himself on the back, and saying: "Green." Of course this was an open solicitation for the white man to pay him some greenbacks if he wished a favorable decision. If a white man had a fight with a Negro the Freedman's Bureau would rush the Negro off to Indiana to establish a residence there, and then bring suit for damages against the white man in the Federal Court in Louisville. The suit was generally decided in favor of the black man.

Another representative of the Freedman's Bureau, whom I knew, was a native, and a man of good family. He had a beautiful daughter who was an excellent musician. I have enjoyed many a time hearing this girl sing: "Building Castles in the Air." Her father was the black sheep of his family. A middle-aged Negro man was employed by my father and occupied a cabin on his farm. His name was Harry Dance. He was a good worker, honest and reliable, and had a wife and children. One day he was returning home in a two-horse wagon. As he passed through a stretch of woods a man on horseback held him up and robbed him of a few dollars and said:

"I am George Finch, and if you ever mention this I will kill you." George Finch was a Confederate veteran and a dangerous man who lived a few miles away. Harry knew him and, of course, knew the man who had robbed him was not George Finch. He came home very much alarmed, and told my father what had happened, and that he was afraid to remain on the farm any longer, and was going to town to live. The next day he left for town and called on the Freedman's Bureau representative. He told his story and asked the man to help him get a job.

"You have a good-looking daughter haven't you, Harry?" he asked. Being answered in the affirmative the agent said: "Then Harry, you will have no trouble in getting a job."

Harry had some temper as well as good morals. He denounced the agent and told him he would remain in the country. Returning to the farm he informed my father of what had occurred, and said:

"I am going to stay with you. I had rather face highway robbers than to get into the clutches of the Freedman's Bureau."

After the war the fight for life came under new conditions. The South had lost four years' time, rivers of blood, and millions of treasure, and began again. Though a little boy I saw the stress and strain. Every time a Negro chopped a stick of wood or plowed a furrow he had to be paid. Nobody had anything to pay with, and yet he was paid—how, the Lord only knows—and finally somehow we came through. About the close of the war when the country was infested with robbers and marauders, my father moved his family to town, but soon returned to the farm. Doors and windows were barred every night and father slept with two pistols, two guns, and a machete by his bedside. He was expert in the use of firearms and many a time have I seen him shoot squirrels, groundhogs, rabbits, beeves, and hogs with his pistol. He was always recognized by white and black as a good man, and a leader in community life, and this coupled with the fact that he was a dead shot, I think, protected us from molestation in those turbulent times.

It always seemed strange to me how my father and mother accepted the new order and moved courageously ahead. They talked little of the past, and did not seem to want to mention the war even to us children, and there were ten of us in all. My

knowledge of history was obtained from the school books of the period, which were published in the North and were manifestly unjust and incorrect, so that until I was nearly grown, I thought the South had been whipped in almost every battle, and that we had spent most of our time running from patriotic Yankees. It was a revelation to me later on to discover that many times the result of the war hung in the balance, and that many great battles were won by the South. I have often since thought that the fathers and mothers of that period in the South left their children at a great disadvantage in not giving them accurate information of the momentous events that had just transpired, and with which they were thoroughly familiar.

I do not remember when I did not know my letters and figures, but I do remember when I studied "A-b Ab," and "B-a Ba, K-e-r Ker, Baker." I was first sent to school at seven years of age to the old Russellville Female Academy, with half a dozen other little boys. We were not very popular with the girls and there was constant warfare between us. We could beat the girls running and throwing rocks, but they had us "skinned a block," when it came to hurling abusive epithets.

My next teacher was Major John Deneal, of Virginia, with pompous manners, an easy-going disposition, and a taste for toddies. He taught in "Cedar Hall," a clapboard-covered cedar log cabin on my father's farm. I then attended a private school in Russellville, taught by Dr. M. E. Alderson, another taught by Miss Sue McClean, and the preparatory department of Bethel College taught in succession by Dr. Kidd and Professor Leslie Waggener. The best of us entered college when Professor Waggener was made professor of English. I was only thirteen but he took me along with him. He was afterwards made president of Bethel College, and when he died was president of the University of Texas. I was in college two and a half years, and attended school, all told, three and one-half years, for I was a delicate child and generally did not go to school for more than a few weeks at a time. Most of my book education, such as it was, was obtained studying by myself at home, after I would get sick and be taken out of school. I had some fine teachers in college, Professor Waggener, a Harvard graduate and a Confederate veteran, being among the best. In fact, most of my teachers were Confederate

veterans, and some of the older boys under them had served in the Confederate army. The schools were somewhat turbulent, for it was a little difficult to make one of Forrest's troopers stand up for punishment, when he had disobeyed the rules, or had proved thick-headed in mastering the Greek verb. These old soldier professors and big unruly boys, who had grown up during the four-year war, used to fight "like the devil" sometimes. I am rather proud to be able to write down the fact that I never knew one of my militant professors to "get licked," though they had some pretty close calls.

I was always much attached to the farm and remember my childish grief and bitter tears when we moved away and went to town, which we did several times only to return. And after all these years my eyes fill with tears whenever I see that old farmhouse in the maple trees. I have seldom been able to bring myself to set foot on the place since the family finally moved away after my mother's and my father's deaths. I think I was intended for the backwoods and was born one hundred years too late.

"Cedar Hall," the log cabin school house on my father's farm, had a little history. My maternal great-grandfather, Major William Stewart, who with William Cook and wife built the first hunter's cabin where Russellville now stands, was one of Russellville's pioneers. He was a surveyor and Indian fighter in Western Kentucky during the days of Boone and Kenton, and was a woodsman and hunter all his life. In his old age he built a large brick house still standing in Russellville (1938), and in the stable yard he built a log pen from the cedar forests that were abundant in those days. The pen was used as a bear pen, a hog pen, a chicken house, and a corn crib, and finally when my father determined to build a schoolhouse for Major John Deneal on his farm, he removed this cedar pen and made it the body of the schoolhouse. It was for some years used as a place for the neighborhood school, as a church, as a Sunday School, and finally as a Negro cabin.

Most of my youth was spent on the farm. I liked the farm, the woods, the hills, the wild flowers, the caves, the cliffs, and the moss-covered rocks. I soon learned to be tolerably proficient with the fishing rod, the rifle, the shotgun, and the pistol. I had often been shown the place where it was said my great-grandfather had

killed a large panther, and imagine my excitement and exuberance when at the time I was about ten years of age another panther appeared in the neighborhood. I used to get my old single-barreled shotgun and hunt the panther, but luckily for me he was found and killed before I with my blunderbuss found him. I then tried my hand hunting wild turkeys, but the turkeys never let me get close enough for a shot. I will, however, never forget the thrill that shot through me when I killed my first rabbit. But that was nothing compared with my inflated pride when I killed a mallard duck. I doubt if Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was ever prouder when he brought down an African elephant. My crowning achievement was when I killed a hawk that measured four feet from tip to tip, induced Sarah, the old Negro cook, to fry him, and then proceeded to eat him. I have tasted worse meat—bear meat for instance.

I did not have much ammunition, so I loaded my fowling piece with a handful of powder and four squirrel shots. I had been told that my Indian-fighting ancestor always used lots of powder, claiming he could kill a buffalo with a bird shot if he had enough force behind it. I then got a round gravel and chewed a wad of newspaper around it and rammed it home above the powder and shot. I started for the hawk and followed him all day from hill to hill and from tree to tree. Finally I came upon him as he was perched in a large red oak tree, making his supper off a squirrel. I slipped up and fired and down came the hawk with a gravel hole through his body—a pretty good shot after all. Though I have killed deer and hunted other big game in the far West since that day, I have never again experienced the same thrill of achievement, and probably never shall.

I got to be quite a trapper and became an expert in catching foxes, much to the disgust of the fox-hunting fraternity. It takes a pretty smart boy to catch a fox. Rabbits, possums, and ground-hogs are dead easy by comparison.

All of us boys had dogs and colts and calves and pigs, but my best friends were the dogs and colts. The colts were always very chummy with me until I thought they were big enough to ride, and then we always fell out for a season. But the dogs were faithful unto death, and I grieved so much when one of my dogs died that I finally determined to have no more dogs forever.

Old Bull was the king of all dogs. He was part bull, part mastiff, and part something else. He weighed about ninety pounds and never met anything on four feet that could whip him. He would kill a hog or a sheep, catch a wild horse, or bring a bull to his knees in a few minutes. He whipped all other dogs singly and in groups. I have seen him whip a pack of twenty hounds and then defy their master. He loved me better than anything in the world. When I went in swimming he would come in and try to take me out. When I fell down he would try to pick me up. If another boy fought me he would pounce upon him like a lion, and then I had all I could do to save my enemy's life. Bull used to go with me to hunt the panther, and, had we found him, Bull would have died before I got a scratch. He used to march in front of me and kill every snake that lay in our pathway. There were many rattlesnakes and copperheads in the hills, and sometimes they would bite Bull before he could kill them. He would come straight to me and show me what had happened. I would gather some snakeweeds and break for the house with Bull trotting and swelling at my heels. I would boil the weeds in fresh milk and Bull would drink a gallon of it, and then go off under the althea bushes and lie down to sleep. The next day he would be well and ready for another argument with the snakes.

Candor compels the statement that I never at any stage of the game enjoyed school. I never was smart enough to learn my lessons without hard work, and I never did enjoy the work that I had to do. I have remained that way most of the time since, though I selected the newspaper business for my life work because I liked it better than any work I ever did.

I quit college when I was seventeen years old and took charge of one of my father's farms. Several years later I bought my grandfather's farm known as the "Powder-Mill" farm, adjoining. It was called the "Powder-Mill" farm because my great-grandfather, Andrew Caldwell, had a powder-mill there. He was a little, high-tempered man, and one cold day when the Negroes were not keeping up enough fire to suit him he threw a large lump of saltpetre on the fire and burned up the mill. Then only the name remained.

When twenty-one years of age I came to the conclusion that the time had arrived when all business was going to the towns

and cities and I left the farm for what I deemed greater opportunities. I worked for two years as local reporter on the Russellville *Herald-Enterprise*, then owned and operated by C. J. Norwood and H. M. Caldwell. I worked the first year for thirty-five dollars per month and the second for forty and discovered that I was not making much more headway than on the farm. I joined a military company of which JO. C. Barkley, an Ellsworth Zouave, was captain, went to all the dances in and around town, and enjoyed life. It was during this time that I met the girl who was afterwards to be my wife, though I did not realize it then. At the present time (1938) we have been married forty-eight years, and I am still in love with her.

I saw if I ever was to marry that girl I would have to make more headway than I was making. So with another boy, Mack Barger, I concluded to go West and get rich. We went, but we did not get rich. We went as far as we could to remain under the stars and stripes and came to a standstill at Spokane Falls, Washington Territory. We had about \$1,000 apiece when we left home. We counted our rolls and found we had about \$200 left between us. Mack said: "Back to Kentucky for me," and staged across Idaho and Montana to the then temporary terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad. I said: "I will not go back until I demonstrate that I can make a living here." So I remained.

For the next few weeks I do not believe there ever was in the world a more disconsolate boy than I. The universe seemed to have closed down around about me, and the little girl with the white apron, under which she had hid her hands when I told her goodbye, seemed to be a million miles away—and no chance—but her vision was with me always.

I stopped at the California House, then the best hotel in town, and saw my \$100 gradually melting away. It looked like there was a job for everybody but me, and that all avenues of employment closed when I approached. The town had only 1,500 inhabitants. The day I arrived I had helped put up the first Fourth of July flagpole ever erected there, for the day was July 3, 1883. Finally when my money was about exhausted I ran across an old Kentuckian named Barker. He invited me to his ranch fourteen miles away at Saltese Lake. I rode out on my horse that was pretty well exhausted with a ride from Walla-Walla via Lewiston,

Idaho, to Spokane. From Lewiston we had ridden about seventy-five miles to visit a Mr. Vick, an old Russellville, Kentucky, man. Vick had just arrived in a covered wagon from Texas, and built a cabin for himself and wife, whom he had married on the way from Texas. We at once saw that an addition to Mr. Vick's family was imminent. Consequently we told him that we would sleep in the hay mow in the newly built barn. He objected and said we would sleep in the house. That night the young wife made herself and husband a pallet on the floor, and put me and Mack in her bed. The next morning we left, and never saw them again.

I enjoyed Mr. Barker's hospitality for a week. Then with fine old Barker's assistance I got a job, stacking green lumber at A. M. Cannon's sawmill at Spokane Falls. Mr. Barker told me that he had been on the coast since 1849. He made money in the placer mines, and married. In middle age he "went broke," and had to start over again and was making good again when I knew him.

"I tell you, boy, it is an awful thing to be broke," said he. "I never could stand to be broke, it is just awful. So I left my family in Oregon and came up here to begin again." Later he brought his tribe, and when I visited him he was surrounded by his children, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, and grandchildren, and every adult in the family had from 160 to 640 acres of land, and cows and horses and pigs. He had simply blasted prosperity out of the wilderness.

I went to work in the sawmill in June and worked there for six weeks at \$2.25 a day. I had not been used to manual labor since I left the farm, and every night I was so tired I thought I would die before morning. My side partner and working mate was an old hobo, who was always talking about more pay, strikes, and such things, until I began to feel like an anarchist. I had to work eleven hours per day, and one morning got up at five o'clock and went to a shoemaker's shop to have my boots mended. While sitting on the doorstep waiting for the cobbler, a little scrawny, bewhiskered chap, who looked like a West Indian pirate, came along and asked if I knew where he could hire some men to go on a Government survey in the Colville Valley section. "I know where you can get one," said I. "Where?" he asked. "Right

here," said I. The romance of sawmill life had worn off and I knew that the woods and vales were more to my taste.

My new acquaintance seemed a little suspicious of me. He wanted to know if I could stand hunger and thirst. I told him I could stand anything he could stand. He then asked my name, and I wrote it down for him in his note book. This seemed to surprise him. I believe he thought I could neither read nor write, and in my lumberman's outfit I certainly looked the part.

"Maybe I can use you in writing notes," said he. "Oh, yes," said I. "I can write notes and survey too. I studied surveying in college." The pirate had another shock, but we struck a trade—forty dollars per month and board and lodging, the lodging to be on the ground with heaven for a canopy.

I went around to the sawmill and told the boss I was going to quit and asked for my time. He gave it to me, said I had been a faithful worker, and if I ever wanted another job to let him know. I was proud to find out I had made good, and I am proud to say now that from that day to this I have never failed to make good in any job I have undertaken. Josh Billings said he always noticed one thing about a self-made man—"he is powerful proud of the job," and I am here to state that he has a right to be proud.

We went on the survey and remained in the wilderness until the snow began to fly in the late fall. Then I bought the pirate's outfit, had myself appointed county surveyor of Stevens County, rented a cabin at Chewelah near Colville River, and set up business on my own account. I had learned the "ways of the wilds," how to find my way in the trackless forest, how to cook by the campfire, how to cross the lakes and rivers and climb mountains, how to lie down contented beneath the starry firmament, while the coyotes and panthers sang me to sleep, how to follow the mountain trails, and how to get along with the Indians and the rugged men who have since hewn from the wilderness the state of Washington. I began to realize what my great-grandfather, and Boone, the Ballards and Kenton and Harrod had done in Kentucky.

I liked the West and the people of the West with their rough ways and boundless hospitality. I liked the shrewdness with which they "sized you up," accepted you without credentials or rejected you at once. I liked their independence, their ability to take care

of themselves under all circumstances, and I liked the way they strung horse and cattle thieves to limbs of trees. And I never shall cease to be thankful that I saw two years and a half of the last of real pioneer life in America, while there were still pioneers and a real frontier of civilization.

There was some lawlessness, it is true, and a considerable sprinkling of bullies, but bullies do not prosper in a community of real, red-blooded men, each of whom has a bowie knife or a six-shooter or both in his belt. There was considerable whisky drinking and gambling and some fighting, but I do not recall a white-man murder during the two and a half years I was on the frontier. I knew of one Indian being hanged for killing another Indian, and I knew of one Indian being lynched by Indians for committing a rape on an Indian woman. I knew of a few white men being hanged for cattle and horse stealing, several of them my neighbors, as neighbors were counted in those days. I witnessed but one lawsuit, one involving the ownership of a steer, in which I was a jurymen. We had a sheriff and other county officers but it was impossible for the officers to be on hand to administer the law, for the county was about as big as all western Kentucky, with a population of about 1,000 whites and 3,500 Indians.

We practically had no law and I am prepared to assert that I never before or since lived among a people where there was so little lawlessness. North of Spokane Falls there were no banks. You might have gone to the North Pole without encountering a human being. From necessity everybody had a little money ranging from a few dollars to a hundred or so dollars. I have carried \$300 or more in gold on my person for months at a time, sleeping in my cabin alone, or on the trail alone, or in the little wayside cabins used as hotels or stations every twenty miles along the military roads. Everybody knew that everybody else had money on his person. They also knew he was prepared to protect it. I had made up my mind that I would not be robbed. If a man tried it I would fight him. If he got the drop on me I would take the chance that he would miss the first shot and whether he did or not I would live long enough to kill him. Everybody had made up his mind likewise. Consequently there was no robbing.

I could not do much surveying in the winter, with the snow from two to four feet on the levels. Consequently I had to make my living in the summer. We would work from sunup to dark, every day and Sunday too, except that once in a while we would take Sunday off to wash our clothes. During the winter we would chop wood and attend to the cattle. Generally two of us would live together for sociability, meantime leaving one cabin and a few utensils to hold down the claim, sleeping there only enough to maintain such a residence as would allow us to prove up. Our chief amusement in the winter was dancing, and we went to all dances for twenty miles around. There were four white girls and probably one hundred half- and quarter-breed girls in the county, some of their ancestry having been Indians. These constituted the society.

The last year I was in Washington Territory I was Indian Farmer for the Colville Indian Agency. I was given the appointment for a year with the understanding that I would do a lot of surveying for the Indians on the Moses reservation, then about to be thrown open.

Before doing this surveying I was put in charge of Chief Joseph and his band of Nez Perce Indians, who had just been brought from Indian Territory, and settled on the Colville reservation.

Chief Joseph was the leader in the Nez Perce war, when he retreated from Idaho eastwardly for one thousand miles, fighting U. S. troops almost constantly until his final defeat and capture. The Nez Percés were the finest looking Indians I ever saw, and Joseph was the finest specimen of an Indian I ever saw. He was about six feet two inches tall and well proportioned.

My last work in Washington Territory was surveying the claims for Indians on the Moses reservation.

I returned to Kentucky in October, 1885, on account of the desperate illness of my father. I stayed on the farm that winter, and next spring became the editor of the Russellville *Herald-Enterprise*. That fall I resigned because I did not want to conduct a fight against my old friend John S. Rhea, who was a candidate for Congress.

I went to Louisville, Kentucky, and secured temporary employment on the *Times* and *Courier-Journal* as a reporter. A short time afterwards I was offered a position as reporter on the Birm-

ingham, Alabama, *Age*. I went to Birmingham, and worked successively on the *Age*, the *Chronicle*, and the *Herald* until the spring of 1888 when I came to Nashville, Tennessee, to become a reporter on the *Democrat*, a paper about to be started by E. W. Carmack, afterwards United States Senator from Tennessee. I formed a friendship with Mr. Carmack which lasted as long as he lived. He was brilliant, approachable, original, and courageous. Among the distinguished men I have known, who have exerted a decided influence on my own character and career, were Senator Carmack, Governor John Young Brown of Kentucky, Judge Elijah Hise, General Simon Bolivar Buckner, Young E. Allison, and W. N. Haldeman, of Kentucky, and Major E. B. Stahlman, of Nashville. I have also congratulated myself that I knew Hon. Henry Watterson rather intimately. His genius as a writer and his general accomplishments were unsurpassed, but he impressed me with awe rather than friendship, and yet he was never dangerous. Still I was always afraid of "Marse Henry." His long-time friend and business associate, Mr. W. N. Haldeman, was much more dangerous, and yet though he was an old man and I a youth I could get close to him and was never afraid of him.

Some of the men mentioned were bitter personal enemies of some one or more of the others, and yet this never affected my friendship for any one of them. I saw where they misjudged one another, but was powerless to prevent it.

I have noticed this same situation many times between strong and useful men whom I have known. They have wasted their energies fighting one another, each disliking a man of straw who had no existence, and each fighting a real man who had nothing in common with the man of straw of their respective imaginations. It seems next to impossible to induce men to see the real man in an antagonist.

I worked on the *Democrat* as a reporter throughout its brief career of seven or eight months. I went to Birmingham, Alabama, where I became a reporter on the *Age-Herald*. A few months later Mr. Carmack offered me a position as a reporter on the Nashville *American*. Soon afterwards I was made City Editor, which position I held until December, 1891. In the meantime Colonel Duncan B. Cooper had bought the paper. He and Mr.

Carmack were friends, though nearly twenty years later Carmack, who had just finished a term of six years as United States Senator, was killed in a difficulty with Colonel Cooper, by his son Robin Cooper.

On February 26, 1890, I married Miss Emma Collier, then living with her mother in Franklin, Kentucky. She was the little country girl who had put her hands under the little white apron and had refused to tell me goodbye some seven years before when I was about to leave for the West to make my fortune. I had proposed to her while driving along a road in Logan County. At that time most Kentucky country boys courted their sweethearts in buggies, and I have yet to be convinced that there is a better vehicle for this purpose than a good buggy with a good horse. A thoroughbred Kentucky girl loved a good, spirited horse attached to a smart turnout, and she had a tender feeling for a young fellow who owned that horse, and who knew how to manage him. Driving along a smooth, shady lane in the cool of the evening, the time and circumstances are ideal, and the Kentucky boy who would not eat a rattlesnake for a pretty girl on such an occasion was not worth killing.

My father told me he was driving out the Highland Lick road in a buggy with my mother when he proposed to her, and nearly thirty years later I was driving with my girl on the Hopkinsville road within half a mile of that very spot when I proposed to her. I guess my grandfathers must have been on horseback when they proposed to my grandmothers, for at that time there were not many buggies on the frontier. Anyhow son, father, and grandfathers all got good wives and that justifies the inference that a judge of a good horse is a judge of a good woman.

I resigned my position as City Editor of the *Nashville American* to become a reporter on the *Courier-Journal*. I had resigned the city editorship of the *Birmingham Herald* to become a reporter on the *Nashville Democrat*. In both instances I was actuated largely by a desire to acquire experience in different and, as I conceived it, in broader fields. After a residence of eight years in Kentucky I returned to Nashville, Tennessee, and became managing editor of the *Nashville Banner*.

We arrived in Louisville in December, 1891. Early in January I was sent to Frankfort to report what finally became known as

the "long session" of the Kentucky General Assembly for the *Courier-Journal*. This session of the legislature lasted most of the year and ran into the next year, so that I had ample time and opportunity to get acquainted with the public men of the state. John Young Brown was governor, and Captain John W. Headley was secretary of state. Both became my warm personal friends. It was then that I formed friendships with General Basil W. Duke and Judge Thomas H. Hines, both of whom had become famous during the War Between the States. The former was second in command under General John H. Morgan, and succeeded to the command of the brigade when the great raider was killed. Judge Hines had been one of General Morgan's most faithful, trusted, and daring captains, and it was he who planned Morgan's escape from the Ohio penitentiary; and who accompanied him in his flight from Ohio, across Kentucky, and back into the Confederate lines. They were two of the most versatile and interesting men I have ever known.

It was also during my residence in Frankfort that I became acquainted with J. Proctor Knott; United States Senator William Lindsay; Congressman W. C. P. Breckinridge, his brother Robert; J. C. S. Blackburn; William Goebel; James H. Mulligan, who wrote the inimitable little poem "In Kentucky" to amuse a banquet board; Major H. T. Staunton, the Kentucky poet who wrote "The Moneyless Man"; Cassius M. Clay, abolitionist and duelist in antebellum days and afterwards United States Minister to Russia. I heard and reported the last speech Cassius M. Clay ever made. He came down from his bluegrass farm and asked permission to address the legislature in opposition to the "Jim Crow" bill to compel railroads to provide separate cars on trains for white and colored passengers. He wore a gray shawl instead of an overcoat, and during his speech reached into his hip pocket, drew out a small flask and took a drink of whisky with the remark: "Excuse me, but I am an old man, and need a little stimulation."

I reported the last speech that W. C. P. Breckinridge made in his last race for Congress, when he was defeated by Major William Owens, as a result of the Breckinridge-Madeline Pollard scandal. This was one of the most scathing, sarcastic, and eloquent speeches I ever heard. I became acquainted with many of the noted Kentuckians and what is more, though I was born and reared in

Kentucky, it was not until then that I really became acquainted with Kentucky.

There are no other people just like Kentuckians. They approach you differently. It is easy to make a friend or an enemy of a Kentuckian, and you must be one or the other. There is no middle ground. They are a generous and a hospitable people, romantic and sentimental, they are proud of their reputation as judges of female loveliness, fine horses, and Kentucky whisky. They cannot help loving Kentucky women and Kentucky horses. Many of them are quite fond of draw poker. But candor compels the statement that thousands of Kentuckians never saw a race horse, played a game of chance, or took a drink of whisky. Yet Kentucky is the home of the Thoroughbred and Kentucky Bourbon is the best whisky.

I retired from the newspaper business in 1897, after fifty-four years of service, thirty-nine years of which were on the *Nashville Banner*.

CHAPTER IV

BLUEGRASS AND MINT

A LOYAL BUT INCONSISTENT CHRISTIAN

Bob Tyler, George Willis, and I had a room together in the Capital Hotel, in Frankfort, for a few months. Willis was the correspondent of the *Louisville Times*. Tyler was sergeant-at-arms of the house. He was one of Morgan's gallant boys who had ridden with Duke and Hines. He never got drunk, but good whisky was part of his daily food. He swore, not profanely, but because he knew how to use such language effectively. He was fond of poker, though a poor player, and was an intensely loyal member of the Episcopal Church. One night early in Lent, Frankfort was giving the general assembly ball at the Capital Hotel. The boys were leaving their hats and coats on mine and George Willis's bed, while old sport, Bob Tyler, with a bottle of "Blue Ribbon" whisky in the middle of the table, was playing poker with his A, B, C class. He was indignant and getting madder every minute. He growled every time a boy in pumps and swallow-tailed coat appeared at the door. He finally boiled over and blurted out that he thought it "a d—d outrage for these boys to be giving their assembly hop during Lent." Bob was a type. He has gone to his long home, and he was a good man. To know how to enable one to understand Kentuckians better, these stories are presented:

Major Dandridge was a Confederate veteran, and like Bob Tyler a loyal, though not very consistent, member of the Episcopal Church. They were great friends. The Major was an engineer and a member of the construction firm of Mason, Ford & Company. He was fond of telling a story on Bob. Said he:

"You know Bob is always running around over the state meddling with politics. On one occasion he had been away from home for about a month, without notifying Mrs. Tyler where he was or what he was doing. One day in mid-winter he went home and

got off the train at Shepherdsville in Bullitt County. Then it struck him that in order to make peace with his wife he should take her a present. Shepherdsville stores did not present much to select from. So he bought a barrel of flour, loaded it on a neighbor's wood wagon, and went home. By the time he arrived the barrel was completely covered with mud. He drove up to the back porch and rolled it off on the floor, while all the family stood by and watched.

"You know Bob has a little granddaughter, four years old. She had heard old Bob talk. So said she: 'That is a hell of a looking barrel of flour.'"

One sunny afternoon I was sitting on the portico of the Capital Hotel talking to Judge Ira Julian. Preparations were going on for the international yacht race in which Sir Thomas Lipton appeared as the British champion. The people of Kentucky and Frankfort were only mildly interested, but there lived in Frankfort one Mr. Payne who was wildly enthusiastic. He read everything in the papers about the coming event, and when the trial heats were on haunted the telegraph office, sending and receiving telegrams. Presently the judge and I heard a door slam in the hotel basement, and looking down saw Payne running out of the telegraph office, hatless and breathless, in great excitement. Glancing up Payne saw us and stopped long enough to give the result of the heat that had just been concluded between the American contenders.

"Judge," he called, "Valkyrie win!"

"What?" asked the judge in his precise, incisive manner.

"I say Valkyrie win," responded Payne. The judge was a polite man and wanted to appear interested and replied:

"He did? whose horse was that?"

"Oh, hell!" said Payne as he clapped his hat on his head and walked down the street in great disgust.

The Capital Hotel was the social center of Frankfort, and of evenings during the sessions of the legislature was the political heart of Kentucky. Then the best and the worst in statesmanship that Kentucky had could be learned. Prominent men gathered after supper—not dinner—and laughed and talked and told jokes and anecdotes, and formed plans of battle and pulled wires, and played poker, and looked upon the flowing bowl. Sometimes men were hurled into eternity when the argument waxed hot and

the pistols began to talk. Here it was that William Goebel breathed his last, and there were others. But it is not of tragedies that I would tell, though I might remark, to put you in touch with the situation, that at the time of the Goebel trouble a party of Lexingtonians came to Frankfort. A Negro servant followed carrying a suitcase, which popped open and spilled its contents—twenty-five loaded revolvers—on the sidewalk.

It was, however, generally a delightful coterie that gathered in the hotel lobby after supper to smoke and talk before taking up the more serious business of the evening. Often there would be present General Basil W. Duke, Attorney General Jack Henderck, Judge Thomas H. Hines, Senator William Lindsay, Green Keller, Breck Hill from the mountains, Colonel E. Polk Johnson, Senator J. C. S. Blackburn, Major Henry T. Stanton, Kentucky poet, and Colonel J. Stoddard Johnston, with variations from night to night, who would be the nucleus of attraction. One would tell a story, another a joke, another a reminiscence. The crowd would gradually thicken, and push around the talkers for good positions where they could hear and enjoy the flashes of wit and humor and repartee, that sparkled like an electric dynamo. Never was there such an entertainment anywhere else on earth. Perhaps there will never be such a one again. Those Kentuckians were famous raconteurs. They had native wit, they had college educations, they had read history, and poetry, and current literature. They possessed a culture that was rare, and they had rubbed up against the world and done their part when great events were transpiring. It always gave an added zest when the venerable J. Proctor Knott joined the charmed circle.

I have seen and heard most of the great actors and musicians of the past seventy years in this country. I have heard most of the great orators during that time, but I have never seen or heard any entertainment that furnished me as keen and clean enjoyment as that just mentioned—I will not say described, for I cannot describe it, and I doubt if there is any pen that can. These men were kings of conversation, and I shall always count it a blessed privilege that I have heard them talk when off duty and at their best. Now after half a century all of them have gone home.

One characteristic of this coterie was that they never retold the same story except by special request, and another was that you

were never able to guess how the narrative was going to end. With a majority of talkers you can tell before they are half through what they are going to say.

Speaking of orators: I have heard, as before intimated, most of the great orators of recent times speak. To say the least, I have heard the greatest orators of the past half century in the United States. I have heard many men speak who entertained and instructed, but I have never been "spell bound." I have heard of "spell binders," and read often of the speakers of the old school who could hold their audiences "spell bound," and "in breathless suspense," but they never affected me that way. Those who have come nearest to it have been pulpit orators, ministers of the gospel, notably Bishop J. J. Tigert, Bishop E. E. Hoss of Tennessee, Bishop Thomas Dudley of Kentucky, Sam Jones, and Barnes, the mountain evangelist of Kentucky.

One of the wittiest and most entertaining men according to my taste, whom I have known, was the late James H. Mulligan of Lexington, Kentucky. I heard him speak for hours in a filibuster in the Kentucky senate. After he was through with his argument he put in time reading and commenting on a report of the United States fish commissioner. He kept his audience in convulsions of laughter. I have before mentioned his famous poem "In Kentucky," and while it had nothing to do with the incident just related, here it is:

IN KENTUCKY

The moonlight is the softest in Kentucky;
Summer's days come ofttest
In Kentucky
Friendship is the strongest,
Love's fires glow the longest,
Yet a wrong is always wrongest
In Kentucky.

The sunshine's ever brightest
In Kentucky;
The breezes whisper lightest
In Kentucky;

Plain girls are the fewest,
Maidens' eyes the bluest,
Their little hearts are truest,
In Kentucky.

Life's burdens bear the lightest
In Kentucky;
The home-fires burn the brightest
In Kentucky;
While the players are the keenest,
Cards come out the meanest,
The pocket empties cleanest,
In Kentucky.

Orators are the grandest
In Kentucky;
Officials are the blandest
In Kentucky;
Boys are all the fliest,
Dangers ever nighest,
Taxes are the highest,
In Kentucky.

The bluegrass waves the bluest
In Kentucky;
Yet Blue-bloods are the fewest(?)
In Kentucky;
"Moonshine" is the clearest—
By no means the dearest—
And yet it acts the queerest
In Kentucky.

The doves' notes are the saddest
In Kentucky;
The streams dance on the gladdest
In Kentucky;
Hip pockets are the thickest,
Pistol hands the slickest,
Cylinders turn quickest,
In Kentucky.

Songbirds are the sweetest
In Kentucky;
Thoroughbreds the fleetest
In Kentucky;
The mountains tower proudest,
Thunder peals the loudest,
The landscape is the grandest—
And politics the damndest,
In Kentucky.

When a boy I heard W. C. P. Breckinridge of Kentucky and Emerson Etheridge of Tennessee speak in the same lawsuit in Russellville, Kentucky. Breckinridge was easily one of this country's greatest speakers, yet his faultless diction and well-turned sentences did not impress me as did the rugged, forceful, witty speech of Etheridge. I heard Breckinridge many times after that, and his best speech was the last I ever heard him make. It was his speech that concluded his campaign for Congress against Major William Owens. Neither William J. Bryan, Bourke Cockran, John R. Fellows, or Chauncey M. Depew ever surpassed it in the speeches I have heard them make.

John R. Fellows, the great Tammany orator, came to Louisville once to deliver an address before the Watterson Club. I saw him at the Louisville Hotel when he arrived in the morning. A rival reporter was with me, but did not spot Fellows. I finally shook this reporter and got an interview with the New Yorker.

That night at the Watterson Club the crowd was so dense that the speakers were boosted on top of the reporters' table. Looking down at me, Fellows said: "This reporter gave me a lot of trouble this morning, but now I've got him beneath my feet."

All great speakers shine brightest in a fight, but I never heard either of those mentioned in a real fight, save Breckinridge and Bryan. Bryan's great voice, smooth delivery, and evident honesty of purpose always charmed. But I have seen him in two real fights, one at St. Louis in the Democratic

National Convention in 1904 and the other at the Baltimore Democratic National Convention in 1912. The latter was his fiercest battle. He rose to the occasion, and then I saw Bryan at his best.

While he was speaking against Champ Clark, the Missouri delegation brought a large banner down in front of the speaker's stand, on which was written a quotation from one of Bryan's former speeches, which was highly commendatory of Mr. Clark. Bryan paused a moment and said: "Is Mr. Stone," who was chairman of the Missouri delegation, "responsible for this? If so I will have something to say about it." Bryan then proceeded with his speech, during which he fiercely criticized the Tammany, New York, delegation.

When the speech was concluded Mr. Stone, who had been absent from the convention when the incident just referred to occurred, arose and said he was not responsible for the banner episode. A New York delegate arose and fiercely denounced Mr. Bryan for his attack on the New York delegation. This seemed to clarify the atmosphere. Bryan did not reply to it, and the convention seemed to think, friend and foe alike, that Bryan deserved his excoriation.

I have attended eight national conventions [up to the time this was written] of the great parties of this republic, and have heard the best speakers of each. Excepting Bryan, John Sharpe Williams, old Joe Cannon, Ollie James, and a few others, they did not impress me very much. Williams could not make himself heard in a tumult, but you were convinced he had something to say, and his force and logic hit you between the eyes. U. S. Senator Ollie James of Kentucky was a powerful man. He was chairman of several Democratic conventions. His enormous head and giant physique, his powerful voice and quick perception, and familiarity with the parliamentary usage, made him a strong factor in debate. He struck me as one of the best and greatest convention orators. I saw twenty thousand people stop him in the middle of a speech at the Democratic National Convention in 1916, of which he was chairman, and refuse to let him proceed until he had repeated a finely turned sentence. I never saw this done before, and I am going to stake my reputation on the statement that Ollie James was one of this country's great orators.

The most effervescent and charming speaker I ever heard was "Quinine Jim" McKenzie of the second Kentucky Congressional district. Tall and erect, the very picture of intelligence in action, witty and bright, full of the milk of human kindness, and of good fellowship, he could entertain an audience as long as his physical endurance held out. No audience was ever too tired or too restless to give him a hearing.

John Young Brown, Congressman and Governor of Kentucky, was a powerful and eloquent speaker. His sentences were correct and elegant in any speech he made. In the old days he would have been a "spell binder." It was in the heat of battle that his mind acted most rapidly, and seething oratory hissed from his lips. His last race was as an Independent Democrat for governor, with the avowed purpose of defeating William Goebel. As this race opened I was making a business trip from Nashville to Louisville. At Elizabethtown, Kentucky, where he had just made a speech, Goebel got on the train and sat down by me. We engaged in a general conversation and then I said to him:

"Senator, you know that I have generally opposed you in politics, but you also know that I have always been your personal friend. Now that I have left Kentucky, probably never to return permanently, I want to make one parting request of you.

"You also know that I have always been a personal and political friend of John Young Brown. No doubt he will bitterly denounce you during his canvass from every stump in this state.

"I am asking you not to reply in kind. If you do, it will mean a tragedy whenever you and Brown meet. He is an old man, probably now making his last political campaign. You are a young man right on the threshold of your career. Everybody knows that you are not afraid of Brown or anybody else. Consequently you can afford to overlook his denunciations of you."

Goebel did not reply directly to my request. He said:

"I am going to tell you something that you do not know. When I had that trouble with Judge Sanford in Covington (he had killed Sanford), Harvey Meyers and Theodore Hallum were trying to have me locked up without a hearing. John

Young Brown and I were not speaking at that time, but he sent Senator George H. Alexander to Covington with a message to me. It was in effect: 'I understand the situation in Covington. I want you to make the strongest fight you can, but if I see that you are about to fail, I will pardon you at once, before a trial.'

"In view of that, whatever may happen during this canvass, whatever he may say or do, when it is over, I will still recognize my obligation to John Young Brown."

A few months later, while contesting before the legislature the election of Taylor, his Republican opponent, Goebel was assassinated while walking up the pavement to the Capitol building. I always felt a greater admiration for him after our last conversation on the train going from Elizabethtown to Louisville.

Colonel Bob Ingersoll spoke in almost a conversational tone, but it was the eloquence of his language that charmed. This almost rendered tolerable his blasphemous lack of veneration. Had he possessed the latter quality he might have been America's greatest evangelist, instead of her most noted agnostic. I do not believe he considered himself an infidel.

DeWitt Talmadge always charmed his hearers, but I have heard many a preacher whom I thought surpassed him as an orator.

After I became acquainted with him, I had a great admiration and affection for Congressman and Speaker Joseph G. Cannon. I traveled with him several times between Danville, Illinois, and Chicago, on my way to and from Republican National conventions. He was a strong and forceful speaker, as everybody knows. When we were on our way to the national convention where Theodore Roosevelt was destined to appear as the Bull Moose candidate, I had a long interview with him. Asked what he thought of Roosevelt's chances, "Uncle Joe" said: "He is fighting the regular Republican organization, and has no more chance than he has to go to Heaven in a chariot of fire." After the interview I told him I was going to write it up for my paper, but I would submit the copy to him, so that he could correct it. He said: "You need not do that. No reporter ever abused

my confidence, but I want you to say nothing that would be personally offensive to Mr. Roosevelt."

Mr. Cannon was born in North Carolina, and was proud of the fact that he first saw light in the sunny South. He was better posted about the early history of North Carolina and Tennessee than any man I ever knew who was not a resident of one of those states. He once said to me that, strange as it may seem, he was in favor of allowing the Southern people to deal alone with the Negro question. He said they understood it better than people from other sections, and would settle it correctly, if allowed to do so.

After reporting the Kentucky Legislature for more than a year, I was appointed a clerk, in charge of the corporation department, in the office of Captain John W. Headley, Secretary of State. In the latter part of my term of office I was offered and accepted the position of city editor of the *Courier-Journal* by Arthur Y. Ford, then managing editor. We moved to Louisville and began housekeeping at 206 West Breckinridge Street, where we lived for two and one-half years during my service as city editor of the *Courier-Journal*. I was then offered and accepted the position as managing editor of the *Nashville Banner* in July, 1898. This position I held for thirty-nine years until I retired April 3, 1937.

In February, 1900, I was suffering from a severe cough and with my wife and child went to Texas. Though my Texas physician had unequivocally pronounced my trouble to be tuberculosis, within three months I was well and back at work.

I believe I know exactly how a man feels when he is condemned to be hanged and gets a reprieve. While I was in El Paso, Texas, as I have before remarked, my doctor told me positively that I had tuberculosis. I argued the case with him and he said that was a sign he was correct, and I might as well make up my mind to act sensibly and stay in that climate the rest of my life.

I asked him if there were not tests he could apply that would convince me beyond peradventure, and show positively whether I had the disease. He said there were, but he already knew I had it. I told him to proceed with the tests, which would take

about a week. In the meantime I had decided to use my brain, such as I had, and make the best of it, if the decision were against me. I was, however, far from comfortable as I walked around and tried to be cheerful. At the end of the week I met the doctor on the street, and was almost afraid to speak to him, but I finally asked: "Are you ready to report?" "Yes," said the physician, "the test shows no tuberculosis, but—" "Stop," said I, "that is enough for today, I will call tomorrow for the particulars." I had my reprieve and spent the rest of the day celebrating and writing to my wife, who with our boy had returned to Tennessee after spending a few weeks in Texas. The next day I called on the doctor and he said, while I did not have tuberculosis, I was in fine condition to take it, and that I should remain in Texas. After many questions he gave it as his opinion that under favorable circumstances I should live twenty years if I remained in Texas, but if I returned to Tennessee five years would in all probability be the utmost limit of my life.

"Back I go," said I, "better five years in Tennessee than twenty years in Texas." And here I am in Tennessee, and that was thirty-eight years ago.

This calls to mind one of my old teachers in college, Professor James H. Gray; for the instance just related caused the application of a principle he had tried to instill into my youthful brain. Professor Gray taught mathematics, and he was perhaps the best mathematician in Kentucky. He was an eccentric man, in a way, a crabbed man. He said all mathematicians were cranks. He insisted that a boy must "understand the principles," that he must learn to reason correctly, that it made little difference whether he "got the answer" or not, so he knew how "to get it."

"For," said he, "few of you will ever have occasion to use any mathematics beyond simple arithmetic, after you leave college. In a few years you will have forgotten how to work mathematical problems, and all about higher mathematics, and I do not think there is any use in carrying all these things in your heads all your lives.

"What I want to teach you is quick command of your brains, so that you can solve the problems of life. I want to

train you so that you will use your brains to the best advantage in emergencies."

Since I left "old Gray's" classroom I have faced many emergencies. I have been close to death in many forms. I have looked into the barrel of a shotgun in a desperate man's hand; I have narrowly escaped drowning, crossing rivers and lakes on crazy crafts, on mountain trails when a false step would have dropped me over a bluff one thousand feet high; I have successfully parleyed with the "gunman" bent on bloodshed; but I never faced a critical situation in my life, where life and death were the stakes, when "old Gray's" admonition did not come to my mind and I would say to myself: "This is what he meant when he was trying to educate me. Now is the time for brain-work and not for impulse." It has never failed. I wish every boy in America could have an "old Gray" for a teacher.

Soon after my return from El Paso my wife, my boy, and I joined Tulip Street Methodist Episcopal Church together one night at prayer meeting. Rev. Gilbey C. Kelly was the pastor. My wife had wanted to join the church for some years, but did not because I would not. So when I decided to become a member she was ready and our boy said he wanted to join with us. So we all went together.

I have neither been a very good nor a very consistent Christian, though I have been loyal to my church and the church of my father and his father.

At one period of my life—in early manhood—I had an idea that a man was sufficient unto himself, that God was not bothering much about him, and he need not worry much about God. I was something like Captain Marryat's old sailor, who in dire distress, with the ship about to sink, prayed fervently, and argued with the Almighty that he ought to grant his petition, because the petitioner theretofore had not bothered him with many requests, and hereafter, if this one were granted, he would worry him with still fewer.

For years I never entered a church, I had little association with religious people or ministers of the gospel, I did not read the Bible and literally almost forgot the Lord's Prayer; but after bravely or foolishly, as you may interpret it, buffeting

with the world, the flesh, and the devil for forty years, I came to the conclusion that it was a very foolish man who tried to eliminate God from his life.

Now I have lived through the greatest war in the history of the world (1914-1918). Beside it all wars of former times pale into absolute insignificance. Human nature and human propensities and human desires are about the same as they were when we lived in caves, fought with clubs, and clothed ourselves in the skins of beasts.

At the present time we are facing the greatest governmental crisis in the history of this country. The machine age has come to fruition, poison gas has arrived as a terrible instrument of warfare, men fly through the air like birds.

A note of encouragement is found in the fact that good is stronger than evil, and will eventually prevail.

CHAPTER V

WITH A FLAVOR OF THE SOIL

JOSEPH R. UNDERWOOD AND ELIJAH HISE

Underwood has been a name to conjure with in Kentucky since Daniel Boone fought the Indians. The Underwoods have been lawyers, farmers, judges, legislators—men prominent in state and local affairs for well over a hundred years. The name has always been a synonym for honesty, courage, and integrity.

Judge Joseph R. Underwood, one of the late Oscar W. Underwood's ancestors, stands forth prominently as possessing in a marked degree the family traits, and as having been one of the colossal figures in the early history of the state. He possessed all the graces of the old-time Kentucky gentleman, urbane of manner, with a tender heart, a keen sense of humor, eloquent on the stump, a successful lawyer, a profound statesman, and a pioneer soldier with all the attributes of Boone, Kenton, and Harrod, all marked men in the early days of the settlement of the "dark and bloody grounds."

He was a member of the state legislature, speaker of the lower house, a Congressman, a judge of the state's highest court, and a United States Senator. He and Clay were colleagues in the Senate and they were personal as well as political friends, for he was a Whig. He was frequently a presidential elector, and between terms in the lower and upper houses of Congress was, like Clay, elected to serve in the state legislature. In those days membership in the state legislature was not held cheaply, for on one occasion Henry Clay resigned his seat in Congress to become a candidate for the legislature.

With all his political activities Judge Underwood found time to practice law, his chosen profession. He lived in Barren and Warren counties most of his life and was employed in practically every big lawsuit in western Kentucky for fifty years. Judge

Elijah Hise of Russellville, Kentucky, a Democrat, was his greatest political and professional rival, and on one occasion, while making the race for Congress, they had a desperate physical encounter. Yet in his old age Judge Underwood never visited Russellville without calling on Judge Hise's widow, thus showing that he held no malice against her distinguished husband.

He went through the historic "Old" and "New" court fight in Kentucky. He greatly sympathized with the South during the trying period of the War Between the States, but like his great rival, Judge Hise, he could never consent to the dismemberment of the country he loved so well, and for which he had spent his brain and shed his blood. Consequently he was classed as a Union man. After the war, the Whig party having ceased to exist, he became a conservative Democrat and voted for Judge Hise for Congress.

Joseph Rogers Underwood, born in Goochland County, Virginia, in 1791, went to Barren County, Kentucky, when twelve years of age to live with his maternal uncle, Edmund Rogers, a soldier of the Revolutionary War. His uncle gave him every educational advantage the country afforded. He finished at Transylvania University. Jefferson Davis and many other prominent Southerners were educated at Transylvania.

After graduating in his twentieth year, young Underwood read law with Robert Weakley, a distinguished lawyer of Lexington. In 1813, while the second war between this country and Great Britain was raging, news came to Kentucky of the American defeat at the battle of River Raisin on the Canadian frontier, in which some of Kentucky's best blood was shed. Kentucky at once called for volunteers to take their places. Underwood was the first man to volunteer in Lexington, and became a lieutenant in Captain John C. Morrison's company, in Colonel William Dudley's ill-fated regiment, which was cut to pieces and captured in a desperate attempt to relieve General Harrison, who was besieged at Fort Meigs, near where Toledo now stands, by the British and Indians. Most of the relief party, which was composed of General Green Clay's brigade of Kentucky volunteers, succeeded in entering the fort, but most of the men of Dudley's regiment, not killed, were captured and turned

over to the Indians. Underwood was badly wounded in the leg, and was sitting on the field of battle trying to apply a bandage. A British officer rode by and told him if he were able to stand to get up and not let the Indians know he was wounded, because they were killing all the wounded prisoners.

During Judge Underwood's last visit to Russellville, over sixty years ago, at a dinner party at the home of my grandfather, M. B. Morton, was a little girl, my cousin, named Kate Bowden. She had heard that Judge Underwood had run the gauntlet on the occasion mentioned. She looked upon him as a great hero, as indeed did all the children. At her request Judge Underwood told the following story.

He said after the battle the Indians wanted to massacre the captives and were only prevented by the promise of the British officers that they should be made to run the gauntlet on their way to the Maumee River, where they were to be held captives. The Indians were drawn up in a line facing the river, which was about thirty yards away. The Indian men were armed with clubs, knives, and guns and the squaws with heavy switches. The captives were forced to run between this line and the river and such as escaped into an old fort at the end of the line were supposed to be safe, though this subsequently proved not to be true.

Judge Underwood said he observed that the Indian line was not straight, but curved back in the center. He said he also observed that a large percentage of men who ran close to the river were killed, he thought some thirty or forty in all. He said he determined when his time came to run close to the Indian line, so that they would not have so good a chance to use their guns, for in the concave part of the line the Indians near the ends could not shoot him without shooting one another. Though wounded in the leg he got safe into the old fort, with a few minor hurts and many stripes inflicted by the squaws with their switches. After all who had succeeded in running the gauntlet were in the fort an Indian appeared on the ramparts and began to shoot and tomahawk prisoners, in spite of the protest of the British guards. Tecumseh, the great Indian soldier and orator, and a British officer rode into the fort on horseback, and that all the Americans were not massacred was

attributed to the earnest efforts of the Indian chief. Judge Underwood said Tecumseh "was a noble and dignified personage. He wore an elegant broadsword and was dressed in Indian costume. His face was finely proportioned, his nose inclined to the aquiline, while his eyes displayed none of that savage and ferocious triumph common to the other Indians on that occasion. He seemed to regard us with unmoved composure, and I thought a beam of mercy shone in his countenance, tempering the spirit of vengeance inherent in his race against the American people." Judge Underwood said that several Indians appeared and selected from the prisoners men to be adopted into their tribes, one of these, Thomas Webb, with a heavy black beard. The rest of the prisoners were paroled and sent back to Kentucky.

Some years later Judge Underwood said he was in Lexington and noticed a man following him who finally came up to him and asked: "Are you not Underwood with whom I ran the gauntlet?"

The Judge said he ran the gauntlet all right but did not remember the speaker.

"I am Tom Webb," said he.

"Well," replied the judge, "it is not strange that I did not recognize you for then you wore a heavy black beard and now you are clean shaven."

"No, I ain't," replied Webb. "When them Indians adopted me they took me out in the woods and seated me a-straddle of a log and turned the squaws loose on me and they pulled every whisker I had out by the roots, and I ain't had none since."

Webb said the whisker-pulling experience was much worse than running the gauntlet.

At the time of his death in Bowling Green in 1876, Judge Underwood was 85 years old and was said to have been the oldest practicing lawyer in the United States.

The physical encounter between Judge Underwood and Judge Hise was described to me by my uncle who witnessed it. He said he was riding through the country and came to Middleton, a village then in the edge of Logan County. A speaker's platform had been erected and a great crowd had assembled to hear a debate between Judge Underwood and Judge Hise, then

running for Congress. Judge Hise spoke first, and then sat down in a splint-bottomed chair on the ground and leaned against the speakers' platform. He put a large homemade cigar in his mouth and began to smoke, burning up a quarter of an inch of the cigar every time he drew a breath.

Judge Underwood began his speech with a funny story. Judge Hise had a dark skin inherited from his Dutch ancestors and many stories were told of his having been mistaken for a Negro.

Judge Underwood said a few nights before they had stopped at Bell's Tavern, at Glasgow Junction. He said they dismounted and started to walk up the long pavement to the tavern, Judge Underwood leading. Mr. Bell saw them coming and walked out to meet them. He knew Mr. Underwood, and when they met, turned and walked toward the tavern, Judge Hise following. When they reached the porch, said Judge Underwood, Mr. Bell said to him:

"Walk into the office, Judge, and make yourself at home. Send your boy around to the kitchen."

At the conclusion of this story, which produced much laughter, Judge Hise, leaning back in his chair and looking over his head at Judge Underwood, called out in deep, thunderous tones:

"That's a G—d d—d lie." Underwood precipitately fell off the platform on top of Hise. The fight was on, but did not last long because the crowd pulled the belligerents apart.

Judge Atkinson was an old lawyer and judge in Logan County, a man of wealth and prominence in the community. He was a bachelor, and when in middle age his sister died, he took her little child, Kate Wooldridge, to live with him, educated her, and cared for her as his very own.

In his old age he married and after that seemed to lose some of the interest he took in little Kate, and when he died and his will was filed for probate, it was found that he had left everything to his wife and nothing to the little girl.

Kate was beautiful and attractive and did not lack friends. It was determined to make an effort to break the will on the ground that Judge Atkinson had been unduly influenced by his

strong-minded wife after he had become feeble in mind and body.

My father, then a young man, was Kate's lawyer, and had been appointed her guardian ad litem. He selected Judge Hise to make the fight for little Kate, and consequently Judge Underwood was employed by the widow. The case was tried in Russellville, and while the trial was in progress the courthouse was crowded with men and women interested in the great lawsuit, in which two of the great lawyers of western Kentucky and a host of assistants were engaged. The effort on the part of the defense was to prove that Judge Atkinson was competent to make a will and the effort on the part of the plaintiff was to prove the contrary. The physician who had attended Judge Atkinson in his last illness was one of Mrs. Atkinson's star witnesses. He was an old doctor and had studied medicine, as country doctors did in those days, and was entirely without college education. Just before the trial, Judge Hise learned that the doctor had been sent to Nashville to stay a few weeks and secure a diploma from a fly-by-night medical school that did business in that city. When the doctor was on the stand he told a connected, straightforward story, and claimed the Judge was in full possession of his mental faculties when he made the will. He was turned over to Hise for cross-examination. He asked:

"Doctor, I believe you have practiced medicine for a number of years?"

"Yes, sir," replied the doctor with great dignity. "I have been a practitioner for more than twenty years."

Q—"I suppose, doctor, you are a medical graduate?"

A—"Yes, sir," with somewhat diminished dignity.

Q—"How long did you say you had practiced medicine?"

A—"For more than twenty years."

Q—"Will you tell the jury how long you have had your diploma?"

A—"For about six weeks."

Hise—"You can stand aside."

Another witness was a farmer named Rohrer. He was put on the stand by the plaintiff and testified that he was going

home one evening and met Judge and Mrs. Atkinson, driving in their buggy, that he had spoken to Judge Atkinson, tipping his hat as usual, because they were old friends, and that was his custom. Instead of recognizing the salutation Judge Atkinson shook his head and made a hostile demonstration. This astonished the witness and hurt his feelings. Mrs. Atkinson, observing this, said: "Don't mind him, Mr. Rohrer, he is insane." Mrs. Atkinson leaned forward and touched Judge Underwood on the shoulder and whispered to him, and when the witness was turned over for cross-examination Underwood asked:

"Mr. Rohrer, I want you to refresh your memory and see if it is not true that Mrs. Atkinson said 'infirm' instead of 'insane.' "

Mr. Rohrer was somewhat puzzled, not being a man familiar with big words, and showed some confusion. The judge pressed the question, when finally Rohrer blurted out:

"Well, judge, I don't know whether she said 'infirm' or 'insane,' but she said he didn't have any sense."

The next important witness was a lawyer who had drawn up the will. He testified that Judge Atkinson had dictated the will to him from his bed, that only he and Mrs. Atkinson were present, and that the judge seemed in full possession of his faculties. On cross-examination he said that little Kate's name was mentioned but once, when Judge Atkinson touched his finger to his head and said "Kate," and hesitated, then went on dictating the will.

Judge Underwood made a strong plea for his client. When Judge Hise's turn arrived he arose and briefly went through the evidence in the case, scoring the doctor and eulogizing Rohrer. The former, he said, was a quack. "You remember," said he, "how pompously he answered my question when he said he had been a practicing physician for more than twenty years, and you remember his squeaky voice when he announced he had had his diploma for about six weeks?" As to Rohrer, he said, he had not a very great vocabulary, and it was easy to confuse him with big words, but he was an honest, truthful man, and a man of good judgment. While he did not know whether Mrs. Atkinson said "insane" or "infirm" he did know that Mrs. Atkinson said "he didn't have any sense." Touching on the

incident narrated by the lawyer who drew up the will, he pointed to little Kate, who was present with all her beauty, the cynosure of all eyes. He said Judge Atkinson had never lost his love for this little girl, as was shown by the fact that he put his finger to his feeble brow, while he was dictating the will, and called her name, but when he glanced past the lawyer and saw the stern face of the strong-minded woman who was his wife, he passed Kate up.

"Tears do not come readily to my eyes," said Hise. "But when I think of this case, I feel a tightening of my vocal cords." In his strong mellow voice he dilated on the filial love and affection that existed between Kate and the old uncle who had adopted her, of their beautiful and happy life before the coming of the strong-minded wife. This God-given affection was natural and had existed to the end, as shown by the action of the feeble old man when the old love welled up and he touched his withered brow with his finger and said "Kate." With his index finger on his forehead suiting the gesture to the words, Judge Hise paused for a moment, and quoted, as none but he could quote, Rolla's soliloquy from the play, "Pizarro."

"O! Holy Nature! Thou dost never plead in vain!
There is not on this earth a creature bearing form
And life, human or savage, native of the forest green,
Or of the dizzy air, around whose parent bosom
Thou has not a cord entwined, of power
To tie them to their offspring's claim,
And at thy will to bring them back to thee.

"On iron pinions borne, the bloodstained vulture cleaves
The storm—yet is the plumage nearest her heart
Soft as the signet's down; and o'er her unshelled brood
The murmuring ring-dove sits not more gently."

When Judge Hise sat down the audience was in tears, the judge on the bench and the jurors were weeping, and the women were crying audibly. It was observed that Judge Underwood himself, swept away by the flood of oratory, pulled his red bandana handkerchief and began to wipe his eyes.

Little Kate had won her case.

SOME HORSES I HAVE KNOWN

The wildest animals on the American continent fifty years ago were the range horses of the Western prairies. They were born and reared on the plains, and their ancestors had been wild for generations.

Traveling through the wilds you often saw deer, antelope, bear, and other wild animals at close range. Not so with the horse. Sometimes you would travel for days through Western Texas and never see a wild horse except as he disappeared over the horizon. Often there would be three or four miles ahead a cloud of dust. You knew a herd of horses was fleeing in front of you, but you could not see a horse.

The range horses were frequently caught by the cowboys who organized great drives to get them off the range to make room for cattle. Many were sold "back in the states," and thousands were slaughtered and sent to Europe in cold storage where they were sold for food. The wild horse is now an extinct animal; and his civilized brother is fast following in his footsteps.

A horse that had run wild on the prairies until he was six years old and then captured was a tough proposition, but when once broken was worth the trouble. He was tough and tireless. I once knew such a horse to be tied to a pine tree with a one-inch rope. He was saddled and bridled, and then turned loose to see what he would do. He finally succeeded in getting the saddle off over his head and forelegs. He was caught and resaddled and mounted, after which he ran sixteen miles, mostly up a mountain trail, without stopping. The next day it was hard to tell which was the stiffer and sorer, the horse or the rider. I was the rider.

I had a personal experience with one of these horses, which I believe to be unparalleled. I was riding him along a road cut in a hillside. Below was the Colville River, fifty or sixty feet distant. The horse became frightened at something above us and jumped towards the river. He fell and rolled down the steep embankment. Somehow I managed to stay on top of him all the time. At one time I was on his belly, while he rolled over on his back. When we finally reached the river's brink he was on his feet and I was on his back. He climbed back

up the steep hill and neither of us was any the worse for the experience. I had gone entirely around the horse's body.

Horses have as varied types of brains and physiques as men. A brainy horse recognizes the inevitable, and becomes docile and tractable, a fool horse is always kicking "against the pricks," but he has more excuse than the man fool, for he has never had a chance to read St. Paul. A horse sometimes even displays some affection for a man; but he never loves and idolizes a man as the dog does his master.

All country boys remember the horse acquaintances of their youth. I remember old Moll, my father's famous brood mare. She was large, powerful, and dependable; and transmitted her qualities to her descendants. Then there was Black Joe, a saddle horse, who carried himself like a conqueror and spurned the earth as he passed along, carrying his 240-pound rider at a four-minute clip, as a single-footer, and just as fast as a side-packer.

There was the "gray filly"—always a "filly" though she lived to a great age. The boys broke her, and she never forgot the breaking. She had been reared around the house and was as gentle as a dog. The boys would climb on her back, without saddle or bridle, for a ride. When she got tired she would kick up her heels and toss them off. This habit persisted into the years of her maturity.

There was Dick, the seventeen-hand mule. He was a wonderful work animal, but would never allow anybody to ride upon his back except Negro George.

When the Yankees came during the War Between the States, Moll was always hid out in the cedar thicket; but Dick was left in his stall, for no Yankee ever did or ever could bridle him, not knowing his idiosyncracies. Dick was safe.

There was Grandpa's pony. He was perfectly gentle when the old man or a woman rider was on his back. With the boys it was different. One day I rode him to water and on the way back to the stable he curled his tail over his back, and concluded to pitch me off. He finally reared, fell over backwards, broke his curled up tail, caught me beneath him and nearly broke a leg that was between his backbone and the hard ground.

Saultrum was a horse all by himself. He was a flea-bitten gray, well formed, medium-sized, and active, although he had served through the war in the Yankee Army, and had "U. S." branded on his shoulder. My father bought him for a buggy horse at one of the government sales. He also was a fair saddle horse, but positively declined to do any farm work. He would not stand any foolishness. He never kicked, but would bite viciously when insulted. When hitched to a buggy the whip was needed only as a signal.

When a brass band played he danced. He was not afraid of anything, and was a great hunting horse. If you shot between his ears he would not blink an eye—this no doubt the result of his army experience.

He had one habit that caused much loss of time. When turned in the pasture he had to be run down with the dogs. Even as an old horse this habit lasted. The last day of his life, in apparently good health, he was turned on the pasture, after a hard ride. When it became necessary to catch him, he refused as usual and began running around the field and fell dead. We dug a hole six feet deep and buried him where he fell.

Almost all horses are good swimmers, though now we have become civilized to such an extent that it rarely is necessary for a horse to swim. You have no doubt read about horses that could swim a stream without wetting the rider. Such a horse can swim only a very short distance, for it requires great exertion either for a horse or man to swim with any considerable portion of the body above the water.

The best horse swimmers "swim low," with only the nostrils, face, and ears exposed. Such a horse can swim for miles, while the other kind can swim only a few yards. Once in a great while there is a horse that will not or cannot swim. Most cows can swim, but there are more of them than horses that cannot. I have seen great herds of cattle put in the Columbia River to swim across, and generally a few of them were drowned. Mules are not as good swimmers as horses, because they swim with head and neck well above the water. They look like a bunch of hair seals in the Pacific Ocean.

If you should ever have to swim a river with a horse, get off his back, and hold with one hand by his tail, swimming with the other hand and both feet in order to save the horse.

The little black mare was the finest bit of horseflesh I have ever mounted. She was a "range mare," born and reared in the wilds.

She probably never saw a white man until one day a bunch of cowboys stampeded the herd, corralled them, and choked her down with a lasso. She had no written pedigree, for her ancestors had been ranging the plains from Mexico to British Columbia for 300 years. But she evidently had Arabian blood in her veins, transmitted from some thoroughbred that had escaped from the Conquistadores in Mexico. She was intelligent, and, though she did not fancy captivity, she gracefully accepted the inevitable, and when she fell into my hands was gentle and affectionate.

She would follow me around and nibble at my blue flannel shirt, and would do whatever it was necessary for her to do, and do it well. I was reminded of her when I wrote of "The Grand Coulee and the Big Bend Country," a short time ago, for in climbing out of the Grand Coulee one of the wagon horses gave up under the heart-breaking experience and refused to move or even try to move.

The wagon had been scotched with large stones when I rode up on the little black mare, who already had experienced a hard day's travel. I dismounted, unsaddled her, scratched her forehead, and patted her on her velvety nose. "It is up to you," said I, and she understood. We unharnessed the stalled horse, rubbed and encouraged the other horses, and all hands put their shoulders to the wheels. "Now, Lucy, do your stuff." She straightened out in a long pull, the other horses bounced forward and backward, but Lucy never faltered, and the wagon moved up the seemingly impassable side of the coulee.

When the top was reached we put the recalcitrant, cowardly horse back in the harness, and while I saddled the little black mare she looked with contempt at the shamefaced, sulky, balky horse.

That evening we reached the Columbia River, and I stripped the game little mare and turned her loose to graze while I took a dip in the river and shook the alkali dust out of my clothes. I also shook out my watch, which fell into the river, but was quickly recovered, and did not stop running. I gave that watch to my boy and it is still in service.

After a short rest I put the saddle and bridle and other accouterments in an Indian dugout, got in myself and told the little black mare to swim for the northern bank. The swift current carried her down the river a mile before she reached the other bank of the mighty Columbia. She shook herself and came to me to be saddled and bridled. She could swim any river we ever came across, and she did not mind if I remained on her back when she negotiated a small one.

Western horses in those days were expected to walk, trot, and gallop, but I taught her to go the running walk, much to the wonderment of the Indians, who would get down on all fours and mimic her. Then they wanted to trade for her, but she was not for sale or trade.

She would carry me sixty miles a day, part of the time at a sweeping gallop, and never draw a long breath.

The saddest hour of the two and one-half years I spent in Washington Territory was when I was called back to Kentucky and had to part from the little black mare. She was a Christian, and I shall not look upon her like again, unless perchance I should meet her in the spirit land.

MR. HOPPER AND JOAQUIN MILLER

Mr. Hopper, heavy editorial writer on the *Courier-Journal*, strolled into the local room about 11 o'clock one morning, just after the city editor had arrived, and remarked:

"Say, a fellow came into the office this morning and said he was Joaquin Miller. I guess he was, for he looked the part. He said he was once a reporter on this paper and just wanted to look around a little."

City Editor: "Did you get an interview with him?"

Mr. Hopper: "Well, no."

City Editor: "Where is he now? Where did he say he was going?"

Mr. Hopper: "I don't know where he is, but I suppose he has left town. He said he was on his way to the Tenth Street Station to catch a train."

City Editor: "Well, I'll be blank! blank! That beats anything I ever heard of. You, an old newspaper man, let Joaquin Miller, the 'Poet of the Sierras,' come right here in the office and tell you he used to work here and never asked him a question, and let him get away."

Mr. Hopper was a man of fine intellect and of a forbearing temper, but he was getting a little "riled," as they say it in Kentucky.

"Look here, young man," said he, "You need not get so excited about it. Miller (who wore long hair and an unkempt beard) just seemed to me to be an old fellow dreadfully in need of being sheared, and it never occurred to me that he had anything to say worth listening to."

A FAMOUS KENTUCKIAN

SELECT WORKS OF YOUNG E. ALLISON. Sponsored by the Filson Club Commemoration Committee of Louisville, Kentucky.

Young Ewing Allison's grandfather was a pioneer in Logan County, Kentucky, and named a son Young Ewing for another Logan County pioneer. This son moved to Henderson, where he married and spent the rest of his life. His son, Young E. Allison, the subject of this sketch, was born and reared there. He went to Louisville, Kentucky, to become city editor of the *Courier-Journal*, after an apprenticeship on Evansville papers. He lived in Louisville until his death, in 1932, aged 79 years.

He was a sparkling genius who wrote news items in a style and with a coloring all his own, though he always claimed that he had no style. He was always, first and last, a reporter, though for over half his life he was not connected with a newspaper in any official capacity, but was editor first of the *Insur-*

ance *Herald*, and then of the *Insurance Field*. His first love was the newspaper, and throughout his long life he was always fond of newspapermen and was considered one of them by the newspaper fraternity in Louisville. He was frequently asked to act as toastmaster at newspaper banquets and dinners, and he seemed cut out for the job.

To the end of his life he was a frequent contributor to the columns of the newspapers. Though he never seemed hurried and always had time to say a pleasant word to a friend, his output was enormous, for in addition to his bread and butter work, he wrote poetry, short stories, and historical sketches, as well as short novels. In his fiction he turned himself loose and flew with the swift wings of his imagination, but in his historical sketches his facts were strictly correct and he punctured many legends that had come to be accepted as history, among them the story of Louis Philippe's beneficences, including many large paintings, to the Cathedral at Bardstown, Kentucky.

His personality was attractive, and of course his friends were many. He wrote many letters, up to the last few years, using a pencil. Thousands of these letters, in his unusual and beautiful chirography, are still in existence. No man could see a specimen of his handwriting without realizing he was an unusual man.

"Select Works of Young E. Allison" was edited by Young E. Allison, Jr., and J. Christian Bay, assisted by Otto A. Rothert. It comprises a biographical sketch, a gem of literary art, by Mr. Bay, and "Mr. Allison as a Newspaper Man" by William Fortune, both warm personal friends of the man whose memory they cherish. Following this introduction the rest of the book of 469 pages is devoted to the creations of Mr. Allison's own brain: an unfinished autobiography; "The Old Piano"; "The Vice of Novel Reading"; "The Derelict," a piratical ballad; tales and reminiscences, including a few of Mr. Allison's imaginative works, most if not all of them founded on fact; insurance sketches; historical papers; and a list of Mr. Allison's writings. "The Derelict," a poem of six verses, begins with the following quatrain from Billy Bone's song in Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island":

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"

This poem was one of his remarkable productions. It was written and rewritten, words were changed here and there throughout the years, remindful of the work bestowed by Gray on his *Elegy*, which made him immortal. It has been published in newspapers and in other forms throughout the English-speaking world.

Mr. Allison was often spoken of as O. Henry's equal as a short story writer, and certainly his short stories have a charm all their own.

"Select Works" will be read with absorbing interest by Mr. Allison's friends, as well as by those who never heard his name before, because of the intrinsic value of all his writings.

NO CORRECTIONS ALLOWED

Joe Eakin was city editor of the *Courier-Journal*, but not at the time of Joaquin Miller's visit. He had been an active, enterprising reporter. He belonged to the old school of reporters who would climb a tree or hide under a bench or behind a coat rack in order to find out what was going on at a secret political meeting. His stories always read well, but his city editor, in his reportorial days, always had to look out for and correct slight inaccuracies. When he became city editor the bars were down and Joe worked his own sweet will; but every day irate Kentuckians with hip-pockets would appear and demand corrections of items that had appeared about themselves. Joe had too much sense and discretion to refuse, but it irked his free and untrammelled spirit. One day he exploded.

"I wish I owned this paper," said he. "If I did I would put up a sign in great big letters over the front door: 'NO CORRECTIONS ALLOWED.'"

Joe afterwards went to New York and made a success in the metropolitan field.

JOHN STOCKDALE RHEA AND HIS FORBEARS

In the death of Judge John S. Rhea, of Russellville, Logan County and the state of Kentucky lost one of their strongest men, unique in character and intellect. He lived out the allotted span—threescore years and ten. His death opens up to the writer the vistas of memory over a period of sixty years and more. For we were schoolmates when Leslie Waggener taught at Bethel College, and were life-long friends. This article is a small tribute to that friendship; and also for the purpose of telling the present generation of Logan County young people some things they did not know of John Rhea and his family. They knew him as a Congressman, a judge, and a distinguished lawyer; they know little of his young life and of his ancestry.

His father, Judge Albert Gallatin Rhea, was long a prominent citizen and a dominating lawyer at the Russellville bar. He was a man of fine intellect, pronounced views, neighborly and friendly in disposition, and possessed of a fine sense of honor.

John Rhea's grandfather was Charles Rhea, one of the first newspaper editors of Russellville. He was a man of ability and sterling worth, and while, so far as I know, he never sought office, I have often heard my father say of him that he was the most popular man in Logan County.

John Rhea's mother was a woman of strong mind, womanly and sympathetic in her nature, and devoted to her family and friends. She was Miss Jane Stockdale before her marriage, a sister of Governor Fletcher S. Stockdale, of Texas. Mrs. Rhea's mother was, before her marriage, Miss Laurenda Hise, a sister of Judge Elijah Hise, Logan County's strongest and most distinguished son. This is a wide claim, for Judge Hise was a contemporary of the two Governors Morehead; of Governor John Breathitt; of Judge Ephraim Ewing, Congressman and jurist; of George M. Bibb, United States Senator, cabinet member, and jurist; of Judge George T. Edwards, eminent lawyer and orator; of John J. Crittenden, governor and United States Senator; and many other noted lawyers, orators, and statesmen of Logan County.

Judge Hise's mother was Nancy Hise, who came with her husband, Frederick Hise, to Russellville from Lexington early in the nineteenth century. Frederick Hise kept a store at the

corner of Main and Center streets. He had been a soldier in the army of the great Napoleon. He died in middle life, and after that, the care of a family of children devolved upon his wife. Frederick Hise came from Hesse, Germany, and his wife was born in Virginia of parents who came from Holland. Their children were Elijah Hise, Joseph Hise, Mrs. Mary Norton, the mother of Judge Elijah H. Norton, a distinguished lawyer and judge of Missouri, and George W. Norton and W. P. Norton, two of Kentucky's most successful financiers, and of Eckstein Norton, of the firm of Norton, Slaughter & Co., cotton brokers of New York, and for many years president of the L. & N. R. R. Co. The second daughter of Frederick and Nancy Hise was Mrs. Laurenda Stockdale, before alluded to in this article, and the third daughter and the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Hise was Mrs. America Harding, whose sons, George, Roger, and William, became great merchants in St. Louis, Missouri. The Nortons, Hardings and the present generation of Logan County Rheas are all descendants of Nancy Hise, who is herself worth more than passing notice in any historical sketch of Russellville.

She was a woman who transmitted her sterling character and powerful intellect to her children's children down through the generations. Her generation knew her as a most remarkable woman, greatly admired and respected. She was both morally and mentally honest, and her strength of character made her a power to be reckoned with in Russellville a century ago. She managed her business affairs with remarkable skill and though her opportunities for book learning had been limited, she saw to it that all her children were well educated. She sent her sons, Elijah and Joseph, to old Transylvania University, then the leading institution of learning of the trans-Appalachian section.

I have heard my grandfather, Marmaduke B. Morton, who knew Mrs. Hise and was her friend for fifty years, say that Nancy Hise possessed the greatest intellect with which he had ever come in contact. Joseph Hise was a lawyer and a brilliant orator, but died young. Elijah Hise lived to be sixty-eight years old and those years were years of accomplishment. He read much, and English classics were his familiar companions. He

could quote Shakespeare and Byron by the hour, and was fond of the stage, being an amateur actor of ability. Indeed, it was often said of him, had he turned his attention to the stage he would have ranked with the elder Booth, Forrest, and the other great stars of his day. When he was young, amateur theatricals were much in vogue in Logan County. The original settlers came largely from the cultured and wealthy families of Virginia and North Carolina. The serious business of life and all outdoor sports engaged the men, while chess was the great game for indoors. The women were famous housekeepers and exacted all the homage due them. Writing poetry was much in vogue and belles lettres were considered an essential part of education for both sexes.

J. M. Hamilton, born in Logan County, the son of Russellville's first banker, and long a prosperous business man of Nashville, Tennessee, said to me in his old age that he had never seen the accomplished civilization of pioneer Logan County, Kentucky, equaled. It was in these surroundings that Elijah Hise grew up, and it is not strange he loved literature and the stage. Judge Hise was also an accomplished musician, a fine violinist and pianist, a talent appearing in all the descendants of the Hises. Elijah Hise was the leading Jacksonian Democrat in Kentucky for forty years. As a lawyer and logician he had no superior, and as an orator, few equals, for he ranked with Clay, Calhoun, and Webster.

He was a Democrat, and Kentucky and the Third Congressional District were Whig, consequently he held few offices, though an active participant in all important political campaigns. Judge Hise was one of the strong men who gave the death blow to "Knownothingism" in America. They simply talked it to death, and ridiculed it into an unwept grave. When the judiciary became elective, Elijah Hise was elected Justice of the Court of Appeals, and became Chief Justice. His famous dissenting opinion in the Maysville railroad case is a legal classic. He was Minister to Central America under President Polk and at the close of the Civil War was twice elected by almost unanimous votes of the Third Congressional District to the lower House of Congress.

John Rhea, in a marked degree, inherited many of the qualities of his great-grandmother and her son. He was full of good impulses, emotional and sympathetic, as were they, and had the gift of oratory seldom equaled.

It was often said of him, and I have seen it reiterated since his death, that he was not a student. He seemed rather to like this reputation, but he was capable of hard study and did burn the midnight oil when he thought the occasions demanded it. John Rhea was the darling of Logan County Democracy in his youth, for he began his political career soon after his return from Washington and Lee University. As a political speaker, as an advocate before a jury, he was in a class by himself. In middle life he abandoned these activities for the judicial ermine. He will live long in the hearts of those who knew him and fell under the witchery of his oratory and genius.

CLARENCE WALKER, COURT STENOGRAPHER

The recent death of Clarence E. Walker removes one of the greatest stenographers and court reporters in this country, and one of the finest gentlemen. He was for many years one of the best court reporters in Louisville, or for that matter, anywhere else. He was one of the first stenographers in this country to introduce actively in his business the dictaphone. I remember well how he handled the William Jennings Bryan speeches during his first campaign. A few minutes after Bryan left the platform, the complete story would be in the newspaper offices.

Mr. Walker was also fond of all kinds of athletic sports and was himself a noted wing-shot. The last time I saw him was some years ago when he came to Nashville to participate in a shoot in which Captain Andy Meadors and a number of other famous old-time marksmen appeared. Walker was then in the prime of life, strong, hearty, and happy. I think he handled that day about the finest shotgun I ever saw.

His death came suddenly and probably just as he would have liked for it to come. He had been participating in a clay pigeon shoot, had just broken twenty-three out of twenty-five discs and sat down, when he fell and expired.

Mr. Walker not only possessed the qualities mentioned, but he had a vast knowledge of public events and was a keen reader of the classics and whenever a speaker quoted anything from Shakespeare or any other noted writer of the past, Walker knew it and generally wrote it down afterwards. He was a great talker and often butted in "where angels feared to tread." He never hesitated on any occasion to express his opinion openly and regardlessly.

Once he was called upon to report a feud trial in one of the mountain counties of Eastern Kentucky. When he returned he told the following story on himself:

He said when he arrived at the hotel he was in need of a shave and asked the proprietor if there were a good barber shop in the village. The proprietor told him there was no regular barber, but that there was a shoemaker in town who shaved people and generally made a very good job of it, so Walker went to the shoemaker. While receiving the shave he was asking the shoemaker many questions about the recent feud and murder, and, on the side, expressed his disapproval of the mountaineers' habit of settling all difficulties with a Winchester rifle.

The barber gently checked him, saying: "Mister, we don't call them murders, we call 'em killin's."

Walker replied: "Well, just tell me please, when the latest one of these killin's as you call them, happened in this town."

The barber replied quietly: "About three weeks ago."

"Well, where did this killin' as you call it happen?"

"Why, right here in front of this shop," replied the barber.

"Well, who did this killin'?" asked Walker.

The barber answered meekly and slowly: "I did so."

Walker concluded that the conversation had gone far enough and asked no more questions.

TWO STONE CHIMNEYS

"They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door."

—Stephen C. Foster.

The deer and the wild turkeys have departed. No longer are there wildcats in "Wildcat Den." But the whirl of the wings of plump quail, the drilling of the woodpecker, the barking of the squirrel, the mourning of the dove, by day, and the hooting of the owl, the song of the whippoorwill, the voice of the tree frog and the katydid, and the cry of the prowling fox by night may still be heard—just as they were heard more than a hundred years ago, when "Old Marster" and little George, his slave, used to walk through the fields and woodlands and sit by the springs in the hills and valleys in young Kentucky, where many of the pioneers and Indian fighters of a few years ago still survived.

Both master and slave lie in unmarked graves, but each builded to himself a monument that stands after a century has passed.

On a commanding eminence near Gasper River is a stone chimney. It is built substantially of roughly cut stone. It has two broad fireplaces, one for the first and one for the second story of the house. Around it are broad acres that once belonged to the master of the manor. In a wooded gulch that leads up from the highway may still be traced the road that circled the hollow in a gradual ascent.

On another elevation, some ten miles away, stands another chimney. This is of rough stone, and only has one broad fireplace, showing that it was built for a one-story house. Nearby are persimmon and haw trees, and up the hill on Long Knob is "Wildcat Den."

Near each of these chimneys is a spring that bubbles out of the ground and ripples down the valleys through moss-grown and grassy banks, stirring and painting the periwinkles and the pentremites, the trilobites and polished pebbles that speak of bygone ages and forms of life not now upon earth.

The first chimney marks the site of the last home of "Old Marster"; the second chimney tells where George built his cabin, and spent his declining years.

When "Old Marster," William Jordon Morton, the writer's great-grandfather, came with his caravan from Virginia to Kentucky in 1815, George also came in his mother's womb. "Old Marster" was even then looking after George's welfare, for while

most of the slaves and children, white and black, walked behind the wagons with their dogs, driving the live stock, George's mother was mounted on a pony, the property of one of "Old Marster's" daughters. George was born in Kentucky and lived in Kentucky for one hundred years, though at one time he might have crossed the ocean and "seen the world," had he so desired.

When George grew up his black skin shone like polished ebony, and rich red blood coursed through his veins. He was of medium height, light on his feet, and noted for his great physical strength.

When "Old Marster" died there was a general breaking up of the family, white and black. The slaves were parceled out, according to his will, among his twelve children. It was the boast of "Old Marster's" family and descendants that no man or woman of the name had ever sold a slave, though they sometimes gave them to their friends. George became the slave of "Marse Peter," the oldest child, who had been the mainstay of the family, educating and caring for the younger members during his father's declining years and after his death.

George could cut the timber and split 300 rails in a day, which was more than twice as many as the average man could split; he was an expert tobacco raiser; and was equally skilled in the handling of horses, mules, and live stock. He used the axe both "right-handed" and "left-handed," and when he cut down a tree the stump was as smooth as if it had been the work of a cross-cut saw. Though a slave for the first fifty years of his life, that was, no doubt, the time of his greatest freedom. During a great part of this period he "hired his time" from his master, and saved a snug sum every year.

When "Marse Peter" died, it devolved on George to make the most momentous decision of his life. Whether he made the correct solution of his problem will never be known. "Marse Peter," like many other Southern slave holders, was not enamored of slavery. He probably would have been an Abolish-ionist had he been able to figure out any reasonable way to bring abolition about. Evidently he considered George well equipped to take care of himself under any conditions, for in his will he provided that George should be free if he would go to Liberia in Africa to live. He set aside a sum of money to

pay expenses, should George elect to go to the continent of his ancestors. The will further provided that, in case George did not want to go to Africa, he should be the slave of the testator's brother, Marmaduke. George chose the latter alternative, as "Marse Marmaduke" was known to be a kind master. And so George remained a slave until President Lincoln issued the emancipation proclamation.

After George became the slave of "Marse Marmaduke" he was known as "George Peter," from his second master, "Marse Peter." This was to distinguish him from another George who belonged to "Marse Marmaduke." During the last few years of slavery he was hired to "Marse Billy," grandson of "Old Marster," because "Marse Billy's" farm joined the farm of the owner of George Peter's wife and children.

Then came the War Between the States. George Peter was a woodsman and a diplomat. He thought it entirely fair to victimize a white man. He was invaluable to "Marse Billy" in his dealings with the soldiers, for the farm was in the territory fought over by both armies. When the Rebels came, they could have what they wanted, for "Marse Billy" was on their side. When the Yankees came George Peter would help hide valuables and "run off" the stock into the cedar thickets—all except Dick, the biggest mule and the finest mule in the country round about. Dick and George Peter were great friends. George knew that he was the only man who could ride Dick. He also knew that none but the initiated could bridle Dick. He knew Dick was safe, for no Yankee could put a bridle on him, and no Yankee could ride him after he was bridled. Dick allowed George Peter to ride him, because he was fond of him, but he granted that privilege to no one else. No man, not even George Peter, could bridle Dick in the ordinary way, for Dick would fly into an elephantine fury if anyone touched his ears and tried to push them through the headstall; but George Peter knew how to turn the trick. He would unbuckle the bridle strap at the top, and hold the bridle so Dick could see it. Dick would walk up, hold out his head, take the bit in his mouth and wait patiently for George Peter to buckle the strap behind his ears. The Yankees once tried to bridle Dick, but gave it up. George Peter was also well equipped to parley with marauding soldiers, and

gave them much interesting and misleading information. He had one disastrous experience with a Rebel regiment. The regiment was in line, at parade rest, across an old field with its head resting on the highway. As George Peter passed by the man at the head of the column said:

"Nigger, gimme a chaw of tobacco."

George pulled a large home-made twist out of his pocket. The soldier "bit off a chaw" and passed it on, while George stood patiently waiting.

"What are you waiting for, old man?" asked an officer.

"I am waiting for my tobacco," replied George.

"Well if that's what you are waiting for," said the officer, "you might as well move on, for you will never see that twist again."

Once when "Marse Billy" was sick in bed George Peter walked into his room. Lifting his wool hat from his woolly head he deposited it by the door and went to the master's bed and said:

"Good mawnin, Marse Billy, I jes cum ter tell yer the Yankees done press me an' de four-horse waggin an' team ter take a load ter Nashville; but don't you be oneasy. I'll bring 'em all back safe an' sound." And he did.

George Peter had all the vices, but he carried none of them to excess; and he had a fair share of the virtues. He was a regular drinker but was never drunk. When it came to eating he preferred quantity to quality. When he left the house for a day in the woods splitting rails, he would take a unique lunch. In the kitchen he got two large pones of cornbread, split them in halves, and then went to the smokehouse and cut from a middling a number of raw slices. These he placed in his split corn pones, making two large sandwiches. This was his standard lunch.

After "the freedom" George Peter bought a tract of land near "Marse Billy's" farm and built himself a comfortable log cabin, where he spent the remainder of his life. He raised tobacco and corn and chickens and pigs. He was a fine rifle shot, and owned a cap-and-ball Kentucky rifle, than which no more accurate firearm at a pointblank range of forty to sixty yards has ever been devised. It had another decided advantage,

in that the ammunition cost practically nothing. Ten cents worth of powder, ten cents worth of caps, and ten cents worth of lead for bullets would last indefinitely, whereas at present every time an ordinary shotgun is fired it costs five cents. In his declining years George spent much of his time hunting squirrels and groundhogs. He knew every groundhog hole for a mile around, and the groundhogs furnished a considerable part of his meat supply during the summer months.

He reared a large family of children, mostly boys, and all grew up to be remarkably strong and useful men and women. After local prohibition was adopted in Logan County, where he lived, his boys always kept him supplied with a jug of the best whisky, brought in from a distance. He delighted in the children of "my white folks," who grew up around him, and they fairly worshipped him; and no doubt now, as he looks down from the spiritland, he is pleased to know that his little farm is a part of one owned by two great-great-grandsons of "Old Marster."

George Peter was active up to a short time before his death. One day he was dozing before the fireplace in his cabin, while his children were at work on neighboring farms. A chunk rolled down from the log fire, and the cabin and the old Negro, who had just passed his hundredth year, were consumed in the flames. The cabin was never rebuilt, and the stone chimney alone remains—a silent sentinel as does the stone chimney of "Old Marster's" mansion on another eminence ten miles away.

TWO JOHN YOUNG BROWNS

John Young Brown is a prominent name in Kentucky. John Young Brown I was born in Hardin County in 1835, and from boyhood to old age his name rang throughout the commonwealth. He was a lawyer, famed for his accurate knowledge of the law, an orator of the first order at a time when there were orators, was four times elected to Congress and served a term as governor during the stormy period following the adoption of the present State Constitution. His last appearance before

the people was in his race for governor against the late William Goebel; and thereby hangs a tale.

John Young Brown II is now (1933) a Congressman from the Ashland District, which has been represented by such men as Henry Clay, James B. Beck, J. C. S. Blackburn, John C. Breckinridge, and his eloquent nephew, W. C. P. Breckinridge. He has been twice elected to the Kentucky Legislature and during the session of 1932 served as Speaker of the House. He met defeat in 1932 when he made the race for membership on the Democratic State Central and Executive Committees from the Seventh Congressional District, against Billy Klair, veteran and past-master of politics. This did not prevent his election to Congress the following November.

A strange thing happened. He was a candidate for Congress with Virgil Chapman as his opponent; but the legislative redistricting act was declared void by the Federal District Court, and the Congressssmen were elected from the state at large. Both Brown and Chapman were elected.

Though named for John Young Brown I, he is in no way related to John Young Brown, the elder. He was the son of a farmer, a Democrat, for Republicans are scarce in Union County. His mother was of German parentage, her family also being Democrats. So this infant came into the world a Democrat. It happened that at the time of his birth there was living, as a hired hand on his father's farm, a Negro man who had belonged to and grew up in the family of Senator Archibald Dixon of Henderson and in the family of John Young Brown I. The latter had married Miss Rebecca Dixon, the Senator's daughter. This Negro man was very proud of his "white folks," and insisted that the new Brown baby be named John Young, from the former governor.

The "white folks" capitulated and John Young Brown II began his career. He grew to young manhood in Union County, except for a few years spent in Mississippi. After attending the county schools he went to Danville and worked his way through Centre College, where his great namesake had graduated in the famous class of 1855, comprising such men as J. Proctor Knott, "Quinine Jim" McKenzie, James McCreary, W. C. P. Breckin-

ridge, T. T. Crittenden, afterwards governor of Missouri, and others. He then took a law course in the State University and began the practice of law in Lexington. He has since been a citizen of Lexington and Fayette County. He has traveled far for a young man, but he has a long and arduous journey ahead of him if he keeps pace with Governor John Young Brown and Senator Archibald Dixon, the Negro member of whose family named him.

The Dixons have been prominent and highly respected citizens of Henderson for a hundred years. It is a brilliant, handsome clan. They generally succeed in what they undertake, and if there is or ever was a Dixon who was not full of music and sentiment I have not run across him. Henry C. Dixon, a son of the pioneer, Archibald, was a remarkable entertainer and story teller. He could hold an audience indefinitely. His brother, Dr. Archibald Dixon, was a noted surgeon and physician. Another brother made notable inventions in telegraphy.

Archibald Dixon, the founder of the clan, was born in North Carolina in 1802, and came to Kentucky as a young man. Senator Thomas H. Benton of Missouri, and before that from Tennessee, who fought for and with Old Hickory at different times, was his cousin and friend. He was a lawyer, orator, and statesman—a Whig, who worshipped Henry Clay. He served in both Houses of the General Assembly of Kentucky, and was elected Lieutenant Governor in 1849. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1852. He was the author of the bill to repeal the Missouri Compromise. The controversy developing over this bill is credited by some historians with precipitating the War Between the States.

He was a man of strong character, dominating and high-tempered. Strange to say when the war came on he lined up on the Union side. Some of his sons were at that time in their teens, and all sided with the South so that their father sent them to college in Canada to keep them from enlisting in the Confederate army.

John Young Brown, who married his daughter, had a deep friendship and high regard for him, but was fond of telling a story about how one of Dixon's campaign speeches for Clay was ruined.

Clay was making his last campaign for the presidency, with James K. Polk of Tennessee as his opponent. Dixon was making speeches in his behalf. On one occasion he painted a beautiful word picture of the old statesman of Ashland. He said he was living on his fine estate near Lexington, surrounded with every comfort, when his country called him. He had a devoted wife, who gave him every attention, and allowed him to lie in bed of mornings while she "blackened his shoes."

"Hurrah for Polk," shouted a voice from the audience. This put the none too mild tempered speaker in a towering rage and he demanded:

"Who was that who hollered 'Hurrah for Polk'?"

The answer was not immediately forthcoming, and the demand was repeated, whereupon a man arose and said:

"I am the one who hollered 'Hurrah for Polk'."

"Why did you holler 'Hurrah for Polk'?" was thundered forth.

The culprit was taken by surprise and seemingly knew not what to say when Senator Dixon called out:

"I demand an answer."

The man halted and then said in a matter-of-fact manner:

"I said 'Hurrah for Polk' because he gets up and blacks his own shoes instead of waiting for his wife to do it."

The crowd roared and for once the orator was knocked out. He had sense enough to bring his speech to a speedy conclusion.

John Young Brown I became a national figure with his first election to Congress. He was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, and began the practice of law in Elizabethtown in 1857. He was elected a member of Congress in 1859, but could not take his seat until the second session of Congress, because he was not of constitutional age when the first session met. He was a member of the Douglas National Committee 1860. When he was elected to Congress for his second term, the War Between the States was on and he was not allowed to take his seat, because of his alleged disloyalty.

He was elected to the Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses from the Second Kentucky District, having in the meantime removed to Henderson. He declined to run again and devoted himself exclusively to the practice of law for fifteen

years. So completely did he drop out of public life that many people thought him dead, when he suddenly announced his candidacy for governor. He was elected governor in 1891, and was fond of boasting that his entire campaign expenses amounted to less than \$1,000. He had a stormy career as governor, being opposed in his policies by such men as William Goebel, General Simon Bolivar Buckner, J. Proctor Knott, and W. C. P. Breckinridge.

The last act in his political career was when he made the race as an independent Democrat for governor against William Goebel.

The convention that nominated Goebel was a heated one, with criminations and recriminations. The charge was made that Goebel was not fairly nominated; and though Brown was not a candidate before the convention he was deeply interested in its doings. It was said that afterwards he asserted: "They crucified my friends; and I will see to it that Goebel is never elected governor." Be this as it may, he made the race against him, and it will be a mooted question until the end of time as to whether Goebel was elected. At any rate the Legislature declared him elected. He was shot by an unknown assassin, and was sworn in on his deathbed. There were even those who said he was already dead when allegedly sworn in as governor. A stormy period followed. .

There was melodrama and tragedy in the public and private life of John Young Brown I, but the most dramatic act of his life was his excoriation and denunciation of Benjamin F. Butler on the floor of Congress, February 4, 1875.

John Young Brown I was a forceful speaker. His education was classical. He never lacked for a word, and was at his best when he faced a strong opponent. Strange to say his favorite quotation was from Bayard Taylor:

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

He had staunch friends and bitter enemies, and possessed moral and physical courage to a marked degree.

John Young Brown II, may your career be equally as forceful, but less stormy than that of your great namesake.

MY LAST INTERVIEW WITH MILTON H. SMITH

The report of the National Transportation Committee, of which the late Calvin Coolidge was president, now made public, recalls the last conversation the writer had with Milton H. Smith, then president of the L. & N. Railroad. As a newspaper reporter I had known Mr. Smith for many years. He was a difficult man when it came to news. Few reporters ever had a pleasant interview with him in his office or at his home. As a rule, when a reporter called him over the telephone, he hung up the receiver without a word, as soon as he discovered it was a reporter calling him.

He generally knew when a railroad item was brewing, and at such times if reporters rang the doorbell at his home the ring was not answered. I remember on one occasion when two or three reporters went to his house in Louisville to ask him about an important railroad item, they rang the old-fashioned bell until the knob came off, and then threw it into the street, but they never saw Mr. Smith.

This was the disagreeable side of his character, so far as newspaper reporters were concerned. They generally believed that at some time his confidence had been abused by some reporter, and that ever afterwards he held all newspaper men responsible. But there was another phase that he showed when off on a trip, and away from official cares. Then he was most companionable and interesting, for he had a luminous intellect, was well informed, and had positive opinions on most subjects, for he was a deep and logical thinker.

During and after the Birmingham boom period, he conducted many parties of capitalists and industrialists through the South. It was then that he was at his best. It was my good fortune as a newspaper correspondent to accompany him and the late Eckstein Norton on several such trips. Mr. Norton was a prince of good fellows, and while a hard-headed conservative business man, who handled the finances of the L. & N., he was a man of the people, thoroughly approachable and always pleasant and accommodating. He was always the young reporter's friend. Mr. Smith seemed to have caught some of the infection from Mr. Norton on such occasions. He had just finished the Bir-

mingham Mineral Railroad, which reached every mine and every industry in the Alabama mineral district. Such men as Carnegie, the Belmonts, Tom Johnson of Ohio, Roswell P. Flower, governor of New York, and Logan Murray, president of one of New York's great financial institutions, comprised these parties. A reporter who met Mr. Smith then had the surprise of his life awaiting him if he should ever have occasion to call on him professionally in his office in Louisville.

But it was of my last interview with Mr. Smith that I started out to write. A few years before his death, February 22, 1921, Robert L. Burch and I boarded a sleeper at Louisville on our way to Nashville. It happened that Mr. Smith was on the same car and, as we both knew him, we sat with him throughout the journey. He was then an old man, but strong of mind and body. He was feeling well and talked on many subjects. He was always entertaining when he threw off business; and for five hours Bob and I sat and listened. The Interstate Commerce Commission had been given power to regulate railroad rates, and to this subject Mr. Smith had given much thought. He said that the result of the situation would be government ownership of railroads. He said it was not possible to operate them successfully, while an outside organization dictated the income through freight and passenger charges.

About that time much was being said and written about rehabilitating the merchant marine, so that the American Flag would again appear upon the seas. He said this would never happen unless the United States removed the tariff on ships built in foreign ports. He then told of an experience he had had.

He said his railroad had ordered him to build two ships to operate between Pensacola and Central American ports. He accordingly took the matter up and began an investigation among American shipbuilders. Then an Englishman wrote him he would build them much cheaper than the American shipbuilders. He investigated and, finding the Englishman thoroughly reliable, gave him the contract. Mr. Smith said he never thought of flying any flag except that of the United States over the ships, but when they were delivered in New York he was told he would have to pay \$100,000 tariff if he used

the American flag. He could not see how he could afford to pay so much for the privilege; and so he manned the ships with Americans, employed British captains, and flew the British flag.

"This shows," said he, "why the American Flag has disappeared from the high seas."

The report of the National Transportation Committee, referred to, recommended the consolidation of the railroads of the United States and many other changes and economies; and it yet remains to be seen whether Mr. Smith's prediction of national ownership will come true.

FAVORED A DOG LAW

Soon after the War Between the States an old Warren County, Kentucky, politician was canvassing the county in a race for a seat in the state legislature. He dealt in generalities and was careful as far as possible not to commit himself on any proposition. One of his constituents was a farmer whose sheep had been killed by dogs, and consequently he was much interested in the passage of a dog law then under discussion. The old politician knew how dangerous to his kind dog laws were, and had never mentioned the subject once. Finally the farmer in question began to follow him around, and ask him in a loud voice during his speeches:

"How do you stand on the dog law?" At last the candidate, being forced against his will to make a declaration, said:

"Yes, I am in favor of a dog law."

"What kind of dog law," called out his tormentor, "that's what we want to know."

"Well, I'll tell you," said the orator and then hesitated.

"Go on," yelled the farmer, "and tell us what kind of a dog law you are for."

"Wait a minute," said the candidate, "and I will tell you. I am in favor of a good law that will protect the sheep, and at the same time will not hurt the dogs."

ALEX C. FINLEY, LOGAN COUNTY HISTORIAN

By W. Warren Morton, Russellville, Kentucky

The purpose of this brief sketch of the life and work of Alexander C. Finley is to furnish the reader a biography of the first man that attempted to perpetuate in his booklets the early history of Logan County, Kentucky, and it is hoped that this may be preserved in the county's archives, so that future generations may know something of him, who battled against great odds in his search for facts and made laborious efforts to uncover long-forgotten volumes of Logan's early court records, as well as information from the tombstones of its early citizens, and even from carvings found on the giant beech trees of its primeval forests.

It is presumed that he first conceived the idea of writing a history of Logan County while serving as a clerk in the courthouse, obtaining there much data from the old records to build his story on. His history was published in pamphlet form consisting of three volumes. He wrote them in his own hand and as fast as one was completed, set up the type himself (being a practical printer) and printed the book. Probably he was the only historian that did all the work on a volume himself, then marketed it.

Many volumes were sold over the county and copies of same are greatly sought after now, being out of print. But, shameful to say, most of them were destroyed or lost, probably because the purchasers were old men, now passed away, who did not fully appreciate the worth of this history to future generations, because they were already conversant with the facts disclosed in the books, which occurred during the period of their lives. It is doubtful whether a complete set of this history can now be obtained. An effort is being made by the D. A. R. organization to obtain a full set to file in its archives.

While these small volumes do not deal in flights of rhetoric, they consist of a lot of boiled-down facts and dependable chronological events that will be invaluable to some future historian who cares to elaborate more fully on Logan County's history.

Alexander C. Finley's father was a tailor by trade, but for a number of years was the postmaster of Russellville. Alex, from best information, was born in Russellville during the early thirties of the last century, and died during the teens of this century, living out his three score and ten years, or a few years more. He was never married.

Judge Finley, as he was affectionately called by his host of friends, lived most of his life in Russellville. He first learned the tailor's trade in his father's shop. But, thirsting for the current literature, which was only to be found in profusion around the printing offices, he took up the printer's trade to be in a congenial atmosphere.

During his service as a printer he set type for the old *Louisville Supply Journal*, of which George D. Prentice was the editor. Also worked on the old *Frankfort Yeoman*, then published by Judge Tanner, and a powerful influence in state politics. Also with the *Danville Advocate*.

As the years rolled on, Judge Finley studied law and in due time was admitted to the bar, and was both lawyer and politician of some note.

He was appointed by his party and filled the position of delegate from his congressional district to a national political convention, held at Chicago, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for President. But the lure of filthy lucre and of politics held no attraction for him, and early in life and for many years he boasted that he was "no voter."

He was a vocalist of some local note and for many years a member and regular attendant of the Methodist church choir, though he never united with the church. Often the writer enjoyed hearing him chant the old familiar song, "The Rock That Is Higher Than I."

The writer can also vouch that Finley never touched strong drink. He spoke evil of no man and cherished no old grudge. He was fond of children and loved his fellow men.

But this story would not be complete without mentioning the fact that Judge Finley possessed his idiosyncrasies.

Judge Finley owned a whole town block only three blocks from Main Street. Upon this grew and thrived all the shrub-

bery and trees of a temperate climate; in fact, a regular jungle. A path leading from the street through the jungle to a small log house in the center was his only means of ingress or egress. After the death of his mother, to whom he was most devoted and considerate, he lived here a solitary life. His one-room cabin was stored with goods boxes, and he had only room to reach his bed and fireplace, between the wedged-in boxes.

Finley's idiosyncrasies harmed no one and were usually in pursuit of science. In the tallest tree west of town he constructed a look-out on its topmost branches, reached from the ground by a ladder. Here he made his astronomical observations, particularly of the moon.

He purposed to build a giant cannon, one that would propel a series of hollow projectiles with such force as to reach the moon. On the interior provided with shock absorbers, he proposed to ensconce himself, and make a safe landing on the old satellite. But, alas and alack! he failed to find enough public-spirited citizens to finance his project. He had never read Jules Verne.

On another occasion he had constructed, at the forks of the Bowling Green and Gallatin roads, a huge furnace of brick and stone, and placed therein a block of steel, into which a hole was bored to the center. Into this block of steel he placed a base metal and chemicals, and plugged up the hole with a screw. After getting this block of steel heated to a white heat, a sudden terrific explosion took place, hurling debris in every direction of the compass.

Several bystanders narrowly escaped with their lives. Finley afterwards declared that he found particles of the base metal scattered over the hillsides, that to his fancy appeared to be like fused gold.

Becoming incapacitated from age, and unable to make a living for himself, he spent his declining years with his numerous friends scattered over the county, making a point, however, never to stay but one night at any home consecutively, returning to Russellville early the next morning to begin another visit to some friend.

It takes a lot of different characters to make up a world. Judge Alex C. Finley was different.

JIM AND JOHN WHALLEN

The death of James P. Whallen in Louisville in 1930 marked the end of an era in Kentucky politics, removing the last prominent figure of the past generation, whose political activities inspired Jim Mulligan's poem ending with the lines:

"And politics the damnedest—in Kentucky."

Colonel Jim Whallen was the younger brother of Colonel John H. Whallen. While the elder brother generally dominated the younger, the latter's views demanded great respect, and his judgment was always asked and seriously considered in all great emergencies. For twenty-five years the Whallen brothers and their machine almost dominated Louisville politics.

When John died a few years ago, Jim seemed to lose the urge that had made him a marked figure though he never lost interest in politics and was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in New York in 1924.

The Whallens were self-made men. John was said to have been the youngest soldier in Morgan's brigade. They were policemen, saloonkeepers, and proprietors of the old Buckingham Theatre in succession, and amassed a large fortune.

Politics was the breath of their nostrils. When defeated in one campaign, they immediately began planning for the next. Neither was an office-seeker, but their taste for political power was insatiable. They were associated in latter years in many business enterprises besides those mentioned. They were loyal to their friends and relentlessly hostile to their political enemies, and it is probably safe to say they had no other kind, for in their personal relationships they were friendly and captivating.

No Kentucky politician was too blue-blooded to consult the Whallens when the occasion demanded, nor above desiring their friendship.

A new school of politics has arisen in Kentucky, but it lacks the picturesque qualities of the old regime, when Carlisle, Beck, John Young Brown, Buckner, Proctor Knott, William Goebel, Joe Blackburn, and a score of others were on the stage.

HOW UNCLE SAMMY FORGAVE JOHN

Uncle Sammy was a prosperous Logan County farmer, firmly religious, set in his convictions, and frank in the statement of the shortcomings of his neighbors. Consequently he was not on very friendly terms with quite a number of them. His pet aversion was John F. He dearly loved his niece, who was left an orphan and whom he had reared as his very own "in the knowledge and admonition of the Lord." When she began to keep company with John, a wild and roistering blade, he laid the law down to her, and forbade John from setting foot on his plantation. Nevertheless love, which laughs at locksmiths, found a way, and John and the young lady became man and wife. Then Uncle Sammy prohibited John from entering the portals of his home, though the niece, notwithstanding her disobedience, always received an affectionate welcome.

And now Uncle Sammy was going to die, for the doctors said so, his friends said so, and he believed them. He sent for all the neighbors with whom he had disagreements and freely forgave them all their sins. Then someone suggested that he forgive John. So John came and with much palaver told Uncle Sammy how much he appreciated his forgiveness and promised thereafter to walk the straight and narrow way.

"Now, Uncle Sammy," said John, "you are going to die and you cannot be hurt, so I am going to mix you a mint julep." And he proceeded to mix, to tinkle the ice in the glass, and crush the fragrant mint, so that the aroma permeated the whole room. The old man watched the proceeding with growing interest and when the glass was handed to him, drained it, and found it "good to the last drop."

After waiting a few minutes John asked:

"Now, Uncle Sammy, don't you feel better?"

"Yes," replied the patient, as the rich stimulant began to course through his veins, "I do feel better."

Then after a pause: "I feel much better."

Then another pause, a few minutes of profound thought, and then:

"I believe I am going to get well, and, John, understand, if I do, this forgiveness business doesn't go."

He did get well. This is the end of the story.

CHAPTER VI

PRESIDENT OF CONFEDERACY'S LAST SPEECH

DAVIS TO THE RESCUE

(A talk before the Russellville, Kentucky, Historical Society)

Having been invited to make a talk before a historical society, I naturally suppose you expect a historical subject. When such a talk is made in Russellville, the speaker is expected to make a talk about the early history of this town. But you have all heard about the early history of Russellville.

You know that in the early part of the Nineteenth Century, Russellville was the third business town in the state. It was the extreme western outpost of civilization in Kentucky. Consequently emigrants were outfitted here for Illinois, Missouri, and other western points. Manufactories of various kinds sprang up, business was booming, and professional men and business men were attracted in large numbers. Some of the leading physicians and lawyers of Kentucky made Russellville their home. There were sawmills, oil mills, woolen and cotton mills, blacksmith shops, and other industries.

At this early date, which produced many politicians, this section supplied its full quota for the state. You have all heard that four governors went from this town; two or three United States Senators and Chief Justices of the Court of Appeals. There were such physicians here as Dr. Walter Jones, the great-grandfather of the present Dr. Walter Byrne, Dr. Daniel Caldwell, and others. The two mentioned had a practice which embraced practically all of Western Kentucky, for at that time Logan County extended from Barren River to the Mississippi. The Byrnes were my father's family physicians for many years, and before them, Dr. Jones, who brought me into this world.

When I was a boy, United States Senator Thomas McCreery made the commencement address for Bethel College. He reviewed the history of the distinguished men who had made Russellville their home, and concluded with something like this:

"Any man who can walk the streets of Russellville and not be moved by the great spirits of the past who lived here, could dig potatoes at the Pass of Thermopylae or feed swine on the Field of Pharsalia without emotion."

He made special reference to Elijah Hise, who possessed one of the greatest intellects this country has produced.

But enough of this recapitulation, for I propose to devote the rest of my time to one of the great men of America, who has never received his due from historians. That man was Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederacy. You have all seen his monument at Fairview in Todd County, near the site of the log cabin in which he was born, the second highest monument in America, the other being that of George Washington.

Jefferson Davis himself always claimed Logan County as his birthplace, because Christian County was one of the many counties cut off from Logan County, and Todd County was carved out of these two counties. As a boy during the War Between the States I was taught to believe that Jeff Davis was about the greatest man in this country, and that he was far superior to Abraham Lincoln. He certainly was an aristocrat and had a splendid education.

He was a graduate of Transylvania University, about that time the largest university in the United States and the first great educational institution located west of the Allegheny Mountains. His father had moved to Mississippi and opened a large cotton plantation, and in that state Jefferson Davis made his home during the rest of his life.

After leaving Transylvania he was appointed to West Point and during his subsequent service in the army participated in the Black Hawk War, where he first met Abraham Lincoln. He was in no hurry to enter politics, and never offered for office until he was thoroughly equipped. He first came into national importance for his participation in the Battle of Buena

Vista during the Mexican War. He organized a regiment of volunteers and served under Zachary Taylor. His regiment was the only one in the army equipped with percussion caps for their rifles, all the rest having the primitive flintlocks.

Under President Pierce he was Secretary of War. During that time he introduced many improvements in the regular army. It was he who imported camels from Arabia as a means of transportation in the dry area of Western Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. The camels did not prove satisfactory because the Americans did not know how to drive them and also because the army horses were very much afraid of these strange animals. The camels finally were turned loose in New Mexico and Arizona, and it has been only a few years since the last of them died in a wild state.

Being authorized by Congress to organize a new cavalry regiment, he did his work thoroughly. This regiment proved to be the most remarkable fighting body the United States army has known. The officers from the colonel down to the captains and lieutenants were destined a few years later to be brigadier-generals, major-generals, and lieutenant-generals during the War Between the States, being about equally divided between the Union and Confederate armies. Albert Sidney Johnston was Colonel, Robert E. Lee was Lieutenant-Colonel, Generals Thomas, Vandorn, Hardee, and many others occupied responsible positions during the great civil strife. Asked by Mr. Davis what he thought of the new regiment, General Winfield Scott, Commander of the army, said:

"It has a fine lot of officers, but I believe it would have been better if you had made Robert E. Lee the Colonel instead of Johnston."

Mr. Davis was a United States Senator until it became evident the South would secede. Then he resigned. His farewell address to the Senate was a patriotic and literary classic.

Reuben Davis, in no way a blood relative of Jefferson Davis, was a distinguished lawyer and politician in Mississippi for twenty years before the Confederacy was organized. He wrote a book filled with sketches of distinguished Mississippians. At that time S. S. Prentiss was a great lawyer and a distinguished

orator. Many competent judges rate him as the greatest American orator.

Reuben Davis in his book says Jefferson Davis was not Prentiss' equal as an orator, but that he surpassed him in the presentation of a logical argument.

All of you are more or less familiar with Mr. Davis' stormy career as President of the Confederacy. You all know that he was much criticized during the war, even by Confederates of importance, notably Alexander H. Stephens, who was his vice-president. After all, the Confederacy made a wonderful fight and several times during the war was on the verge of victory. But it seems that providence was against the sturdy Southern soldiers, and the face of the civilized world had been turned against African slavery.

After the war General Robert E. Lee was asked what he thought of the Davis administration. He replied: "I don't believe there is a man living who could have done better in his trying position than did President Davis. I have never known one who could have done as well."

The most remarkable account of Mr. Davis' imprisonment in Fortress Monroe was written in a book long since out of print by a Union surgeon, Lieutenant-Colonel John J. Craven, who was assigned to look after him during that time. The author said he was hurrying to finish his book so that it could be circulated in the North before Mr. Davis' trial for treason. It is the most scathing account of the hardships imposed on the prisoner by General Nelson A. Miles and others.

The writer said that Mr. Davis' health was in a very precarious condition and that there was no excuse for riveting shackles on his legs nor for keeping him under constant surveillance day and night during his imprisonment. He said that a soldier's eye was watching him during the entire time, day and night, and that no physical constitution was strong enough to bear this punishment.

Mr. Davis was fed on the regular prison fare until the surgeon adopted the plan of feeding him from his own table. He said there was no excuse for all this severity because in his physical condition it was impossible for the prisoner even to attempt to escape. He said that Mr. Davis announced that he had no

intention of dying until his trial, notwithstanding the Union officials were trying to kill him in prison, because they knew that they could not answer the defense which he would make. The prisoner was corroborated in this statement by the fact that he was never brought to trial. He was released on bond and lived out the rest of his life in that condition.

The author said that he wanted the people of the North to know that Davis had neither hoofs nor horns. He said, as a matter of fact, Davis was one of the gentlest men and one of the most consistent Christians he had ever known; that he never knew a man possessed of so much scientific knowledge on such a great variety of subjects.

In his old age Mr. Davis presented to the Baptist Church at Fairview, Kentucky, the site on which was built a Baptist Church and near which was afterwards erected the great monument to the President of the Confederacy.

On the site of this church Davis was born on his father's plantation in 1808. I and Marmaduke B. Bowden, who was then a young man, attended the dedication of this church, and on that occasion heard the last public speech ever made by Mr. Davis.

The sermon was preached by Dr. Strickland, who had been the chaplain of the President of the Confederacy in Richmond. After he had finished, Mr. Davis was called on to say a few words. He arose and walked to the front of the platform. He looked so feeble that I thought that it was a pity that he had been asked to speak.

He began in a low voice but with every word his voice grew stronger and physically he appeared more vigorous. When he finished his voice filled the church. It seemed that it would almost crack the walls. When he sat down Miss Garth of Trenton, with whom I had entered the church, raised her hands and shouted: "I wish I could kiss him."

Said I: "If that is your ambition I will see that it is gratified."

I pushed her through the great throng and lifted her to the platform. She walked forward, threw her arms around Mr. Davis' neck and implanted a resounding kiss upon his lips. The old man submitted with complacency.

You all probably know that the flower of Kentucky chivalry enlisted in the Confederate army. Although Kentucky never seceded, a provisional government looking to secession met in Russellville, and adjourned to Bowling Green, where the government was organized. A few weeks later, after the fall of Fort Donelson, General Johnston commanding the army of the west, then stationed at Bowling Green, retreated to Nashville, taking the Confederate Provisional Government of Kentucky with him. It never functioned again. The governor lost his life at the Battle of Shiloh. Union officers spoke of Russellville as "The Birthplace of Treason in Kentucky."

Notwithstanding the fact that the sympathy of Kentuckians was generally with the Southern cause, a large number of natives, especially in the mountain districts, joined the Federal army. One of these was Colonel Frank L. Woolford, who raised and commanded a regiment from Casey, Barren, and adjoining counties.

It was one of the fighting regiments of the Union army, but both the colonel and the soldiers were not inclined to submit to discipline and army red tape. Consequently the colonel and his men were often subjected to severe investigation and criticism.

Soon after the close of the War Between the States, Colonel Woolford made the race for the state legislature in two hill counties, Casey and Russell, against Colonel Silas Adams. Both counties had been Union to the core during the war and both were now as thoroughly Republican. Adams was a radical, while Woolford was a conservative, and in favor of leniency towards the South. Adams was himself a distinguished orator. In a speech at Liberty he charged Woolford with insubordination and inefficiency during the war, and said now he understood he was advocating the release from prison of that arch enemy of the Union, Jefferson Davis.

The rest of this story will be told in the language of Eugene W. Newman, long a distinguished essayist in Washington City. Woolford arose and said:

"Colonel Adams, I will answer you when your time is up."

"I want an answer now," roared Adams.

There was not one single Southern sympathizer in that vast throng. It was a crowd of Union men, Union at all hazards

without conditions. They believed that secession was the sum of all villainies, and demanded that treason be made odious. His friends trembled for Woolford and feared that he was lost. However, he answered. Stepping to the front he thrilled friend and foe with the words:

"Fellow citizens, I was at Buena Vista. I saw the battle lost and victory in the grasp of the brutal and accursed foe. I saw the favorite son of Harry of the West and my colonel weltering in his blood. I saw death or captivity worse than death in store for every surviving Kentuckian on that gory field.

"Everything seemed hopeless, and was hopeless, when a Mississippi regiment with Jefferson Davis at its head appeared on the scene. I see him now as he was then—the incarnation of battle, a thunderbolt of war, the apotheosis of victory, the avatar of rescue. He turned the tide, he snatched victory from defeat; his heroic hand wrote the words of Buena Vista in letters of everlasting glory on our proud escutcheon. I greeted him then a hero, my countryman, my brother and rescuer. He is no less so this day, and I would strike the shackles from his aged limbs and make him as free as the vital air of heaven and clothe him with every right I enjoy had I the power. Put that in your pipe, Silas Adams, and smoke it."

The next Monday Woolford was elected by a majority of six and in the legislature introduced the bill that restored Confederates to all the rights the state had deprived them of during the war.

ILLEGAL TO HAVE MONEY

An old man, a stranger, was picked up by the police in Louisville for no other reason than "just because." He was doing nothing and so he was taken to the police station. He was not drunk, so he was registered on the charge of "disorderly conduct," though he had done nothing except walk along and look about.

Then he was searched and \$3,000 in Liberty Bonds and \$427 in cash were found on his person. The charge against him was then amended to "lunacy," and he was locked up. He

claimed to have been a Montana ranchman, and the police kept the wires hot between Kentucky and Montana and found he really had owned a Montana ranch. One Montana man wired:

"Dear Chief: We note from Associated Press that you have picked up one Joseph Hadley of Manhattan and Three Forks, Montana, for packing money around with him. You Southerners don't understand Montana men, as \$3,000 or \$4,000 is only a small ante in a cheap poker game in Gallatin Valley, and it is a custom to carry at least that amount. Don't think he is crazy for carrying it. We think he would be crazy if he carried less. Our recommendation is that you turn him loose."

Not knowing what else to do the Chief of Police gave this telegram to the press.

This case is remindful of one that happened in Nashville a few years ago. It was Christmas Eve and Major Stahlman had begun his distribution of Christmas turkeys. An old Negro employee received a large one and was wagging off down the alley with the turkey thrown across his back, and with happy visions in his mind, when he was arrested and taken to the police station on a charge of larceny. From the station he induced someone to telephone the *Banner*, when a member of the staff went to the rescue, and had him released.

Evidently it is considered illegal in Kentucky for an old white man to have money in his purse; and in Tennessee for an old Negro to have a turkey.

BROWN'S DENUNCIATION OF BUTLER

Reference has already been made to the administration of Governor John Young Brown, and to his denunciation of Benjamin F. (Beast) Butler in Congress. Brown had a stormy career as governor of Kentucky, and both a stormy and dramatic career as Congressman. He was elected a member of the Thirty-sixth Congress, from the Fourth Kentucky District, to take his seat March 4, 1859. When he went to Washington he was not allowed to take his seat because he was too young. He, however, served through the latter part of this term, retiring March 3, 1861.

He was elected to the next Congress, but was denied admission on the ground of his disloyalty.

Again he was elected, this time from the Second District, and served throughout the Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses, retiring March 3, 1877. These two congresses saw perhaps the most furious of the "Reconstruction" fights, for the Democrats were then becoming numerous and were beginning to make themselves heard and feared. It was during the second session of the Forty-third Congress, on February 4, 1875, that Brown denounced Butler. An effort was made in a resolution offered by Dawes of Massachusetts to have him expelled. A resolution was offered by Hale of New York, that he be called before the bar of the House and censured. The latter resolution prevailed.

The presentation of these resolutions called forth a sharp debate, in which the leaders of that day took part.

The Congressional Record shows that the Civil Rights Bill was under discussion, and was being bitterly assailed by the Democratic members. Benjamin F. Butler was taking an active part in behalf of the bill, as he had for all the radical measures proposed. It is remarkable how much space is devoted to Butler in the Congressional Record during the twelve years following the Civil War.

Brown had made his speech opposing the bill, and Butler had made the statement in a sarcastic manner that while the Southern whites had no objections to association with Negroes as master and slave, it seemed very distasteful to them to associate as equals with their former slaves. Butler had made many harsh criticisms of the South, and was thoroughly detested by the Southern people.

While another member was speaking, John Young Brown arose and asked leave to say a word, explaining that he would not consume much time, having already presented his views. He was granted permission and the event which followed is thus described in the Congressional Record, Brown being the speaker and Butler's remark, previously referred to, being the occasion:

"Now and again that accusation comes from one—I speak not of men, but of language, and within the rules of the House—

that accusation against that people has come from one who is outlawed in his own home from respectable society; whose name is synonymous with falsehood, who is the champion, and has been on all occasions, of fraud; who is the apologist of thieves; who is such a prodigy of vice and meanness that to describe him would sicken imagination and exhaust invective.

"In Scotland years ago there was a man whose trade was murder, and who earned his livelihood by selling the bodies of his victims for gold. He linked his name to his crime, and to-day throughout the world it is known as 'Burking.'

"The Speaker: 'Does the chair understand the gentleman to be referring in this language to a member of the House?'

"Mr. Brown: 'No, sir; I am describing an individual who is in my mind's eye.'

"The Speaker: 'The chair understood the gentleman to refer to a member of the House.'

"Mr. Brown: 'No, sir; I call no names. This man's name was linked to his crime; and today throughout the world it is known as "Burking." If I wished to describe all that is pusillanimous in war, inhuman in peace, forbidding in morals, and infamous in politics, I should call it Butlerism.'

An uproar was at once begun, and there was tumult on the floor of the House, and in the galleries, the result being the vote of censure against Brown, yeas 161, nays 79, not voting 49. The number of nonvoters shows that many Republicans were ashamed to appear as champions of Butler.

The sergeant-at-arms appeared with his official mace and conducted Brown to the speaker's stand. As they passed L. Q. C. Lamar's seat he jumped up, and taking Brown's arm walked with him. James G. Blaine, speaker of the House, proceeded to administer a rather mild rebuke, for even Blaine, a radical of radicals, was not much in love with Butler. When this official proceeding was finished, Lamar turned to Brown and said:

"Mr. Brown, were I in your place, I would consider this rebuke a badge of honor."

THE ALABAMA BLACK BELT AT NIGHT

Just a while ago the red sun went down behind a bank of clouds in a blaze of gorgeous glory. The landscape is half illuminated by the moon in first quarter. The Big Dipper is making its nightly swing around the North Star. The haze and mist in the west marks the course of the Tombigbee, known as a highway of commerce in the "days before the war," when cotton indeed was king. The Seven Pointers, with their tail ever pointing to the east, hang over the Black Warrior River, just as it was when old Chief Black Warrior gathered the children of the wilderness to engage in the chase and to battle with their kind; just as it was when Ferdinand DeSoto pushed through Greene County, leaving a trail of blood and hatred, as he made his way to the Mississippi to find a watery sepulcher; just as it was when the warlike band of Chickasaws fought the fierce Creeks on the east and the flat-headed and more domestic Choctaws on the south and west.

An industrious rat gnaws between the weather-boarding and the plastering; a cricket chirps under the corner; the katydids, the jarflies, and the tree frogs keep up their nightly cadence; and now and then a mockingbird breaks in with his melodious note.

The Negro plowboy's whistle can be heard as he cheerfully wends his way along the footpath that leads through fields and weeds and bushes to the home of the blackest girl in all the world. The crooning but penetrating voices of Negro women float across the fields from many a cabin, with now and then a "sook cow, sook cow"; while an occasional burst of laughter is heard from somewhere in the gathering gloom. A few belated bugs and bees swap the news of the day over the melilotus and sunflower blossoms.

The cow lows a contented low; the sheep bells tinkle from far across the pasture; the goats bleat everlastingly, and at every unusual sound or happening run to the nearest Negro cabin to tell about it and get protection.

"Little Dog" is very alert and barks to let the world know he is on the job, while "Big Dog" bays a bass profundo to indicate he is there to back "Little Dog" up in anything he undertakes, and is ready to defy all comers.

The chickens quarrel sleepily in the fig tree, and discuss every unusual or disturbing noise they hear, from the screech of the screech owl to the hoot of the great horned monarch of the hollow tree.

The mules and horses stamp and kick and munch alfalfa hay in the nearby barn, and the pigs grunt and give vent to coquetish squeals as they dispute over choice morsels in the slop-trough. The jackass contemptuously brays his self-assertion with discordant stupidity from his isolated paddock on a lonely hill, for he is not fit associate for man or beast.

Jim Hawkins drives up in the buckboard carrying on an animated conversation with the mare. "Git up there," says he. "Oh, go long! What you foolin' about? Whoah!" Jim brings in seventy pounds of ice, and the daily papers telling how we licked the Huns. When she is in a good humor with him, which is sometimes, the ebony cook calls him "Buddie"; when she is mad with him, which is the rest of the time, she calls him "Old Jim Hawkins." Jim also brought some sugar, and that means climbing the fig trees and shaking the plum trees tomorrow. We are short on sugar, but long on melilotus honey and ribbon cane molasses.

And now the "services" have begun in the little church, a mile away in the woods at the corner of the plantation. This fact is proclaimed by the swelling melody that finds its way from a hundred black throats—a weird chant that radiates across corn and cotton fields, woodland and pasture from that little center of the worship of Almighty God.

No flat-wheeled street cars, no noisy interurbans, no screeching steam whistles, no puffing locomotives, no clanging patrol wagons, ambulances, and fire engines, no dust, no smoke, no soot. It is the realm of the God of nature and time to go to bed, for the plow and the mower must start with the rising of the sun.

THE NEGRO'S ETHNOLOGICAL STATUS

"The Negro: What Is His Ethnological Status," is the title of a pamphlet published in 1867. The author used the pen name "Ariel." His real name was Buckner Harrison Payne. The

object of the writer was to prove that the Negro descended neither from Adam nor Noah; that while he belonged to the genus homo, he had no soul; that he really occupied the highest place among the lower animals.

The writer evidently was an orthodox believer in the Bible, on which he chiefly relies to prove his theory. He was also well versed in history, and had been an extensive traveler. He lived in Nashville, Tennessee. The late William J. Ewing, who held many important positions on Nashville newspapers, told the writer that he had often seen him.

The pamphlet was sold for twenty-five cents and had an extensive circulation in this section, and was read to some extent throughout the length and breadth of this country and in Europe. This is evidenced by the number of letters and arguments that came to the author. Some of them were published at the time, notably one by Dr. R. A. Young, a noted Nashville minister of the gospel, still remembered by old citizens, for he lived to a ripe old age. Dr. Young presented a point-by-point refutation.

In 1876 was published "Ariel's Reply to the Rev. John A. Seiss of Philadelphia; Also His Reply to the Scientific Geologist and Other Learned Men in Their Attacks on the Credibility of the Mosaic Account of the Creation and of the Flood."

Some years before the first pamphlet mentioned was published, there had appeared an article by Payne.

Payne's pamphlet met, as has been seen, with much opposition, although it came so soon after the abolition of slavery in this country, and although he used some of the stock arguments used by Southerners in favor of slavery, all traced back to holy writ, his theory was not accepted by those who had Christianized their Negro slaves, who had admitted them into their churches, and earnestly believed they had immortal souls.

I was a boy at the time of the publication of the pamphlet, and in Southern Kentucky, where I was born and at that time lived on my father's farm in Logan County. I heard it much discussed, not only by white people, but also among the Negroes. Although the latter were generally illiterate, they knew Payne's line of argument, and strange to say they were

more inclined to accept his theory than were the whites. One instance of the Negro's attitude will suffice.

Sarah Harper was an intelligent Negro woman, but could never "learn her letters," though I tried hard to teach her. Children of those days were frequently self-appointed teachers of the Negroes. Sarah was well past the meridian of life, but was a splendid servant. She could do more work than any woman I ever knew, for she never took a false step and had no lost motion. Finally she said after wrestling faithfully with her "A, B, C's":

"Buddy, they ain't no use in tryin' to beat any book l'arnin' into this old nigger's haid."

Then she asked:

"Is you seen that book by that man who claims the niggers ain't got no souls?"

I thought the old woman's feeling were hurt, so I said:

"Aunt Sarah, I wouldn't worry about that, if I were you, for nobody believes what that man wrote."

"Well, Buddy," said she, "I was hopin' it was true. Yer see, if I ain't got no soul I is all right; but if I is got a soul, I is in a lot of trouble, for I has a lot ter answer fer."

Payne's pamphlet has long been out of print. The copy I got after a long search cost three dollars, the original price having been twenty-five cents. However, the pamphlet and other writings referred to may be found in the Nashville Carnegie Library and in the Tennessee State Library.

"Ariel" claimed that the Negro, being one of the lower animals, antedated man, who was in God's image and the final act of creation. Adam had a white face, a high forehead, a prominent nose, and straight hair. The Negro possesses none of these characteristics, and was discriminated against by God himself when he decreed that no one with a flat nose "should approach the altar." "Ariel" admits that the Bible speaks of the Negro race as "the men," but never as "man." He pronounces the serpent that tempted Eve a Negro, and as a result of this friendship, Adam and Eve were driven out of the Garden of Eden. The Bible says the "sons of God (Adam's progeny) looked upon the daughters of men (Negro women) and they

were fair (That is, comely to look upon)." There were marriages between them, and as a result of this miscegenation, the flood was sent to destroy every living thing upon the earth except those in the ark with Noah. Noah and his family, who were in the ark, had kept their blood pure. The Negro was also in the ark.

The generally accepted opinion that the Negroes descended from Noah's son, Ham, is rejected. In the first place, it was Ham's son, Canaan, and not Ham who was cursed by Noah after the unseemly incident with which all Bible readers are familiar. It is claimed that the descendants of Ham were not black and that they possessed none of the physical characteristics of the Negro; on the contrary, that the Egyptians, the Chinese, the builders of Tyre and Sidon and Carthage and others were descended from Ham, and that they were all white and had straight hair.

The great crime, perhaps the greatest crime, is claimed to be miscegenation; that was why the flood came, why Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by fire, and why the Canaanites, upon the advent of the children of Israel on their exodus from Egypt, were doomed. Further and perhaps greater calamities are predicted as in store for the world if this crime is continued.

These, briefly, are the chief points discussed.

Who was B. H. Payne who wrote under the pen name, "Ariel"? I have asked half a dozen old Nashville men, several of whom were young men when he wrote. None of them, except William J. Ewing already mentioned, had ever known Mr. Payne or had ever read the pamphlet referred to. Some of them had heard of the pamphlet.

This note appears on the last page of the pamphlet:

"Any candid scholar, wishing to address the writer, is informed that any letter addressed to 'Ariel', care of Messrs. Payne, James & Co., Nashville, Tenn., during this summer and fall (1867), will reach him and command his attention."

The firm referred to is listed in an old directory as being commission merchants at College Street (now Third Avenue) and Church. Also an old directory contains the name of Buckner Harrison Payne and says he boarded at 363 South Cherry

Street (now Fourth Avenue). Also a later directory says B. H. Payne, Jr., was at the same address.

It is fair to assume that Mr. Payne was either a partner in the firm of Payne, James & Co. or a kinsman of the Payne in the firm.

THE OLD-TIME DRUNKARD

I have no great admiration for drunkards anywhere, at any time; but if I had to make a choice I would say I like best the old-time drunkard, with whom I was familiar in an old Kentucky town, in my youth. He had some individuality and frequently keen wit. When arrested, as he sometimes was, there was a general disturbance, with the populace siding with the inebriate.

The modern drunkard is just a muddle-headed individual, who staggers about the streets, a general nuisance, who finally lands behind the bars in a prosaic lockup, and then worries the jailer with numerous requests for permission to telephone friends to come and get him out. He is just another common drunkard with no individuality whatever.

The oldest old-time drunkard I ever knew was "Uncle Joe." I suppose he must have been always drunk. At any rate I never saw him sober. My first recollection of him was during the War Between the States, when the Yankees were in possession, with a cannon planted in the market house, and a wooden horse on the Public Square. The wooden horse consisted of two forked poles planted in the ground about ten feet apart, and another pole placed on crosswire, one end resting in each fork. The cross pole was about eight feet from the ground. When a soldier was guilty of some flagrant breach of discipline, or when a citizen was guilty of some minor act of insurrection, he was placed astride the wooden horse, while a sentry with fixed bayonet paced back and forth beneath.

As a little boy I was always delighted to see a bluecoat on the wooden horse, and always felt grieved to see a good Rebel citizen in a like predicament. Such a rider seemed very uncomfortable, and I suppose he was as ill at ease as he looked.

Uncle Joe was a fierce Rebel with his mouth, though otherwise entirely harmless. He would frequently denounce the "d—d Yankees" to their faces, and was just as often given a ride on the wooden horse, which he thoroughly despised.

One day he had been placed astride the silent steed, and, after reviling the United States of America, said to the sentry:

"Say, you d—d Yankee, I am gettin' tired of settin' up here."

The sentry continued to pace silently back and forth.

"Say, didn't you hear me, you d—d Yankee?" asked Uncle Joe in great exasperation.

The sentry said nothing.

"Say," yelled the impatient rider, "I said I was gettin' tired, and I am going to get down."

He immediately began to execute the threat, but when one foot was within a few feet of the ground the sentry grabbed hold of it and pushed him back.

"Hold on," cried Uncle Joe, "you are hurting me; that's my sore leg, you —, —, — Yankee."

"Sit still then," said the sentry, "and I will not hurt your sore leg."

In course of time the prisoner was told he could come down. He mounted his own flesh and blood horse and rode to his country home with many imprecations following in his wake.

Uncle Joe was a healthy drunkard. He was never sick, never had delirium tremens, and never had anything the matter with him except that sore leg, and nobody ever heard about that except when he was on the wooden horse. He must have used a better brand of whisky than we have.

Hoop succeeded Uncle Joe as town inebriate. He was a man of good family, good education, a good mechanic, and intelligent. When sober, which was some times, he was well dressed. When drunk, which was most of the time, he was always in his shirt sleeves. Everybody guessed what had become of his coat and vest, but only Hoop and the saloonkeeper knew. When he met you on the street he would say:

"Gimme a shirt; I don't care how ragged it is, just so it's clean." To his credit, be it said, he was always clean. The last time I saw him was in the long ago at Linck's Depot in

Nashville. I bought him a ticket home, and bade him a last farewell.

There was another old-time drunkard who disliked the Yankee soldiers, who paraded around the streets wearing their knapsacks, on which "U. S." was stamped in large letters.

"Say," said the critic one day to one of them, "why the hell do you fellows go around here with 'us' printed on your backs? We know d—d well who you are."

John was a colored citizen of good repute, who got drunk every Christmas. After performing all his chores on Christmas Eve he would come up to the white folks' house to get his pay. During the year he had been given orders on stores for what he needed, for fear he could not resist King Alcohol, and Christmas Eve he was paid in cash the balance due him—generally \$50 or \$60, with the injunction:

"Now go and get drunk and spend your money, but show up here the first of January ready to work."

John confided to me that he was going to get married, so that he would have a woman to take care of his money. He carried out the resolution, but after that he never had any Christmas Eve money to be taken care of.

The following is hardly a story of two drunkards, but of two Congressmen who in ante-bellum days in Washington were young and sometimes spent an evening hilariously. One of them was Harvey Watterson, who succeeded James K. Polk in Congress; the other was Franklin Pierce, afterwards President of the United States.

Mr. Watterson, the father of Henry Watterson, the great Southern editor, was a man of striking ability and captivating personality. When the writer knew him, he was one of the finest and most interesting old gentlemen he ever met. Mr. Watterson himself told this story, so it must be true.

One night he and Mr. Pierce were going home after a night out. They stopped at a bridge across a little stream, and while engaged in settling the problems of the day Mr. Pierce fell into the creek. The water was not deep but the stream had been walled in, so Mr. Pierce could not get out. He called on his

friend, but Mr. Watterson could not reach him. Finally the latter said: "I cannot get you out but I will come down and stay with you." This he did, and the two friends remained in the water until efficient help arrived.

I was returning home once after having been absent for some years, and spent several days in Louisville replenishing my wardrobe. While there I met a boyhood friend and asked him what was the news from the old home town.

"Nothing much," he replied. "It is about the same as when you left it, except that all the boys you used to know as models of propriety are now moderate drinkers, all the moderate drinkers of your acquaintance are now drunkards, and all the old drunkards are dead."

Young boys think drinking does not hurt a man, because they see so many fine healthy-looking young men who drink, who are never drunk and never seem to suffer any inconvenience. If they could see them ten years later their opinion would be changed.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

I am just back from my annual vacation spent in Southern Kentucky among the scenes of my youth. Seeing so many old fellows who used to be my schoolmates, and so many grandmothers who were little girls in short dresses when I fared forth to battle with the world, leaving the scenes and associations of childhood behind, has set me to thinking and brought back a great flood of memories, most of them pleasing, with the rough places ironed out by time; some of them tinged with regret for opportunities lost; and some of them bathed in tears.

I visited the site of the old family homestead in Logan County, where my great-grandfather took up land and settled when he came from old Virginia to young Kentucky, with his twelve children—six boys and six girls—with his slaves, his horses, his cows, and his wagons. Nothing of the house remains except a stone chimney that stands erect, defying the ravages of

time, with a fireplace below and one above. One apple tree still stands, evidently a sprout from one of the trees planted by the immigrant in his famous orchard. It was said of him that when June apples came in the early summer he still had winter apples in the cellar—and no doubt other things.

The old, bare hill where the house stood looks dreary enough, but close by are rich bottoms on which grow fine tobacco and corn. A mower was singing in a meadow along the creek as the fragrant hay fell before the blade.

Across the valley, on another hill overgrown with trees and bushes, repose the ashes of the pioneer, other members of his family, and two Confederate soldiers who in death found good, quiet company, whatever may have been their fate in life.

A hundred yards in front of where the old homestead stood there remain giants of the primeval forest in a large tract of woodland which abounds in shady walks and country roads. Down in the bottom still bubbles the never-failing spring which supplied the household and reminded the old Virginian of the sparkling springs of his native state. The spring and hill, no doubt, influenced him in selecting the place of his habitation, for the old Virginians liked to build on high hills, with springs near enough—but not so near that the little pickaninnies would not find sufficient employment in bringing buckets of water from "the northeast corner of the spring."

The hill on which the house stood is approached by a wooded valley or gorge, and in this the tracings of the old road that wound around in easy grade and graceful curves may still be found. At present it is an ideal walk on a hot day, and seems to have been made for lovers.

Old gnarled oaks and hickories stand guard, as they have through the centuries. A desecrating hand had laid low a beautiful oak and split it into boards, which were piled against a tree.

When the old pioneer selected this spot in which to spend the evening of his life he had an eye for the beautiful. Bowling Green and Russellville were then loghouse villages—Russellville the **extreme** outpost of civilization in Kentucky.

At my brother's home, in the hills where I was born, some ten miles away from Snowdon, the ancestral home described, we spent several days. We talked to the folks, saw the squirrels jumping and playing in the trees, the fat hogs and cattle in the fields, the tobacco with elephant-ear leaves ready for the cutting; heard the mocking-birds sing, the owls hoot, and the foxes bark. Yes, and there were the young chickens and roasted pig—but I couldn't eat like I once could. Perhaps you wouldn't have noticed it.

This was a big family, all in good health, all at work, happy and serving God, and making progress in a worldly way. That's the last straw that makes a visit prosperous—no hard-luck stories.

We visited two nephews on their farm, where they keep bachelor's hall and do their own cooking. I didn't stay for dinner; I remembered how it was when, years ago, I lived alone in a log cabin in the far West, in the woods next to a little river and overshadowed by tall mountains. That claim is worth a fortune now, but I sold it for \$450, and came back to Kentucky, where my ancestors had lived and died and where I had left a pretty girl standing on the doorstep with her hands under her apron, refusing to tell me goodbye.

"Any rattlesnakes left, boys?" I asked.

"I guess so," replied one, as he drew a handful of rattles from his pocket. "I killed the snakes these belonged to a day or two ago."

They must have been the children and grandchildren of the very snakes I used to kill in these very same hills when I used to creep out early in the morning with the old fowling-piece that belonged to the pioneer whose habitat has already been described, in search of squirrels and wild turkeys.

I never let a rattlesnake get away from me in those days. I never saw a live one that I did not leave him a dead one.

I was proud of my namesake among the nephews. He is fifteen years old and has just entered college. He has three Holstein cows. These he milks every morning; takes the milk with him when he goes to school and sells it to the college dormitory, thus more than paying his expenses.

Yes, I felt young again until I went to Russellville and began to meet my old schoolmates. They certainly were an aged and dilapidated bunch—what's left of them. It didn't seem possible that I could have gone to school with such ancient fossils—I don't know what they thought of me—they didn't say.

And those dear old grandmothers, whom I remember as pretty girls with whom I used to dance and play cards and go to picnics! Most of the grandmothers were still good-looking. Women live long and seldom lose their winsome ways in old Kentucky. A woman blooms like the rose, and responds to good treatment better than any living thing. Whenever you find a community of good-looking, well-groomed women, you may be sure you are in a prosperous community—in God's country, where the men know how to treat the women.

I didn't know many of my boyhood friends—had to be introduced all over again. One, whom I had known as a pretty girl, knew me and seemed to resent the fact that I did not recognize her.

"Didn't you know me," she said, "and you used to be my beau!"

"No," said I, "but that was long ago. I remember the sad occasion to which you refer; it is burned indelibly into my memory and will remain until Gabriel blows his horn. Yes, it was at a college levee where the boys and girls promenaded round and round. I have hated levees ever since. I don't know what miscreant invented them. Well, you were the first girl I ever essayed to spark.

"My brother and a lot of other hoodlums were standing in a corner making fun of me as we passed by. I could not think of a word to say, and you were not very talkative. I wanted to get rid of you, but didn't know how; but you were smarter than I and finally got rid of me."

Old memories are not all pleasant.

CUTTING A BEE TREE

Late in the spring and early in the summer, when the flowers are still in bloom and the green fruit is on the trees, the wild bees begin to swarm. They will fly in great buzzing

droves from the woods across the open fields and orchards. You may hear them coming a hundred yards or so away. There is no sound comparable to the music of the wings as a large swarm comes flying through the air. It is one of nature's sweetest and most inspiring, celestial orchestras.

When the men, women, and children at the farm house hear the swarm coming, they are all in wild commotion, for they want to make the bees "settle," so that they can secure a hive of their own. Armed with tin pans, horns, bells, and any other noise-making apparatus they can find, they sally forth, and raise a wild hubbub beneath the flying bees. Some of these disturbers will throw handfuls of dirt up among the flying insects. They believe that all this bedlam will cause the bees to settle. Whatever may be the effect, the bees sometimes do settle on the limb of a tree and cling together in a squirming knot, the size of a man's head.

Then the wise bee man, who knows what he is about, and whom the bees seldom sting, because of his deliberation and well-poised manner, is sent for. He will saw the limb off, if it is too high to reach from the ground, and rake the bees with his hand into a new hive, where they will remain if they like the surroundings.

But I started out to tell you about cutting a bee tree and I might as well begin.

Bill Gorham had come in from the field where he had been plowing the young corn, and was stooping over the rippling spring, under the scaly-bark hickory tree, where he had just slaked his thirst, while his mule was drinking with his nose in the water up to his eyes, at a pool that had been scooped out in the spring branch.

Bill would look intently at the water, and then straighten up and point his finger towards the woods. This performance was repeated time and again. I had just strolled up with my gun, hoping to get a shot at the doves that also came to the spring for water. I thought Bill must be crazy, that his mind must have been affected by the broiling sun. But there was

no wild look in his eyes, which we had been told always accompanied insanity. When he saw me he asked:

"Bud, can't you get your great-grandfather's compass and run me a line from this spring towards that dead tree and on about a mile into the woods?"

I told him I could, and then he explained:

"You see these wild bees settling on the pebbles around the spring? Well, during this dry spell they have been coming here to get water after they have loaded themselves with honey from the flowers. Look at the honey on their legs. They are now going back to the bee tree. Now watch that one fly. You see it goes straight across the field towards that old, dead tree, and he will continue in a straight line until he reaches the hive."

The next Saturday I ran the bee-line for Bill, while he followed, blazing the trees through the woods. Then at spare times he would follow the blazed line and scan the trees for bees. Finally his keen eyes would spy the bees going in and out of a hollow in a tree.

Then he would mark that tree with a cross mark and cut on the bark his initials "B. G." It was then his bee tree, to be cut in the fall when the bees had stored it with fresh honey. No other bee hunter dared to touch it. That was the law of the jungle.

When Bill was ready to cut the bee tree, he would invite a few of his friends, including his wife and a girl or two, arm himself with an axe and take along a lantern and a bundle of old rags to smoke the bees away from the honey, and sally forth. The tree would be cut, the bees smoked out, and the honey put in a bucket.

Everybody would take a comb of honey and eat it with the bread the good wife had brought. All hands would be in a good humor, enjoying the honey and excitement; and all hands would get stung by the bees, but they would enjoy so much seeing the other fellow stung that this seemed to make amends for their own suffering. Eyes would be closed and knots would appear on various portions of all anatomies. The girls seemed

especial victims, and made the most fuss about it; maybe, because of their attire, they were the least protected.

When a boy got a bee up his trousers leg, he would run howling into the bushes, and divest himself of his clothing with all speed, all the time yelling like a wild man. Everybody else would forget his own troubles, and make the woods ring with laughter.

I once knew Bill Gorham, his brothers, and his cousins to cut down the biggest tree I ever saw, except the redwoods of California and the firs and cedars in the Puget Sound section. It was a giant poplar, with a trunk six feet in diameter. They had discovered wild bees flying in and out from a hollow high up among the branches. The tree was no doubt standing there when only Indians inhabited the North American continent. Bill and his colaborers imagined that this old tree must have been used as a beehive for many years, and that they would find great quantities of fine honey.

Imagine their disappointment when they found the hollow contained only about a gallon of good honey. The rest of it had been there so long that it was not fit for use.

Wild bee honey is the finest in the world, because it has the flavor of the wild flowers, the honey dew on the hickory leaves, and the sweets from the blossoms of the other trees.

This applies only to the fresh honey, because the hive has frequently occupied the same hollow for many years, and in the bee tree there is old honey that has become strong, beebread, and comb filled with young bees.

The wild bee is an entirely different proposition from Italian bees and other domestic varieties. It is said that bees follow civilized man, and that there was not a bee in America when Columbus arrived. This may be true, but I could never quite believe it.

SPIRIT OF BETHEL COLLEGE PASSES INTO THE GREAT UNKNOWN

One of the famous old institutions of learning of Kentucky, Bethel College of Russellville, is no more. The high schools on

one side and the State University on the other sapped its strength, and after eighty-five years of service it recently closed its doors. Its endowment fund of \$21,000 has been transferred to Georgetown, Kentucky, College.

Bethel College succeeded the famous "one-man universities" of the early days, and was successful for many years. It drew students not only from Kentucky, but from every Southern state, and after the War Between the States it was attended by many boys from all over the prostrate South.

For many years the theological department of the Southern Baptist denomination was a part of Bethel College, and hundreds of Baptist ministers were educated there. Among the alumni the college boasted distinguished ministers of the gospel, jurists, politicians, and business men. Among the Congressmen who received their education there were John W. Caldwell, John S. Rhea, and Bob Thomas of the Third Kentucky District, and John L. Dorsey of the Second District. Among the distinguished ministers were Dr. John O. Rust, whose father was once president of the college, and Dr. John Christian, the former well known and greatly loved in Louisville. There were many others.

It was the boast of Bethel in the old days that no college in America had a more thorough course of study. Noah K. Davis, afterwards professor of moral philosophy in the University of Virginia, and Leslie Waggener, afterwards president of the University of Texas, were among the presidents of this institution; and Professor James H. Gray was long the teacher of mathematics.

Dr. Davis was a man of giant intellect and great learning, well known in educational circles throughout the country. Dr. Waggener had left Harvard to serve in the Confederate army.

He was a magician when it came to teaching. He had infinite patience with a boy who tried, and when he failed with a pupil, that boy might as well be put to plowing and hoeing corn. He would keep a boy after school hours and work with him and explain to him, but woe unto the youth who was impudent or insubordinate.

When he became president of the college a bright boy was among the pupils whom he had taught when he conducted a

private school. This boy often led the college, but towards the end of his school career lost interest and often cut classes. One day the president was standing before his office window when he saw this boy lying on the grass in the shade of a tree. Up went the window.

"Johnny, haven't you a class at this hour?" was the sharp query.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, why are you not attending it?"

"Well, professor," the boy replied, "I thought: 'One day, one hour of virtuous liberty was worth a whole eternity in bondage.'"

"Pshaw! Get up from there at once and go to your class."

There was fire in the old soldier's eye and Johnny obeyed promptly. He knew, if he did not, there would be a fight and he knew who would be the victor.

The most picturesque period in the life of Bethel College was just after the War Between the States, when nearly all the teachers were ex-Rebel soldiers, as were a number of the students, whose education had been rudely interrupted by the tocsin of war; also there were many boys in college who had run wild when there were no schools during the four years' conflict.

Phil Pointer, who taught Latin, served under W. C. P. Breckinridge in the Confederate army; he was handsome as a picture, well groomed, and always ready for a fight. He often clashed with his overgrown pupils, for while he was good-natured he had a fiery temper.

Professor Firman taught mathematics, while studying law after his service as a North Carolina Confederate soldier. He was high-tempered, impatient, and sarcastic.

Professor Firman went back to North Carolina where for many years he was a successful lawyer. He was succeeded as professor of mathematics by the late James H. Gray, "the greatest Roman of them all." "Old Gray," the boys called him behind his back. He had the rare faculty of impressing himself upon his pupils. He should have been the principal of a "one-man university." Then he would have turned out some Titans. He was born to teach, and he taught until old age closed his

active career. He was one of the greatest of mathematicians and he followed no beaten path. He was as familiar with analytical geometry, calculus, and astronomy as he was with "the rule of three." Conic sections were as simple to him as addition and subtraction.

He used to say that one study was no more difficult than another, if you knew the things that led up to it.

Charles J. Norwood was once professor of natural science at Bethel. His father belonged to the teaching staff of the University of Missouri and was a geologist of note. Professor Norwood afterwards became a prominent engineer. He became inspector of mines and then State Geologist of Kentucky. He was engaged in several mining ventures in Colorado and Georgia. In his old age, he was a member of the faculty of the University of Kentucky. He studied geology under Nathaniel Southgate Shaler of Harvard University, and is mentioned by Dr. Shaler in his autobiography as one of the members of the first summer school in this country, when Shaler brought his class from Harvard to map out the beginning of the geological survey of Kentucky.

Professor Thomas W. Tobey was greatly beloved. He had half a dozen languages on his tongue, but taught mainly Greek and ancient history. He rarely used a textbook himself, as he knew everything by heart. He respected a boy who knew Greek, but adored the one who knew ancient history. That is why those old boys are always talking about Greece and Rome and Egypt, Anatolia, and Mesopotamia. He passed the evening of a well-spent life on an orange grove in Florida.

One of the later presidents of Bethel was Professor "Jim" Fuqua. He had a brilliant mind and was a teacher all his life, except for a brief period when he served as State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

But reverting to the hilarious period following the War Between the States: As told already, the boys had been in the Confederate army or had grown up in ignorance of book-learning during four war-torn years. In their short span of life they knew nothing but bloodshed and terror. They had seen only a short section of the perimeter of the great circle of time and thought it a straight line—a mistake generally made by the

young. It is not strange that they were much given to pranks and fighting among themselves. There were fights on the campus every day, and town-ball, bull-pen, foot-and-a-half, hot ball, wrestling and boxing bouts were the favorite amusements. As athletes some of them were superb, and at "half-hammer" looked like birds on the wing.

Their fights generally resulted in nothing more serious than black eyes and bloody noses. One of the famous fights was that between the late George B. Edwards and the late Gabe Morton. They fought with clubs and when it was over both were on the ground with heads and faces besmeared with blood and grime. Both became men of distinction. Edwards became a fine lawyer and amassed a fortune; Morton was a high railroad official in Mexico for a number of years.

One of the students of this time was the late Judge William M. Hart, who made his mark as a brilliant jurist in Nashville. He was one of the coterie of budding geniuses who conceived it would be a great joke to shave President Rust's horse. So one night they took the horse from the stable into the moonlight, and lathered and shaved him, leaving the hairs on mane and tail, so that President Rust would know it was a horse. President Rust was afterwards for many years president of Bethel Female College at Hopkinsville.

James E. Stone, afterwards clerk of the Kentucky legislature, and reading clerk of Congress, and of the Democratic convention in St. Louis in 1916, was one of the students, when the horse was shayed.

This sketch, which is necessarily imperfect, cannot be left without a mention of the Rev. W. W. Gardiner, who was professor of theology, and taught the young Baptist ministers. He was a man of serious thought, deep learning, and great piety. All those wild boys loved and respected him. Who is there among them all who does not remember how he closed his prayers at chapel service every morning: "Pardon, accept, and bless, we ask in Jesus name. Amen."

He had a bright, rather wild son who disappeared off the map. One day the news came that the boy was dead, and Brother Gardiner boarded the train for a sorrowful journey to bury his son. When he arrived at his distant destination and

was shown the corpse, he at once said: "That is not my boy, but it is somebody's boy, and I will bury him."

And Bethel College, beset, as already narrated, by universities and high schools, is no more. An attempt was made to prolong its life by making it a "junior college" instead of an institution that ranked with the best the country afforded. The old boys of the days of its glory were not sympathetic with the new movement, and after surviving a few years as a junior college, it died, unwept by the white-headed and baldheaded brigade of its older days. They preferred death to debasement. Its work is finished and crepe is on the door.

WHEN WOMEN WERE LEGLESS

Do you remember, away back yonder, looking down the corridors of time, when the ladies did not have legs? If they had them they never mentioned them and never exhibited them.

Our mothers used sometimes to mention their limbs. We boys, who were guilty of some derelictions almost any time, thought they were referring to the peach tree limbs resting on the mantelpiece, for use on our naked hides whenever it was deemed necessary.

Our mothers read the Bible in those days and thought Solomon the wisest man. He mentioned a number of times in the Proverbs something to the effect, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." We boys were the vehicles through which the wisdom of Solomon was applied.

We knew men and boys had ungainly appendages called legs. We even knew that little girls had legs, but we thought when they grew up and put on long dresses and became "Miss" that their legs had been absorbed like a tadpole's tail, when he became a frog. We knew about tadpoles.

In those good old days a stout hickory switch was on the wall just back of the school teacher and in easy reach. It was applied quite often. It was then supposed children were sent to school to be taught what was in the books, always with due respect for the austere teacher.

Now, according to at least some of the advanced methods, the teacher must study the child, whose psychology must not be interfered with. His spirit must not be broken, and he must be "passed" whether he is fit to pass or not. He must not have a failure complex.

In the old days there were dunce caps for the fools, and hickory oil for the recalcitrant. This is no argument, but a statement of facts to show how times have changed.

Women in those days wore long dresses that swept the floor. When they went out they held the dresses up to the shoe-tops with the left hand and carried their money in their pockets. They were absolutely safe from footpads, for no man on earth was smart enough to find those pockets.

A distinguished Southern editor, in one of his several novels, admitted that he did not then know how women got about without legs. He thought they just glided along like ghosts of the departed.

It was indeed a graceful woman who could hold up her dress just right when upon the street, or who could sit down gracefully after bustles became fashionable. When they wore those wide-spreading hoopskirts, that occasionally kicked up, there were petticoats and other garments in view, but no legs. The exposition on these occasions resembled a mammoth pen-wiper, such as, on a smaller scale, our grandfathers used.

Sir John Suckling wrote many years ago, but he accurately described the well-dressed woman of the period referred to:

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice peeped in and out."

The women wore long riding habits when they mounted the sidesaddle. Most people rode horseback in those days, and when a bunch of boy and girl riders got together, the girls always wanted to run races, and frequently fell off backwards and were badly hurt, but even then there were no legs visible, for their riding habits extended three or four feet beneath the pedal extremities.

The best woman rider I ever saw was a sweet little slender girl, a member of the famous Chinn family of Kentucky. Little

Prue rode sideways on a flat English saddle with one stirrup. She had a sorrel horse, with enough race blood in him to go on the track. She always went at a sweeping gallop, while the horse swerved from side to side, whenever he passed something that to his horse sense seemed dangerous, but his little mistress was never thrown. How she kept her seat no one could understand.

When I was a boy in the far Northwest, I learned much from the wild white men and wild Indians. I liked wild Indians, but had not much time for those who had been civilized. The wild Indian women rode astride, as did the wives and daughters of the pioneers.

I must have had some newspaper instinct even then, for I used to write an occasional letter to the *Weekly Courier-Journal* which, much to my surprise, was always published. I did not know much about newspapers, and imagined Henry Watterson edited my letters. I thought Mr. Watterson must be a very smart, discerning man. Years afterwards when I was on the *Courier-Journal* staff, I learned regretfully that Mr. Watterson had never heard of me, and never read one of my amateur letters.

In one of my letters I advocated riding astride for civilized women. I said there was no sense in a woman risking her life every time she mounted a horse.

My mother read this epistle and wrote me a motherly letter in which she said she hoped I would never again write so disgraceful an article.

We were supposed to call all young ladies "Miss." They had to be close relatives before we could call them by their Christian names.

But evolution was at work, and women and girls began to step blithely down from their pedestals. They stepped out of those horrible old bathing suits, the skirts of which came to the ankle. For fear of accidents, bloomers were worn beneath the skirts.

A bathing girl looked like the devil's grandmother. The skirts became gradually more abbreviated and finally disappeared altogether. Then came the one-piece suits that made a pretty vision for the gods.

The girls began to play tennis and basketball. At first they would allow no man to witness a game. We had to send the society editor to report the games as a kind of substitute sports editor. Then the girls got less ashamed, and would allow an elderly man to act as reporter. Then they began to appear occasionally in their gym suits on the streets, and would come to the newspaper offices to have their pictures taken, while the old reporters blushed. Now you can see these pretty specimens of athletic femininity almost anywhere. The small boys know they have legs—not that they are any smarter than the little fellows of a generation or so ago, but because their opportunities for observation are better.

Those abominable old hoops and bustles disappeared, dresses began to fluctuate up and down, sometimes knee high. The gowns no longer swept the streets—a decided improvement.

Then sidesaddles and riding skirts were relegated. The girls were attired in smart trousers and jackets and rode astride. They had adopted my youthful suggestion that Mr. Watterson had not read, though I am told the swanky set are reverting again to the sidesaddle.

Grandmothers discarded the little lace caps they used to put on at forty-five, and abandoned the corner where they used to knit by the fireside. Now they look as chipper as their grandchildren.

Wonder what the mentors of our youth in the far distant past would think if they could visit this earth of ours now!

DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS OF THE OPOSSUM

The possum is one of the humblest—you might say “low flung”—of American animals. He will eat anything from a luscious persimmon to a dead horse. In fact he is almost omnivorous. He is strictly American in birth, education, and lineage. He is more abundant in the South than anywhere else. He was and is a Rebel; and you might by straining a point call him a Southern gentleman, notwithstanding the fact that his name is quite often written opossum with an apostrophe (o’possum), creating the impression that he might be an Irishman, which is entirely erroneous.

I once knew two little Irishmen, who were exhibited in sideshows as "the wild men from Borneo." They looked about as much like monkeys as men, but were as strong as little oxen, and when not on exhibition were quite intelligent. But even the monkey, as an animal, rates far above the possum.

There are in addition to the North American possum, a few other kindred animals that have appropriated part of his name, like the rat possum and others in South America.

When white men came to Tidewater, Virginia, they found an abundance of possums. The Indian name for them was "apasum" and the English adopted and corrupted this name into "opossum," which is still his dictionary name. Popular usage has changed it to "possum," and that is his real name. None other is used by those best acquainted and most familiar with him. Consequently the writer, who is an old possum hunter, maintains that is his real cognomen.

The possum and kangaroo, with a few kinsmen of little importance, are the only marsupials now upon the earth. They rank as the second lowest class of mammals now living. The lowest order of mammals comprises the monotremes, of which the duckbill is the only survivor with a considerable acquaintance. The kangaroo and duckbill are natives of Australia and adjacent islands. How they and the possum became so widely separated is not known.

The possum is generally classed by scientists as an arboreal animal. Country boys know better, for the possum usually lives in a hole in the ground in a dry, rocky place. He comes out at night to hunt for food, when he climbs trees to get fruits and berries, persimmons, haws, grapes, etc. The dogs, hunting at night, usually find him in a food-bearing tree. One of his favorite hiding places is in the stone fences built a hundred years or so ago by slaves. Many a stone fence has been wrecked by possum hunters.

There is no other family of animals that remotely resembles the possum. His facial expression, a kind of malicious grin, is all his own, and no one else has his peculiar prehensile tail, with which he will hang from trees and swing from limb to limb like a monkey. His mentality does not rank high, but

it is difficult to keep him in captivity, because, like the dry-land terrapin, he is ever on the alert and will decamp when his move is least expected. His most peculiar trait of character is that he will feign death whenever you slap him or kick him in the side. This is known as "possuming." Whoever heard of "opossuming"? If you are foolish enough to believe him, he will slyly get up and walk away.

He is generally harmless, but when he does bite, he hangs on like a turtle or a bulldog. When a boy, I always wanted to carry the possum, when out hunting. I would let him curl his tail around my finger. One night a possum, that I was carrying, snapped at my leg. He missed, but got a hold of my jeans trousers and had to be knocked loose with a stick.

One peculiarity of the female possum, which she shares with the kangaroo and other less known marsupials, is that she has a little pocket or sac on her abdomen. Little possums are immature when born and are no bigger than baby mice. As soon as they are ushered into the world their mother puts them into this sac, where they can suckle and be comfortable until they are able to run around on their own hook.

A possum will not fight a dog like a coon will; but one of the country legends, which I never saw tested, is that if you tie a possum and coon together by their tails and throw them across a clothes line the possum will kill the coon.

Notwithstanding his low rank as a mammal, and his omnivorous appetite, the possum is esteemed a great delicacy by the Southern epicure. He is not in prime order until late in the fall, when he has become round and fat. He should never be hunted until after a killing frost.

When I was a boy, his fur was of no value, and we always prepared him for cooking, head and all, by scalding him in hot water and then scraping him like you would a hog. Now he is often skinned because his fur has a market value, but skinning a possum ruins him for the epicure. You kill a possum by placing a stick across the back of his head. You then put a foot on each end of the stick and pull his tail—result, a broken neck and a dead possum.

After the possum is neatly cleaned, it is absolutely necessary to put him out on the roof in the frost for one night. Then

get an old Negro woman to cover him with sliced sweet potatoes, and bake him slowly until he is well done. Even a dog will not eat a possum cooked rare, and I doubt whether one of Elijah's ravens would have touched one.

But when properly cleaned, frosted, and cooked by an old Negro woman—these young cooks won't do—he is a dish for the gods on high Olympus.

Let's go possum hunting.

A WAR-TIME CHRISTMAS IN '64

A Christmas seventy-four years ago! Vicksburg had fallen. Gettysburg had been lost, Atlanta had been burned, the Orphan Brigade of Kentucky and the remnant of Hood's army after the defeat at Nashville were trying as best they could to impede Sherman's devastating army as he moved towards Richmond from Georgia after "the march to the sea." Lee's army of ragged, ironside veterans, "the dirty darlings," as they had been called by the women of Maryland, was winning victory after victory, but was being slowly crowded back by overwhelming numbers towards the inevitable Appomattox.

Logan County, Kentucky, was overrun by Yankee soldiers, using a strange lingo. We were awakened every morning by the boom of the sunrise gun, and the most familiar music was that of the bugles sounding "boots and saddles." There was a wooden horse on the public square, on which refractory Southern sympathizers were made to ride. Our mothers were ordered to cook for the blue-coated aliens—how we hated the blue uniforms! Our corncribs were emptied, our horses and cattle were driven away.

And yet we were not cast down. We knew "Marse Robert" would whip Grant. Our cause was just; the God of Nations was on our side. We were invincible. We were going to thank God and celebrate Christ's advent upon this earth. We did. We had for dinner on Christmas day a roast pig with an apple in his mouth, some corn hoecakes, and pudding boiled in a bag. The children received in their stockings a few sticks of striped candy, apples that had been frozen, some bladders that had been

saved from a scant hogkilling, to blow up and pop for fireworks, and each received a little roll of peach leather wrapped up in brown paper. And don't forget it, those children had a good time.

And why all this? I will tell you. After seventy-four years, the writer has received a "side" of peach leather from a lady who knows how to prepare this rare confection but who forgot to put her card in the package. It brought up sweet and bitter memories.

And now we are foolish enough to think—some of us—that we are facing hard times.

COMFORTS OF A DIRT FLOOR

In the early settlement of the Mississippi Valley, the pioneers had puncheon floors for their cabins. The puncheons were split from the abundant growth of timber. As the tide of empire moved westward and reached the great plains the pioneer's dwelling was generally a "dugout," that is, a dwelling dug into the side of a hill, faced in front with any kind of timber, poles, or stones that could be found. Of course the floor was the native dirt.

Beyond the Rocky Mountains most of the primitive dwellings were log cabins with dirt floors, probably because the timber found there did not readily split into slabs, and there were no sawmills.

Fifty years ago many of the settlers' cabins still had dirt floors. The cabin built by the writer on his claim in Colville Valley had such a floor and consequently he is intimately acquainted with the subject. Some of you no doubt are now turning up your noses, but you are asked to refrain until you have learned something of the comforts of a dirt floor.

The dirt-floor cabins were usually built flat upon the ground. Then doors and windows were sawed out, the roof was put on, usually of rough boards, rived out by hand, and the cabin was ready for occupancy. The rest of the work could be done at leisure. The cracks between the logs had to be chinked, and then daubed with mud. The chimney had to be built or a stove put in with the pipe running out through the roof. The doors and

windows, or the door and window, had to be put in; and the dirt had to be banked up around the outside of the cabin. When all this was finished the house was ready for any kind of temperature, from 105 degrees in the shade to 40 degrees below zero.

The floor was an original antique dating back to the days of Adam and Eve. There was never a more substantial floor. You could dance on it, fall down on it, or split wood on it without fear of injury. Such a floor was never known to creak. It had no cracks in it through which the wind could come whistling and cutting in winter, and in summer it was cooling and refreshing to tired bare feet.

There was little danger from fires. If a blazing log rolled out of the fireplace onto the floor in your absence it just remained there until it "went out." When you returned all you had to do was to open the door and let out the smoke.

One of my neighbors was a trifle aristocratic, in a way, and he owed me \$18.00 and had saved this amount in silver and tied it up in a piece of buckskin to pay the debt. He had a plank floor, and a log rolled down and burnt up the cabin. Then he scraped in the ashes and found the chunk of molten silver and brought it to me for payment—nothing doing, the debt must be paid in coin of the realm and not in bullion at a depreciated value. Besides, what business had he with a plank floor, when dirt was so much cheaper and better.

It was not necessary to carry fire insurance on a dirt-floor house. It needed no carpets, no rugs, no nothing. If you desired to luxuriate in cold weather, you might spread a buffalo robe, or a cow's or a bear's skin in the middle of the room on which to tickle your toes.

It made little difference if the foot-tub turned over, or if the coffee pot boiled over, or if you spilled a little bacon grease on the floor. There was no place under the floor for rats to build nests, for snakes to hide, or for any other varmints to hold high carnival. Neither the dogs, the chickens, nor the children would "run under the house." What a comfort when you wanted to kill a chicken for dinner. Albeit when we wanted a chicken for dinner we generally stepped out into the swamp and shot a pheasant or a blue grouse.

One time when I was away the woods rats tried out an experiment. They dug into the cabin, and finding no place under the floor, climbed into my bunk and made themselves comfortable. When I returned they were firmly established and had begun rearing a family. I seized a piece of plank and went to work; and when I finished all the intruders were dead save one, that escaped through the open door. This sole survivor at once notified all the rats for half a mile around that this cabin was a dangerous place, and after that no more rats came.

It was lucky that this one escaped, though through no fault of mine. The door had to be left open to furnish light, because the window had been boarded up. You see some of those frolicsome pioneers had shot all the glass out of the window, and as I was afraid they might conclude to repeat the performance while I was in range, I boarded up the window and depended on the door for light.

It is really astonishing how clean and neat a dirt floor can be kept. Dirt does not soil it; and a rough brush broom will keep it spick and span.

SOME ANIMAL FIGHTS I HAVE SEEN

All animals from the human down the line are fighters. Some of them will not fight an animal of a different species, but all will fight their kind. It is generally the males who fight one another. The females seldom fight, except in defense of their young, or when attacked and cornered.

As a boy on the farm and as a young man in the great open spaces of the West I have seen many animal fights.

I have seen bull fights in the Mexican arena, when man was pitted against beast. I have seen the bulls disembowel horses, and cripple the matadors and picadors. I have seen the bulls finally put out of their misery by expert swordsmen.

I have seen boys fight, with fists, rocks, and sticks; I have seen pugilists fight; and men fight with knives and guns; but I never have seen such vicious fights as those between the male species of the lower animals.

Everyone reared in the country has seen domestic animals fight. Chicken cocks are among the gamest fighters and do not seem to mind, much, getting killed. But it is pitiful to see them equipped with steel gaffs and led to the slaughter. Turkey gobblers put up a good battle, but rarely do one another great damage.

A mocking-bird, a thrush, a robin, or a lark will fight the biggest and most vicious rattlesnake in defense of their young.

Two bulls, contrary to the usual belief, put up a slow, pushing fight that is not interesting. A cow will do better in defense of her calf. A vicious cow with a young calf will fight anything.

Two boars put up one of the fastest fights. There is great activity on the part of the combatants and never a dull moment. They rarely kill one another, but they inflict ghastly wounds with their great curved tusks. A boar will frequently attack a man, and will cut down a horse by striking him on the leg with his tusk.

Stallions stage fierce battles whenever they come together. A vicious stallion will attack a man in an open pasture, and is a terrible customer to deal with. They bite as well as kick. I have seen a half dozen Indians come together on the prairies, strip the saddles and bridles from their little stallions and turn them loose in a huddle. The ponies were unshod and did little damage except with their teeth, but the fight was full of action.

One of the fiercest battles I ever witnessed was between old Max, an army stallion, and some wild stallions on the range. Max had a great advantage because he was heavily shod. When he kicked a range stallion in the side it sounded like hitting an empty barrel with a maul; and he literally tore strips of skin from their backs with his strong teeth.

Max came to a sad ending. The old scout who rode him was in the habit of tying his head to his forefoot and turning him loose at night, knowing he would not leave the mare I rode. One evening I took my mare two miles from camp, and tethered her in rich grass. Max could not find her and during the night concluded she had gone home. So he started, and as the Columbia River was on his route he undertook to swim it, as he had done many times before. He overlooked the fact that his head was tied to his foot, and found a watery grave.

Deer are among the most timid of all animals, and yet two antlered bucks will fight to the death. In a deer country frequently two pairs of antlers will be found locked together. The bodies and bones have been devoured by wild animals, but the antlers are too hard even for a woods rat.

In a game country you seldom find the dead bodies of animals, they are devoured so quickly. Animal students say a wild animal never dies a natural death. If not killed earlier they are attacked and devoured when they get sick or become old and feeble.

A sheep is generally counted the most cowardly, inoffensive, and helpless of all animals. When attacked by a dog or wolf they give up and even seem to hold out their necks for the sharp fang which cuts the jugular vein. And yet you never saw a more entrancing battle than that between two old rams. They back off and come together, head on, like two steam locomotives. The blow sounds like a sledge hammer striking a solid rock. Generally one and sometimes both combatants are killed, unless someone interferes. A pet ram, reared around the house and in the yard, will fight the children, fairly "butting their brains out," will fight the dogs or anything else. Of all domestic animals I believe two rams put up the most imposing fight. I never could understand why an animal that can fight so tremendously allows a dog to kill him.

Dogs are among the most spectacular fighters. Their combats are bloody and often deadly. Who is there who would not run a block to see a dog fight?

I once knew a Great Dane, whose companion was an Airedale. The Dane rarely fought on her own account, but when the Airedale got in trouble, which he generally sought and never avoided, the Dane always went to his assistance. She had a fixed deadly policy. She would grab her antagonist by the back of the neck, and with one bite from her powerful jaws would break his spinal column. Most dogs that have achieved notoriety as successful fighters have a fixed policy of some kind. Some seek the throat, others the foreleg. A "legger" is one of the most successful fighters. A dog's foreleg is full of nerves, and when a pair of jaws are fastened around his ankle, he can

generally do nothing but howl. When a dog jumps at you, if you can seize him by the foot and squeeze it, he will howl like a maniac, and never bite you.

I have noticed that the policy of the successful fighting dog is also found in the human animal. The most successful boy fighters I have known had a fixed policy. Some were scratchers, some kickers, some boxers, and some chokers. They generally whipped a boy who went at it pell-mell, and would kick, bite, and choke as he could.

It is also true in the battle of life that the man with a fixed purpose is generally the one who achieves the greatest success.

FARMING SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

When I was a boy in Kentucky the only equipment necessary for a young farmer was a husky girl wife, a child or two, a pair of mules, a two-horse wagon, a two-horse turning plow generally made by the local blacksmith, a one-horse turning plow, a jumping coulter, a scythe, a wheat cradle, a baby cradle generally made at home out of a box, a harrow, an axe, a hoe, and a grindstone. The most important of these was the girl wife. Without her and without the babies to crawl in bed and play with him early in the morning, the farmer was a poor fish.

He worked from sunny morn until dewy eve, and would fight a buzz saw for wife and children.

He was the ruggedest of rugged individualists, and he and all of us were engaged in mining the surface of the earth, the earth beneath the surface, the forests, the streams and lakes, and the grasslands. We thought our resources infinite. The three-quarters of a century that have since elapsed prove how wrong we were. We are now up against conservation until eternity or starvation and extinction on man-made deserts.

We thought of none of these things then. We cut the choicest timber in the forests for lumber and boards, the latter rived out by hand with a froe and a mallet. We killed deer, wild turkeys, quail, pheasants, rabbits, and squirrels, all unmindful of the fact that has dawned upon us at last, that without nation-wide conservation all these things were on the way to extinction. The large game is

already extinct on thousands of square miles, where once it was abundant.

We thought we were in a period of wonderful advancement, and did not realize we were digging graves for posterity with our hands, our feet, and our teeth.

In the Kentucky "Pennyrile" most of our ground was fresh and fertile, and we cleared a small plot of new ground every winter, and plowed it in the spring with a jumping coulter, which was well named, for it jumped and kicked like a mule every time it struck a root or a stump. We did not pull stumps in those halcyon days, but let them rot in the ground for years to come.

Every country boy knew the feel of the plow handle, as it struck him in the belly as the coulter tore into a root or other obstruction. Sometimes the impact would knock him down and out, but he would get up with a smothered oath and go ahead tearing up soil and roots, and frequently cutting in two a snake.

In the spring we would drop the corn by hand, and cover it with what dirt we could scrape out from among the roots. When the corn came up we chopped it out and worked it with a hoe and plowed it with a turning plow as best we could.

In the winter we would shuck and shell corn by hand. Our hands would first get sore and then become as tough as whit-leather. We used a cob to protect our hands to some extent while shelling. No, there were no cornshellers in those days.

The small boys were the "mill boys of the slashes." A man would place the sack of corn on a horse and then place the small boy on the sack. After that it was his business to keep his sack of corn and himself on the horse's back. The mill was generally miles away. It took an artist to balance a sack on a rough, contrary horse. The boy would have to sit first on one end and then on the other of the sack to keep it in place. If it fell off all the boy had to do was to wait until some man came riding along and ask him "please" to put the sack back on the horse. At the water-mill a broad-shouldered miller came out, threw the sack across his shoulder, always with a pleasant word for the boy, ground it, took out his toll, and put the sack of meal back on the horse.

The boy would fish and kill frogs and snakes in the mill pond, while the miller ground his turn of corn. His full compensation came when he got home and sat down to supper.

Did you ever, as a tired and hungry farm boy, devour a supper of hog meat, milk and hoecakes, dodgers or eggbread, made from fresh corn, ground in a water mill? If so, you know the feeling of glorious satisfaction.

The wheat was sown by hand, cradled by hand, and bound by hand. The cradler was an expert, but binding the sheaves was the job of the common laborer, and it was tough aplenty. Your hands and arms would get scratched by the briers, and now and then you would accidentally tie a snake in the bundle. As soon as you discovered it you would throw the bundle on the ground, while the snake would maliciously lick out his forked tongue at you.

At first we threshed wheat with a groundhog thresher, which would thresh a thousand bushels per day. We did not usually have that much. After the threshing the wheat had to be fanned in a fanner to get rid of the husks before it was ready for the mill.

After a few years came the separator driven by horse power, that at one operation cleaned the wheat for the mill. In the years to come the steam thresher appeared which could be moved from farm to farm by its own power—the first tractors, so far as I know, that ever moved on the highways without horsepower.

Seventy-five years ago, I believe, the farmer generally considered the steel plow the greatest farming improvement. In old sheds and fence corners old plows with wooden mouldboards could still be found.

On nearly every farm was an old hand sickle, which had been used to cut grain before the cradle came into use. A man would grasp a handful of grain in his left hand and cut it with the sickle held in his right hand.

The axe was a great tool which has now been largely supplanted by the crosscut saw. And what expert woodchoppers we had! Chopping wood with a sharp axe was beautiful work.

None of the modern methods of handling tobacco had been discovered seventy-five years ago. In the winter the plant beds were burned with brush tightly packed on fertile spots in the woods. The seeds were sown by hand and patted in by dancing over the bed so that not one would be left exposed. I liked to dance the seed in. I do not know how they do the job now, but I do know that there can be no more effective method than ours. And I do

not believe that the modern method of steaming the plant beds is as efficient as the old burning method.

The plants were generally drawn for planting in June. There were no flea bugs in those good old days, and the beds were not covered with canvas. We learned a little later, when the bugs were created, that canvassing the beds promoted the growth of the plants. Yes, the bugs were created then. They were not provided by evolution. They were so small there could have been nothing smaller from which they could have evolved.

We had no planting machines in those days. Plants were drawn from the bed by hand, dropped in the prepared ground by hand, and planted by hand, when it rained—no artificial planting season.

The planting was a back-breaking job, but no more effective method of planting has ever been invented.

The little plants were plowed with a turning plow, the bar towards the plants, and hoed by hand. When they grew larger, they were wormed by hand. When a boy was careless and left a big fat worm, he was sometimes required to bite off the worm's head. The boys did not mind this much, for the liquid contents of the worm tasted exactly like green tobacco juice. A "hand" can raise about twice as much tobacco now as then. The use of poison to destroy the worms has lightened his job.

The tobacco was suckered and topped by hand, as it always will be. Suckering is another back-breaking job.

Late in the summer or early in the fall the tobacco was cut, hung on scaffolds to yellow, and then hung in the barn, where it was either air cured or fired. When it was dried out and came in order in the late fall or early winter, it was bulked down and stripped—some mean job—cold feet and smelling tobacco from daylight till dark.

Then it was "prized" in hogsheads and sent to market. The small farmers generally hauled it to market loose, and the buyer had to do the prizing. By that time you had to begin on the plant beds for the next crop, for tobacco was and is an all-year crop. If we could get \$5 average per hundredweight, we thought we had a paying crop.

Seventy-five years ago the farmers who raised eight or ten acres of tobacco were beginning to put in screw prizes. Prior to the advent of the screw a long wooden lever was used to press the

tobacco into the hogshead. A man would get straddle of the lever and "coon it" backwards to press down the lever. Sometimes he would slip off the end of the lever, which would fly up, while the attraction of gravitation would take him to the ground, frequently bruised and bleeding.

If you have had patience to read this article, you have some idea of what farming was three-quarters of a century ago, especially how the three main crops—corn, wheat, and tobacco—were handled.

A KENTUCKY MASTER WHO SENT TWENTY-NINE SLAVES TO AFRICA AND LIBERATED AT HOME FIFTY-EIGHT

The sun streamed across the red cedar picket fence that hedged about the wood-yard, and was reflected from the red brick wall of a fine old residence. In the center of the yard stood an old gentleman with uplifted hands, and beside him was a barrel on end, on top of which were placed a Bible and a hymn book. In front of and surrounding him were nearly a hundred slaves. Twenty-nine of these were about to start as free men and women to the home of their fathers in far-off Africa after several generations of servitude in America.

The old man asked a divine blessing upon them. Since a youth he had cared for them and before that they or their parents had belonged to his father. He believed slavery was wrong and was taking the initiative step toward putting into execution a long-cherished plan. He was about to send one-third of his slaves to Liberia; the others he intended to liberate at his death. He had read a chapter in the Bible, and had given out a hymn, and when his prayer was finished many a black face was bathed in tears as the slaves to be deported gathered about him and shook "Old Marster's" hand for the last time and for the last time heard the accents of his kindly voice.

"The old picket fence looked like a palisade, and them niggers sung like mocking-birds, and when they began to shake Old Marster by the hand and say goodbye, a pain struck me right

below the heart, and I ran into the house and crawled under the bed."

The foregoing paragraphs were the introduction to an article written by me, which appeared in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, October 10, 1897. The old gentleman referred to was Major Richard Bibb of Russellville, a famous Kentucky pioneer, a minister of the Methodist church, a man of unimpeachable character, and one of the wealthiest men in western Kentucky. The paragraph quoted was from a conversation with Andrew J. Bibb who then lived at 1215 West Madison Street, Louisville, but who has long since gone to join his old master in the haven of the blest. Old Andrew had been set free under the terms of Major Bibb's will; was a carpenter, industrious and highly respected, with sturdy honesty written in every lineament of his countenance. I remember, when I was a little child he lived in Russellville on property left him by Major Bibb. Later he removed to Louisville, where he would have a broader field of operation.

His description of the deportation was vivid. He was, at the time the article referred to was written, one of the half-dozen living ex-slaves, who as children were present that frosty morning in 1829, when "Old Master" bade farewell to the twenty-nine slaves he was never to see again.

According to Andrew, the Wards, who were freighters who lived in the "Coonrange," by which appellation the northern half of Logan County was and is known, were there with their wagons, for there were no railroads then. They had been employed to transport the slaves and their belongings to Clarksville, Tennessee, where they were to take a steamboat for New Orleans, and thence a sailing ship for Africa.

Their master sent an agent with them to look after them and provide money to give them a start in Liberia. This the agent did, and returning reported to Major Bibb; and this was the last authentic news of them.

Old Andrew Bibb said that these Negroes had been selected by their master for deportation because they were shiftless and refractory; and as he intended to liberate all his slaves at his death, he feared if these remained, they would be a disturbing element, and cause trouble.

Some years later Abel Long, a Negro preacher of Russellville, went to Liberia as a missionary. When he returned he reported that he had been unable to find any of the Bibb Negroes. He said he understood a number of them had died of tropical diseases. He said he was informed that at least two of the women were alive at that time, but that they had gone into the jungle and lapsed into native barbarity.

During Major Bibb's life, the slavery question, which twenty years later was to plunge the country into war, was one of great importance and much discussed. Many plans and solutions were suggested, and the course adopted by Major Bibb was one of the comparatively few practical attempts of slave-holders to settle it for themselves. The question was one beset with difficulties. Major Bibb evidently believed all slaves should have been freed and sent to Africa, and no doubt this would have been the plan pursued by him, had it not been for the fact that many of his Negroes had husbands or wives and children belonging to other masters.

Major Bibb's will may still be found, yellowed with age and falling to pieces in the Logan County archives in the court house in Russellville. That portion of it relating to his slaves is unique and remarkable. It follows:

"I do hereby emancipate all of my slaves from and after the first day of January next after my death, and desire that all of them, who have not wives or husbands in bondage, be sent to Liberia. I give to my slaves hereby emancipated \$5,000, to be divided out among them and paid out to them from time to time according to the discretion of my executors, and all my stock of horses, cattle, sheep and hogs, farming tools, wagons and carts and crops made the year of my decease or that may be on hand, and each slave hired out the hire due for the year in which I shall decease. I also give to said slaves all my lands which are unsold or undisposed of in the county of Grayson, of this state. The land in the county of Logan conveyed to me by Benjamin Tompkins, Ralph E. Nourse, and Robert Nourse is to be divided among them at the discretion of my executors, and also the land in Logan conveyed to me by Mark Hardin and about thirty acres adjoining to it, conveyances to be made by my executors, or either of them; and they are hereby authorized to sell and convey any of the land

or either property hereby given to my emancipated slaves and divide or lay out the money for their benefit. I give to my Aaron the house and lots on which he lives in Russellville and his carpenter's tools as his portion of the legacies left my emancipated slaves. I give to my woman Clarissas, viz., that part most remote from the dwelling-house, to include the smith's shop.

"The following is the list of the emancipated slaves of the within will: Dick, Jack, Anderson, (Randall), Stephen, Hendry, James, Monroe, Dennis, Nicholas, Aaron, York, Frank, Matt, Ben, Wenn, old Mary, Leu, Charlotte, Angelia, Anna, Matilda, Sylvia, Winsea, Eliza, Keziah, Lucy, Mary, Agga, Andrew, Henry, Richard, Malinda, Rachel, Lucinda, Margarette, Chesterfield, Handee, Richardson, Wesley, Martha, Allen, Mary, Catherine, Spencer, Harlett, Mary Ephriham, William Wallace, Charity, Eliza, Jane, Lafayette. I give to my slaves by this will emancipated my two lots under the knob near M. B. Morton's, and two fractional lots in Saunders' addition to Russellville, near James Bell's stable, and a fractional lot near William Duncan's and William First's, near the public square, to be divided and conveyed to them at the discretion of my executors."

It is interesting to note, that though the maker of this will liberated \$100,000 worth of slaves and gave them property worth at least \$30,000, his children were well provided for and lived in affluence.

That portion of the will directing that those slaves not having wives and husbands in bondage should be sent to Africa was never carried out, but the remainder was, almost to the letter.

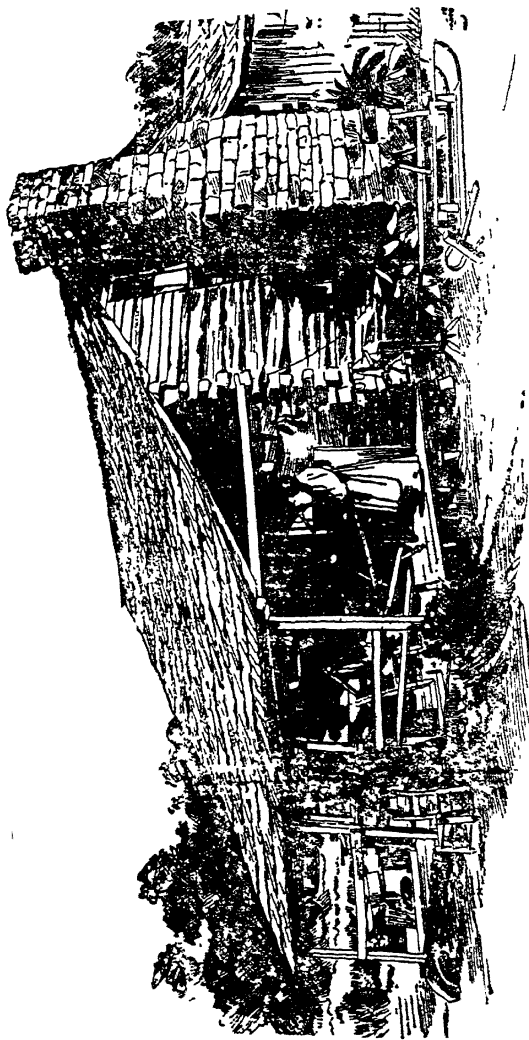
The manumitted slaves were mostly settled on the wild lands in Logan County, some of them remaining on the lots in Russellville. The wild lands in Grayson County were sold and the proceeds divided among the slaves.

One of the tracts of land upon which the former slaves were settled is located about six miles northwest of Russellville, the other is near the village of Homer in north Logan County. Both were called "Bibb Town," though neither was a town. The first tract contained about 1,200 acres and the latter about 300 acres. They were farming communities and resembled an Indian reservation in the West fifty years ago.

The property was deeded in severalty to the families occupying it by John B. Bibb, son of Major Bibb, in 1873. The tract near Russellville is situated on a "free-stone" tableland. It is not particularly fertile, but generally level and healthy, and produces all kinds of fruits and vegetables in abundance. It is a little black world all by itself. Much of it is covered with the original forests; much of it has been cleared and cultivated and then abandoned; but here and there over its surface, nestled among peach and apple trees and green vines and sunflowers, hollyhocks, and morning-glories, are snug little cabins, from out of which peep black and shining, but smiling and contented faces. It would be hard to find a happier community. The individuals are not particularly industrious—on the contrary, many of them are inclined to be shiftless, and the \$5,000 left by their master for their benefit was mostly expended in paying taxes on this land, and after it was exhausted Mr. John B. Bibb for some years paid taxes for the more shiftless out of his private estate, but since his death the community has been thrown strictly on its own responsibility; and it is fairly prosperous. Most of the men are good workers when they work, and nearly all are expert axmen. It is a law-abiding community.

The preceding paragraph was written over forty years ago when I last visited "Bibb Town." The public school was attended by thirty-five pupils. The total number of children of school age was eighty-eight. It was a quaint community, where still might be seen the spinning wheel, the winding blades, the carding boards, and the loom.

The illustration presented with this article was made from a photograph of the residence of William Bibb, one of the slaves of Major Bibb, whose name is mentioned in his will. When the writer drove up to the house "Bill's" wife, Ruth Bibb, was standing on the porch spinning just as shown in the picture, the old slide used for hauling about the little farm was near the house, and not far away lay the yoke used to prevent the horses and cows from jumping the fences, which were none too high. In the corners of the chimney grew tobacco plants, which "Old Bill" was tending for his own especial pipe; in one corner stood a fishing pole and from a window hung in the sun a quilt. Near "Aunt Ruth," stood



"BILL" BIBB'S CABIN, SHOWING HIS WIFE, RUTH, AT HER SPINNING WHEEL.
(This picture was taken about forty years ago. Bill was one of Major Bibb's manumitted slaves.)

her winding-blades, and beyond her on the porch was her loom, though it is not discernible in the picture. Around were scattered baskets and chairs. About the house grew apple and peach trees and flowers and vegetables, while vines were trained over the porch. Near by was the ash-hopper and the grindstone and improvised scaffolds, on which peaches and apples were placed to dry.

Another "Bibb Town" home visited was that of Armstead Arnold and his wife, who was formerly Catherine Bibb, and who was a little child when her old master died. Armstead and Catherine were getting along in years, but were happy and contented. Armstead came out to give the writer a hospitable welcome when he drove up, while Catherine was out working in the garden. Armstead was somewhat disappointed when told that the call was upon his wife. Armstead and Catherine had about thirty-five descendants, including children and grandchildren. Many of these did not, however, live in "Bibb Town." When asked to sit for their pictures Armstead and Catherine readily consented, though Catherine was a little suspicious after the school teacher, an "educated nigger from Russellville," who boarded with them, came home and told her "that white man was going to burlesque the niggers." Armstead insisted on having his picture taken with a book under his arm. In the background was Catherine's spinning wheel and quilting frame, with quilt, drawn up to the ceiling.

This "Bibb Town" is at the present time still occupied by about twenty families, descendants of the former slaves. A considerable portion of the tract of land is occupied by white men who purchased it from the Negroes. The Bibb Town near Homer is no more. The Negroes have all disappeared, the land now being owned by white men.

After reading this sketch the reader will naturally want to learn more of Major Bibb. He belonged to a distinguished and wealthy Virginia family. He came to Kentucky in 1798 and settled first in Lexington. He then removed to Bullitt County, where he owned and operated salt works; but after a few years settled in Russellville and spent the remainder of his life there. He lived in a comfortable brick house in what is now the

southern part of town, but which was then in the extreme southern suburb, and close to his large farm which extended along the Clarksville road. The house was built to please his wife, and has large rooms and hall, ample yard, and many shade trees, and to this day is remarkably attractive by reason of its coziness. It is in a state of good preservation, and is now occupied as a residence by Miss Ida Clark.

Major Bibb had three sons and three daughters. The sons were Richard, John B., and George M. The first was a merchant in Russellville, and lived and died there. He left one son, Dr. George R. Bibb, who was a prominent citizen of his native town. John B. Bibb died in Frankfort at the advanced age of ninety-four years. He was a man of the highest standing and mental attainments, and upon him mainly devolved the responsibilities of carrying into effect the provisions of his father's will. George M. Bibb was Chief Justice of Kentucky, United States Senator and Secretary of the Treasury under President Tyler. From 1835 until 1844 he was chancellor in Louisville.

One of Major Bibb's daughters married Gabriel Lewis, one Dr. B. Roberts, and one Thomas S. Slaughter. Mrs. Slaughter was the mother of Thomas J. Slaughter, who became a wealthy citizen of New York.

When I was a boy in Logan County I was familiar with the stories and traditions concerning Major Bibb, for there were then living many people who remembered him, and my father, William Morton, as a young lawyer was the agent of John B. Bibb after the latter's removal to Frankfort. It was my father's duty to look after the welfare of the ex-slaves, to hear their complaints and adjust their difficulties, and report to Mr. Bibb when he deemed it necessary. He said on one occasion, one of the old Negroes had been worrying him considerably about some trivial matter, and was finally ordered peremptorily from his office. Sometime later he received a letter from Mr. Bibb enclosing a letter from the old Negro as follows:

"Masse Jack: I wants you to appint me another gardeeen, cause Masse Billy threatened to whip me."

The stories about Major Richard Bibb reflect his character. On one occasion he discovered that corn was being stolen from one of his cribs, and, calling the Negro custodian, he told him if this occurred again he would hold him responsible. Notwithstanding the major's proverbial kindness and forbearance, he was a thorough business man and disciplinarian, and the Negro knew what that meant.

A few nights later the major was summoned from his bed by the Negro, who told him he had the corn thief. They went together to the crib and there found a white man loading his wagon with corn. The man made the excuse that his family was hungry and he had nothing for them to eat.

"I am deeply humiliated," said the major, "to think that there is a hungry man in this community who would steal rather than ask me for food. Load your wagon, sir, and do not let this happen again."

Then looking significantly at the Negro: "Nobody knows about this but you and me and if I hear of it again I will know where it came from. Do you understand?"

He understood, and the secret was not divulged until after the major's death.

Major Bibb was in the habit of buying many calves and other livestock every fall to feed through the winter. On one occasion a poor widow came to his house and asked him to buy her calf for \$5.00. He offered her \$2.50. The widow insisted that she ought to get more for the calf. The major was adamant to her insistence, and finally Mrs. Bibb, who was present, added her entreaties to those of the widow.

"She is a poor woman and in distress, give her more money for this calf," she said.

"No," said the major, "the calf is not worth more than \$2.50, and widow or no widow, that is all I will pay. I am perfectly willing to give her \$5.00 if you say so, but that will be a gift, and then I will pay her \$2.50 for the calf."

Major Bibb has one great-granddaughter living in Russellville, Kentucky, Miss Florrie Bibb. She occupied the spacious old mansion on Main Street built by her grandfather Richard Bibb, and occupied during his lifetime by her father, Dr. George R. Bibb, until

recently when it was sold to Eugene Nourse, who now resides there. This house is one of the old mansions that has come down from the golden age of Southern civilization. It has a number of contemporaries in Russellville, among them the old Roberts home, that occupied by United States Senator John J. Crittenden, the Hise house, the Moorehead homes, and the home of the late George B. Edwards.

The Bibb home, now occupied by Eugene Nourse, has a wide doorway, large hall, large rooms with high ceilings, and a spacious cellar. Practically all of the old mansions possess these characteristics. The cellar would now be called a basement. The cellar was used for storing vegetables, household supplies of various kinds, preserves, wines, etc.

I met Dr. Bibb on the street one day, and as usual stopped to converse with him.

"You know," said he, "I had my cellar cleaned out the other day, and I got enough stuff out of it to start a curiosity shop. Among other things I found a barrel of sugar that had been there since before the war. The sugar was hard as marble and perfectly useless. That shows how we used to live.

"We brought our sugar and molasses, etc., from New Orleans by boat once a year, and in large quantities and in our abundance this barrel was overlooked."

Dr. Bibb has joined the silent cavalcade, the original Bibb Town Negroes have joined him, and they now mingle with the other men who built the old mansions, and lived in baronial splendor.

CHARLES DICKENS MAKES A FALSE STEP

Charles Dickens, the most widely read author of that day, was to visit Louisville. Everybody was surcharged with enthusiasm. They wanted to give Dickens a welcome he would never forget, for he had not yet written "American Notes." They did.

In those days the Galt House, then known as the New Galt House, was the social center of Louisville aristocracy. It had just been completed at a cost of \$1,000,000, and was the finest hostelry west of the Alleghenies. It had marble columns, an immense lobby, high ceilings, and large rooms. When the hotel

was thrown open the newspapers devoted many columns to it. It had the first elevator ever introduced in Louisville, and the papers described it as a magnificent car with velvet seats, that carried passengers up and down. This old elevator was palatial in its appointments, and as large as a modern bedroom.

So Louisville made elaborate arrangements to welcome and entertain Mr. Dickens at the Galt House. One of the leading citizens, Major Throckmorton, a gentleman, every inch of him, was the proprietor of the hotel. No big function in Louisville was complete without him, and as the distinguished visitor was to be entertained at his hotel it was peculiarly fitting that he should be chosen chairman of the reception committee. Being an orator of some note, he was scheduled to make the speech of welcome.

When Dickens arrived he was shown to his room, and after waiting a reasonable time for him to rest and remove the travel stains, the committee appeared. The visitor, as was frequently the case, was in none too good a humor. Besides in England a hotel proprietor did not have a high social standing. So when Major Throckmorton, heading the delegation of leading citizens, appeared and began his address of welcome, Dickens cut him short with:

"Landlord, when I need you I will send for you."

Major Throckmorton was a man of action, and made a "break" for the visitor with the purpose of throwing him out the window, but the committee thought that would never do and pulled the Major out of the room and retired.

This probably was one of the reasons why "American Notes" was not written in a more laudatory vein.

WILLING TO SACRIFICE HIS WIFE'S RELATIONS

It has frequently been said that for twenty years after the War Between the States practically all the offices in Kentucky were held by Confederate soldiers.

Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, for forty years a professor in Harvard University, a Kentuckian, though himself a Union

soldier, said in his autobiography that the flower of young Kentucky manhood enlisted in the Confederate army.

Be this as it may, the "boys in gray" who came home, with one accord became candidates for office. In one of the bluegrass counties a young ex-Confederate aspired to a seat in the State Legislature, and was much disgruntled because a man who had not been a soldier presumed to run against him. They held joint debates all over the county as was the custom in those days, and at every appointment the soldier asked his opponent:

"Where were you during the war?"

At first his opponent ignored the question, but finally seeing his silence was telling against him he explained:

"When the war broke out, I wanted to go, and my three brothers-in-law wanted to go. We all had families and after much argument I agreed to stay at home and take care of the helpless women and children while they went into the army."

He had almost scored when his ex-Rebel opponent yelled out:

"Just like him, perfectly willing to sacrifice all of his wife's relations."

JUDGE GUFFY SPRINGS A SURPRISE ON THE ATTORNEY GENERAL

Judge Guffy had an appointment to speak at Scottsville, Kentucky, a Republican stronghold. He was concluding his canvass as the Republican nominee for judge of the Court of Appeals against Judge Willis Reeves. On the day in question all "unknownst" to Guffy, Jack Hendrick, the Democratic candidate for Attorney General, showed up. Hendrick was a great storyteller and made a wonderfully entertaining speech. When the few Democrats in Scottsville found out Hendricks was there they went to him and insisted that he remain in hiding until Guffy was concluding his speech, and then walk into the Court House and reply to him. They explained that Guffy was an "old guy," and insisted that Hendrick "jump on him with both feet, and ridicule him to death." This they insisted would make the Republicans "feel like thirty cents" or less.

Hendrick fell in with the idea and as Guffy was concluding his speech walked in and as Guffy stepped off the platform Hendrick stepped on. He made fun of Guffy's speech, made fun of the language he used, his "hayseed" appearance and the fit of his clothes.

"Why, fellow citizens," said he, "he reminds me of an elephant," just how no one could imagine, for Guffy was a skinny, white-haired old man, who looked like anything but an elephant.

Then Hendrick explained that a small circus with one elephant had ventured into one of the sparsely settled mountain districts, but there were not enough people in all that region to support a circus, and so after struggling along for some weeks the show "went broke" and was sold under the hammer. A well-to-do mountaineer bought the elephant and took him home with him. He was very proud of his newly-acquired property and was never weary of expatiating on the elephant's fine points to the mountaineers who came for scores of miles around to see him.

One mountaineer examined the elephant very critically, but refrained from expressing an opinion, much to the disappointment of the owner. The latter called attention again to his favorite's points of excellence and then asked:

"Now, isn't he a fine looking animal? Isn't he a beaut?"

The visitor being thus pressed replied:

"Well yes, I'll admit he is a fine looking animal, but I cannot say he's a beaut. He's got reetherly too much leather in the seat of his trousers."

The Democratic part of the audience went wild over Hendrick's anecdote, and even the Republicans smiled, for Guffy's trousers were rather baggy in the seat.

In due course of time Guffy was elected to the Court of Appeals, much to everybody's surprise, and came to Frankfort to be sworn in. Hendrick was elected Attorney General, and was in a peck of trouble, because his duties made it necessary that he be very intimately associated with the members of the Court, and one hostile judge could make it very uncomfortable for him. He consulted his friends, and after several days deliberation went to Judge Guffy and said:

"Judge, I hope you will not hold that fool speech I made at Scottsville against me. I didn't mean any harm by it anyhow, and I hope you will forgive me."

After an impressive pause, during which Hendrick sat on pins, Guffy replied:

"That's all right, Jack. I wish you had followed me all over the deestrick. If you had, I'd a'beat him wus'n I did."

GENERAL BASIL W. DUKE

The following is taken from an editorial written by M. B. Morton in the *Nashville Banner*, September 18, 1916, on General Basil W. Duke of Kentucky just after the news of his death had come over the wires:

The death of General Basil W. Duke calls forcibly to mind the fact that the gallant remnant of the soldiers of the Southern Confederacy is rapidly passing away. He was one of the few remaining dashing, picturesque figures of the War Between the States.

Enlisting as a private in the early days of the war, he soon became the right-hand man of General John H. Morgan, and shared his dangers and his glories—first in the fierce foray and last in the retreat. It was said of him by an intensely "loyal" Louisville editor during the war that "someone ought to put a pistol to Basil Duke's head and shoot John Morgan's brains out." But Duke himself never underestimated the genius of the great raider. He knew that a shot to reach Morgan's brain must be fired into Morgan's own head.

He never tired of singing the praises of his chief, whom he considered incomparable in the original manner of warfare which he waged. He spent much time in writing the best history extant of Morgan and his men, and his lecture on the same subject was forceful, eloquent, and entertaining.

He was scarcely more than a boy when the war began, and but a few years past his majority when he became a brigadier-general in command of "Morgan's men."

He was a lawyer by profession and was engaged actively in the practice until the last few years of his life. He presented

a clean-cut, convincing argument, and during the time when he was an attorney for the L. & N. Railroad, whenever he made a speech before a committee of Congress or of the legislature of a state, he was sure to attract a crowd of eager listeners.

He was a man of decided literary genius, as shown by his lectures and his books. This work was his play, but had he turned his attention seriously to literature he would have made his mark.

Until recently his years sat lightly upon him, and it was hard to believe that a man of such youthful appearance had cut such a striking figure in the great war ended so long ago, though he bore the scars of a veteran, and never recovered from the limp which resulted from a Yankee bullet.

And throughout his whole life he was a faithful friend and a fearless fighter, who met his enemies face to face.

He was a man of genial disposition and possessed remarkable conversational ability; his English was pure and clean; his memory was never at fault, and his fund of interesting anecdote and reminiscence was inexhaustible.

As a young lawyer in Louisville he was called upon to "report" the first Kentucky Derby for the *Courier-Journal*.

A few years ago he lost the sweetheart of his youth, the wife of his young manhood, the companion and helpmate of his maturer years, and after that both he and his friends began for the first time to realize that he was becoming an old man. She was a sister of General John H. Morgan. He met old age and physical infirmities with the same courage with which he stormed the battery at "the hornets' nest" at Shiloh, and with which he crossed the Ohio with Morgan in the last great raid when, according to his own story, Morgan, with 2,500 Confederate soldiers at his back, met and fought and routed 10,000 of the enemy every day.

As a young soldier he was a brilliant success, as a citizen he was true to his convictions, as a friend he was steadfast, as a companion incomparable. He has fought his last battle, his sword is sheathed forever, and those who knew him best will love him most.

SOBBED HER WAY TO VICTORY

I was in Frankfort, Kentucky, forty-six years ago reporting the "long legislature" for the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. Judge William Lindsay, Charles Bronson, William Goebel, Harvey Myers, Tony Carroll, and many other marked figures of that day were members of the general assembly. John Young Brown, always in a fight with the dominating faction in the senate, led by William Goebel, was governor. No governor ever had a more stringent administration than Brown, and he was generally considered a man of iron. He won most of his fierce contests. He was an orator of the "days before the war," and his phillipic against "Beast" Butler in Congress during the Reconstruction days is well remembered by the older men and women of Kentucky. He was a fighter, and was always regretting that the code duello had been abolished. But there was a tender side to this old, adamantine statesman. He was full of sentiment and had a sympathetic heart that sometimes caused him to relax in his stern administration of justice.

It was my duty, as a newspaper correspondent, to call on the governor every day. One morning as I entered his reception room there was a little, chuffy, Negro girl about twelve years old sitting to the left of the door. In a few minutes the governor entered from his private office, carrying a long-stemmed cob pipe in his hand, and with his handkerchief floating like a flag of truce, as he chewed one corner of it with his front teeth. As soon as he entered the little girl bowed her head and began to shed copious tears. With a touch of irritation the governor said:

"Why do you come here every day? I told you I could not pardon your mother." She wiped her eyes and left.

The governor then explained that the child's mother was serving a life sentence for an atrocious murder, with no mitigating circumstances. The child came to see him and enlisted his sympathy, and he had looked thoroughly into the case, and decided he could not pardon the woman.

"I told this little Negro that," said he, "but she still comes every day to let me see her shed tears. I suppose she thinks I enjoy it."

Nevertheless the little girl came the next day and the next for many weeks, and would never leave until the governor came out and dismissed her. Since her first visit she had never spoken a word.

This went on until Christmas Eve, and that morning when the governor came in he bore a legal-looking document in his hand. The little girl's tears began to flow. The governor walked up to her, chewing his handkerchief and carrying his cob pipe in hand.

"Here, little girl," handing her the document, "take this down to the penitentiary and tell them to turn your mother out. Tell her this is your Christmas gift; that you cried her out."

The little girl wiped away the tears that were streaming down her face, smiled, and with never a word started towards the state prison.

"That woman deserved hanging, if anybody ever did," remarked the governor as he watched the disappearing visitor, "but I could not have that child coming here and weeping at me every day until my term of office expires."

WAITING FOR HIMSELF

Louis Dembitz, the uncle of Louis Dembitz Brandeis, now Supreme Court Justice, was a famous lawyer in Louisville during the past generation. He had a marvelous knowledge of law, and his intellect was scintillating. He was always thinking intensely of some problem and consequently was very absent-minded. He would meet his best friends on the street and never see them. Many amusing anecdotes were told in connection with this characteristic of the old lawyer.

One day Mr. Dembitz left his office to go to lunch and as usual wrote on his slate: "Dembitz gone to lunch; will be back at two o'clock."

A man who did not know him personally came in to consult him on a legal proposition and seeing the memorandum on the slate sat down in the anteroom. Promptly at two o'clock the

old lawyer walked in and also sat down in the anteroom. The stranger began to feel a little uncomfortable and asked:

"Do you know when Mr. Dembitz will return?"

"No," replied Dembitz, "I see from the slate he will be back at two o'clock. I am waiting for him myself."

CHAPTER VII

PREACHERS AND PREACHING

SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS

I have always been fond of ministers of the gospel, especially Methodist circuit riders, who were well versed in the ways of the world and knew how to get along with all classes of people. They were always kind to me and had a vast number of interesting stories. In my later years I have regarded preachers as the gamest men I ever met. They embark in the cause of spreading the gospel without knowing whether they will succeed or fail, whether they will be able to spread the gospel in an attractive and effective manner, and whether they will be able to do this and at the same time get along amicably with their many and diverse congregations.

My admiration for preachers is not strange considering the fact that a beloved and able Methodist preacher, Rev. David Morton, was my uncle. When he visited and spent the night with my father's family, which he often did, I always wanted to sleep with him, because he was always good company, was strong and healthy, and in the winter was as warm as a charcoal stove, so that I could always warm my cold feet on him. He began his work before he attained his majority, first as a circuit rider, then as a stationed preacher and a presiding elder. Later on he originated the Board of Church Extension of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He served as secretary of this organization from its inception until he had made it one of the most successful and useful departments of the church.

He was a born fighter and generally carried his point. Edmund Poindexter was a small, high-tempered, and scrappy Negro. He was a good worker, but his disposition rendered him rather unpopular.

One day Uncle David said to me: "I don't see why your father and you boys do not like Edmund. He is a good Negro, and I employ him whenever I can. He is one of the best Negroes I ever knew. The only objection I have to him is that I have to knock him down about once a month."

I told this story to Governor John Young Brown. Said he:

"I have heard a lot about Dave Morton, and I wish you would introduce him to me sometime. He is a preacher after my own heart. He belongs to the church militant. If he cannot reach a sinner by precept and example, he will knock religion into him with his fist."

A fine old circuit rider of the long ago was Brother Davidson, under whom David Morton served, after he was ordained a minister, on the Mammoth Cave Circuit. He lived to a great age and was a circuit rider nearly all his life. He was always a welcome guest in any home.

One day he was at the home of a fine old lady whom he knew well. They were conversing while she worked about the house, when she asked:

"Brother Davidson, haven't you been married twice?"

"Yes'm," he replied.

"How long were you a widower?" she asked.

"I was a widower," Brother Davidson said, "for five long weeks and six weary days."

One of the most brilliant preachers in Louisville Conference was Rev. J. B. Cottrell, D.D. He was eloquent and original and took an interest in everything that was going on. He was a Democrat and was at one time seriously discussed as the party nominee for Congress in the old Second Kentucky district. He always attended all political and other public gatherings in any town where he was located.

Once when he was serving as pastor of the Methodist Church in Franklin, Kentucky, a Republican county convention was held in the court house. Dr. Cottrell was on hand. The chairman saw him and when he rapped for order asked Dr. Cottrell to open the proceedings with prayer. There was no response, and the request was twice repeated. Then the reverend doctor cut his eye up at the chairman and explained:

"Excuse me, Judge, I am ashamed for the Lord to know I am here."

Once when Dr. Cottrell held a pastorate in Louisville, Rabbi Moses and a Baptist minister lived in the same neighborhood. They traded at the same grocery, where they would meet Saturday afternoons. They became great friends and would sit around the stove in the back end of the store and talk.

One Saturday afternoon Rabbi Moses did not show up.

Said the Baptist: "Cottrell, I have been worried about our friend Moses. He is one of the best and most spiritual men I ever knew, and yet according to our belief he can never enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Yes he can," replied Cottrell, "for he is a Christian."

"I don't see how you make that out," said the Baptist, "for he even rejects Christ."

Cottrell answered: "From where you are sitting you can see the light through the stove door. I cannot see the light but the stove warms me just as it does you.

"Moses is a Christian, but does not know it. He can't see the light, but he feels the heat."

When Rev. David Morton, who was then a young circuit rider, was married his father gave him a Negro woman as a cook, but as he was traveling on an extensive circuit he had little use for a cook. So his father kept the cook temporarily and loaned the young couple a Negro boy named George as a body servant.

George was good-natured and generally inefficient. He was a sort of handy man around the boarding house where his young master and mistress lived, until their family began to grow, as Methodist preachers' families usually do.

One of the peculiar features of slavery, and one that always seemed to me as a boy to be particularly undesirable, was that a Negro boy or girl always slept on a pallet before the fire in the family room. Consequently this was George's sleeping place in the Morton household. The reason assigned by these old-timers for this arrangement was to have the servant handy, so that he or she, as the case might be, would be on hand to build a roaring wood fire early in the morning, and could rock the cradle when the baby awoke during the night.

George had one especially undesirable defect. He could not awaken himself early enough to build the fire, so that his young master had to get out of bed, pull his ears and shake him strenuously before he could open his eyes, and even then he was half awake and proceeded very slowly, raking the live coals together, blowing them until they glowed, and then applying kindling and wood.

The master set his brain to work and solved the problem. "I will buy an alarm clock," said he, "and place it on the floor by George's head, that will awaken him at the desired time, and I will have no more trouble."

That day he bought the clock, and that night he placed it near the pallet, and explained to George that he must get up when the alarm sounded. George was highly delighted with his ticking toy, for he had never seen one before, and promised faithfully to obey the summons.

And he did. The next morning the clock "went off" in the startling manner alarm clocks have, and George was recalled from dreamland with a sudden overpowering terror.

"My Lord!" he exclaimed as he jumped to his feet and started in a dead run to his master for protection. He did not stop when he reached the bed, but jumped right in, scrambled beneath the quilts and comforts and covered up his head.

The young minister was too much overcome by the ludicrous situation to punish George; so he kicked him out of bed, and admonished him to go and sin no more.

WE MUST KEEP THE FAITH

(I received more letters about this article which appeared in the Nashville Banner, April 6, 1919, than any other I ever wrote.)

"The tumult and the shouting dies," the glamour of battle, the glory of the fight is past and the most critical hour in the history of the world has struck.

"God give us men," strong men, unselfish men—"mute inglorious Miltons and village Hampdens," who are willing to "do right though the heavens fall"—men willing to die for the cause of God and man; men with courage—the most God-

given attribute of man—to lay down their lives in ignominy, as did the Nazarene on Calvary, for a cause. It is easy to meet death leading a forlorn hope, or carrying the rescued flag in the battle front; but hard to face the stern realities of life when there is no glory to be gained, when there is no multitude to give plaudits to the hero.

I believe it was Gibbon who said, in commenting on the fact that all ancient civilizations had succumbed to irruptions by barbarians, that it seemed impossible for this ever to occur again, as the barbarian had become so much weaker than civilized man. And yet an "irruption of barbarians" has come that threatens the complete destruction of the civilization of all the world—and it comes from within—not from the plains of Tartary, not from the burning sands of Araby, not from Alpine fastnesses and the morasses of the north.

Who would have thought five years ago that within twelve months the world would be aflame with war? Who would have thought a year later that the central powers could stand four years against a world in arms? Who would have thought twelve months ago, when the German was engaged in his greatest, and what seemed to be an irresistible, offensive, that a little, valetudinarian Frenchman, who would never see another day when he would be free from disease, would stem the German torrent? Who would have thought that six months later Germany would be groveling in the dust, and begging for mercy? And who would have thought four months ago, when we were making the welkin ring with our loud acclaim, with flags flying, and laughing, shouting processions moving in every city, town, and hamlet, that the spring of this year, 1919, would see the world threatened by the most hideous monster that has ever raised his head against the human race?

These things have come to pass, impossible though they seemed; and they were no more unlikely than it now is that Bolshevism will become world wide. A spirit of unrest is manifest everywhere, a demoralization that always follows war, greater in the same proportion that this war has been greater than any previous war—almost greater than all the wars of all ages combined.

This demoralization is shown in the many strikes now taking place in all civilized lands. Men are closing their eyes to the laws of supply and demand; the laborer is demanding that war wages be maintained and more; the manufacturer is demanding that war prices be maintained and more. Flour and meat are soaring sky high, though the war closed last fall.

There must be an awakening, a realization of the situation, a resolve to live and let live; or the eruption of barbarians this time will sweep not over one nation or group of nations, but over all nations; and all civilization, law, and order will vanish; and men will "call upon the mountains to fall upon them," and will envy the inmates of the three-by-six tenements beneath the sod.

God give us men to face the issue courageously and honestly; who will see to it that the 12,000,000 men who have paid the extreme penalty the past five years did not die in vain. Ghosts are now walking upon this earth. We must keep faith with the dead.

"Take up our quarrel with the foe.
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders Field."

A TYPICAL KENTUCKIAN

Eugene W. Newman, known to his friends as "Eugene," known to the newspaper-reading public as "Savoyard," who passed away in Washington City, Saturday, July 28, 1923, was a typical Kentuckian of a generation that has passed.

Born in Barren County nearly eighty years ago, and not far from the places where General Simon Bolivar Buckner and General Joseph Lewis, the last commander of the "Orphan Brigade," first saw the light, he had limestone in his bones, iron in his blood, and was a Kentuckian from skin to marrow; he looked and enacted and talked the part and was redolent of his beloved "Pennyrile."

He was a product of the "log cabin" schoolhouse, with its one teacher and he a robust, educated, manly man, who impressed himself upon his pupils, who used moral suasion first but enforced his mandates with a stout hickory sprout. The boys were taught how to spell, to read, to write an elegant hand, to work every "example" in the higher arithmetic. They knew grammar and rhetoric. They knew nothing of "frats" and football and baseball, but they could ride a horse, shoot, swim, and dance. They were taught the arts of letter writing, elocution, and oratory. They knew a little Latin and less Greek. They read the masters of literature and the great poets of the past. They loved a good horse next to a pretty girl. They treated women with the respect and deference due to a pure and gentle woman. The sex was placed upon a pedestal which the vulgar must not approach. They *writ* the "unwritten law":

"The price of a woman's virtue is a man's life." And this law they enforced.

Such a boy and man was Eugene Newman.

The milk of human kindness pulsed through every vein; he was as knightly as Eugene of Savoy, for whom he was named; as brave as Marshal Ney, firm as the rock of ages, and as gentle as the Virgin Mother.

The writer knew him and loved him for forty long years, and he knows he will not look upon his like again on this earth.

Mr. Newman was a type of the highest class of young men in Kentucky of the ante-bellum days.

He reveled in history, poetry, and romance. He was a student of politics, both in this country and Europe, rather than a politician. He knew English and French politics almost as well as American politics. He knew personally many distinguished Americans, but it was the great men who sprang from Kentucky whom he knew best and loved best and admired most extravagantly. Among the latter, besides General Buckner and General Lewis already mentioned, were Elijah Hise, John W. Caldwell, J. Proctor Knott, J. C. S. Blackburn, James B. Beck, John G. Carlisle, "Quinine Jim" McKenzie, John Young Brown, General Basil W. Duke, J. Stoddard Johnston, Henry T. Stanton the Kentucky poet-laureate for many years, Henry Watterson, Emmett Logan, and many others.

As a writer under the pen name of "Savoyard," he was practically the last of his school. He wrote what he believed, and no power could swerve him from what he conceived to be right. He had a large clientele, for a number of papers throughout the country published his three-times-a-week articles for many years.

He was a writer for newspapers almost from childhood, and he found and occupied the position for which he was best fitted, when he removed his body—but not his heart and soul—from Kentucky to Washington, in order that he might have the personal touch with events at the capital of the nation.

Eugene Newman was brave physically and mentally; he was honest mentally and morally; he was strong in mind and strong in body; he wrote eloquently and entertainingly.

He was a meek and lowly follower of the Man of Galilee.

MARSE HENRY WATTERSON

(Written by M. B. Morton, and published in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, March 2, 1919.)

I deem it a privilege that I have been allowed to contribute to the "Marse Henry Edition" of the *Courier-Journal*, for I am one of his "boys"—one who has been a reader of his editorials for nearly half a century; who knew Marse Henry long before he ever saw him; who as a school boy considered him the greatest of living journalists, when Greeley, McClure, and Dana were still on the boards; who thought him the most trenchant champion of the "down-trodden South," then in the throes of "Reconstruction"; who never at that time dreamed he should ever work under him, and tremble in his presence.

I leave it to others to tell of his greatness, though I still have the same opinion of his brain power that I had in the halcyon days of budding youth.

I must, however, make a confession: Although Marse Henry is and always has been one of the most lovable of men—a man with the milk of human kindness permeating every fiber of his being—I was always afraid of him. He is the only man under whom I ever worked, of whom I was afraid; just why I do not know, for I have worked for some much more dangerous men

than he. But I believe all "his boys," who had any sense, were afraid of him. I know they used to keep pretty scarce when he dropped in about 11 o'clock at night and chased around the office.

Marse Henry's "boys" used always to read his editorials the first thing after the paper came off the press and then discuss them with one another; and this particular one, after all these years' separation and buffeting with the world, always turns to the editorial page of the *Courier-Journal* first, to see if it contains a Watterson editorial.

Marse Henry has lived through the most momentous period of the history of the world; he has known everybody worth knowing in the United States for more than fifty years; and he has ranked high as a man of intellectual power and has been himself marked as a great man since his early manhood. He has been a cosmopolitan; he has traveled much, read much, and studied much; and his "Memoirs" should be one of the most interesting, artistic, and instructive productions ever given to the human race.

Marse Henry's genius is many sided. He ranks with the best in any company. "The money devil" and "the robber baron" have not been popular with him; and the uninitiated believe he is "no business man." True he does not love money, and money-getting has always been with him a secondary consideration; but no man ever had a leveler business head than Marse Henry. Place all the facts before him, and when he gives his opinion, you may plunge.

And now Marse Henry is growing old; he is reaching out toward fourscore years; but, thank God, his body is still strong and his mind alert; and in the evening of his wonderful life he is giving to the world what will no doubt be his crowning glory.

May God bless Marse Henry.

BERRY HOWARD, KENTUCKY FEUDSMAN

A press dispatch a few days since (December, 1924) carried this piece of information under a Pikeville, Kentucky, date:

"'Big' Berry Howard, the only man to 'come clear' at the trials in the Goebel case, is dead at his home on Straight Creek."

Brawny, rugged, truthful, honest, Berry Howard, though a partisan and feudsmen, was typical of the better class of Kentucky mountaineers. He loved the mountains, the rippling streams, the sheltered coves, and the broad expanse. He was a leader of the Howard clan, but he was neither bloodthirsty nor violent; and he had the unbounded respect of all who knew him. He had served as sheriff of Bell County and as a member of the state legislature; and it was typical of his life that he died "at his home on Straight Creek." He was straight and clean, and spent much of his time trying to keep other members of the clan out of the penitentiary or free from the hangman's noose. So far as the writer knows, blood-letting was the only crime of which a member of the clan was ever convicted. Berry Howard's relative, Jim Howard, and Henry Youtsey were the two men, one of whom, in the opinion of many conservative Kentuckians, fired the shot that killed Governor Goebel; but even during the period of tense excitement incident to the trial of those indicted in connection with this assassination, not a scintilla of evidence could be found against Berry Howard.

It was during the session of the legislature in 1892, which I reported for the *Courier-Journal*, that I knew Berry Howard, who was a member. During that period he devoted much time and energy to the task of trying to save a Howard who had strayed away from home and who had been convicted of murder in Missouri.

At this time another Howard was a guard in the Kentucky penitentiary. He was discharged because he persisted in making convicts hold up playing cards for him, while he stood on the prison wall and cut out the spots with bullets from a Winchester rifle. He never injured a single convict and the cards were his own, so his feelings were much hurt by reason of the drastic action taken by the state authorities.

The finest marksmen in the world inhabit the Kentucky mountains, and they have the latest in man-hunting firearms, though their clothes may be ragged and their diet slim.

During the period referred to I met many of the Kentucky mountain feudsmen, two notable ones being Granville Philpot and Judge Hargis. Hargis was later killed. Philpot has not been

killed, and if still alive he is a very old man, for he was a one-legged Union veteran of the War Between the States. He was also a member of the legislature, and carried a .44-caliber pistol in his belt. He was the chief of his clan in Clay County, and consequently a participant in many bloody feuds. He was ignorant and had a simple, childlike mind. Ordinarily he was good-natured and pleasant, but was easily aroused to ire and was then as fierce as a wildcat. He devoted his working time during the session of the legislature to his "Bill to Abolish Blind Tigers in Clay County." The bill, which was designed to repeal the local-option law in the county, died in the committee to which it had been referred, despite Philpot's many strenuous appeals in its behalf.

He had his grievous faults, but the Kentucky feudsmen was a "he"-man, and Berry Howard was one of these.

SOME REBEL BOYS I USED TO KNOW

I have written much and talked more in times past of the conduct and courage of the young Confederate soldiers, when they came home ragged and maimed after the War Between the States—how they went to work and built an empire on the smoking ruins of the Old South.

They accepted defeat in good faith and citizenship in the United States, after the four bloody years in the Confederate armies. After the war many of them became leaders in the united country. For twenty-five years the names of the Congressmen from the South were almost a roster of the Brigadier-Generals of the Confederate army.

It is with no disrespect that I speak of them as Rebel Boys, for we loved them while they fought our battles on fields of carnage, and we loved and honored them when they led us in the fierce fight against "Reconstruction and Carpetbag Rule," and when they blazed the way into paths of peace.

I knew many of the Rebel Boys, and even now I take off my hat when I meet one of the few tottering survivors. The object of this article is to tell something of the Rebel Boys I knew; and I regret that space permits the mention of only a few,

but that few is a fair sample of the whole—privates, captains, colonels, and generals. The following sketches are confined to the men I knew personally in my younger days.

Captain Tom Hines was one of the most picturesque and fearless soldiers in the Confederate army, and that means for all time. He was one of General John Morgan's most trusted lieutenants. When General Morgan reached the Ohio River on his raid into Indiana and Ohio, he found Captain Hines, then a beardless boy, already there, having just returned from a raid of his own into Indiana. At the Ohio Penitentiary some months later it was Hines who planned the escape and who accompanied Morgan through Kentucky and Tennessee back to the Confederate army. He was afterwards detailed with other soldiers for service in Canada, along the border. He was in charge of the detail selected to liberate the prisoners in Chicago and march through to the Confederacy. They cut all telegraph wires and had Chicago isolated from the rest of the world. The plot failed only because of the treachery of an accomplice.

When Lincoln was assassinated Captain Hines was in the North. He resembled Wilkes Booth, and, he said he knew he would be arrested. He started for Canada and crossed the river at Detroit after eluding the detectives on his track.

After the war Captain Hines became Judge Hines, Chief Justice of Kentucky's highest court, and afterwards practiced law in Frankfort until his death. He was a slender man, of quiet mien, not inclined to talk, but always intensely interesting to his close friends.

There were no rigid physical requirements for the Rebel Boys. Courage and enterprise were the chief requirements.

Tom Morgan had a shriveled leg from childhood, yet he served acceptably in Morgan's Cavalry for four years.

His brother, Joe Morgan, both of them kinsmen of the Nashville Morgans, was also in Morgan's Cavalry. He used to drive cattle over the Santa Fe trail. I once heard him tell my father: "When I was captured and sent to Camp Chase, the first man I met was Jack Lyle, I asked: 'How are you getting along?' 'Bad enough,' said Jack, 'they are going to hang me in the morning, because I was caught behind the Yankee lines.' I said: 'Jack,

they will not hang you for General Morgan has notified Lincoln that as soon as they hang you, he will hang two Yankee officers he has.' Jack perked right up, Morgan concluded, and dismissed the thought of death from his mind with: 'I told them the hemp was not grown that would make a rope to hang me.' "

Captain Jack Lyle lived in Nashville for many years after the war and died about thirty-seven years ago. The story of his adventurous career during the war would fill many pages.

When the Rebel Boys came home, it was difficult to make them talk about war exploits and experiences. One of these was Bob Tyler, of Kentucky. He was particularly fond of politics. He was for many years a Senator or a member of the lower house of the Kentucky Legislature, and when not a member was generally an official of the General Assembly. He had left his young wife and child with his wife's father and gone into the army. The only episode connected with the war of which he seemed proud was that when he came home he killed a Union soldier who was fighting his father-in-law.

The most soldierly-looking, and the best dresser of all the old Rebel Boys I knew was General John B. Castleman, of Louisville. He had a small commission in the Confederate army; after the war he was a colonel in the State Militia, and became Adjutant-General of the State; he took his regiment into the Spanish-American War and came out a Brigadier-General in the United States Army. He was chairman of the Louisville Park Commission for many years, and he was largely responsible for the splendid park system of Louisville. This was perhaps in his estimation the greatest achievement of his life. He devoted much time to politics and civic affairs, though not as a candidate for office.

He used to say he divided the twenty-four hours into three equal parts. One part he devoted to sleep, another to his personal business, and the other to public affairs.

During the latter part of the War Between the States he was detailed for service north of the Ohio River. He conferred with and assisted the Northern Copperheads, and incidentally was expected to blow up Yankee boats on the Mississippi and do other such damage as came to his hand. He was finally arrested

and condemned to death, but through the efforts of one of his Breckinridge kinsmen, who was a Union man, was released from prison. When he walked through the prison gates he threw away a new plug of tobacco he had in his pocket and never used tobacco again.

General Castleman was a superb horseman, and looked like a centaur when mounted on Emily, the finest saddle mare in America.

I can hardly say I knew General Hood, but in 1878 I spent several hours with him and his family in a little East Tennessee railway town, between trains. He was on crutches because he had only one leg. Mrs. Hood, their nine children, and three nurses were with him. His children were fine looking specimens, among them three sets of twins. They were on their way home from a summer resort. General Hood died a few weeks later of yellow fever, and the poverty-stricken South presented Mrs. Hood with \$10,000, to assist her in taking care of the children.

General Basil W. Duke was General John Morgan's second in command and succeeded him after he was killed in Greenville, Tennessee. He saw continuous hard service during the war, and wrote the history of Morgan's command. He and his brigade were with President Jefferson Davis on his retreat from Richmond. They were dismissed by Mr. Davis shortly before he was captured, on the ground that he did not want another life jeopardized on his account. This was after Colonel Bob Martin, of Duke's brigade, had offered to select thirty men from the command and take Mr. Davis into Mexico.

A narration of General Duke's war experiences would in itself be a history of General John Morgan's great brigade of raiders. In speaking of his service in the Confederate army, he rarely went into details of battles, but generally recalled some humorous incident. He told me one of these in connection with the battle of Shiloh. He said he had been ordered to take a fortified position held by the Yankees. On account of his lack of experience he went to an old colonel, who had served in the United States Army before the war, and asked:

"Colonel, what is the best way to take a fort?"

"My God," replied the colonel, "young man, there ain't any good way to take a fort."

After the war General Duke was for many years one of the trusted attorneys for the L. & N. Railroad. He was an entertaining talker and lecturer.

The ranking Rebel Boy I have known intimately was General Simon Bolivar Buckner, "the Gray Eagle of Glen Lily." Glen Lily was his ancestral home on Green River near Munfordville, Kentucky. He was the last surviving lieutenant-general of the War Between the States. He was a graduate of West Point and served in the "old army" with U. S. Grant, afterwards Commanding General of the Federal Armies and President of the United States. When the rumblings of internecine strife were beginning, he was appointed to organize the state militia of Kentucky. When Kentucky made its effort to remain neutral he took his trained soldiers, marched South, and joined the Confederacy. His troops, afterwards known as the "Orphan Brigade," were among the best trained and most effective in the western armies. Two of its commanding generals were killed in action.

General Buckner was third in command at the Battle of Fort Donelson, and stayed with the army and surrendered the fort to General Grant, when the two ranking generals, Floyd and Pillow, fled.

After spending some months in prison in Boston, General Buckner was exchanged, and returned to the Confederate army. He held important commands and participated in many battles, and was with General Kirby Smith in Louisiana and Texas when the war ended. Their army was the last to surrender.

After the war he lived on his farm with the exception of four years when he served as governor of Kentucky. He was a candidate for vice-president on the Palmer and Buckner ticket.

He once dictated to me the story of President Davis' conference with General Bragg's subordinate generals after the Battle of Chickamauga. So far as I know this is the only connected account of this remarkable conference by one of the participants.

He and General Grant were life-long personal friends, and he served as one of General Grant's pallbearers.

During the latter years of his long life, for he was well up into his nineties when he went to join the silent army, it was his custom to come to Louisville with Mrs. Buckner to attend the

theaters when noted actors were to appear. He always came by the *Courier-Journal* office after the show to see an old neighbor boy, Thomas G. Watkins, city editor of the paper. In this way all of the old-time *Courier-Journal* boys became well acquainted with him, and always enjoyed the conversation of the old soldier during these midnight visits. He was well versed in literature, and never forgot anything.

Captain John W. Headley, who served one term as Secretary of State of Kentucky, had a remarkable career as a young soldier in Morgan's command. A strong personal friendship existed between him and Colonel Bob Martin, a daredevil of the Confederacy. When Colonel Martin was detailed for service in Canada he took young Headley with him. Their adventures in connection with the attempt to free the Confederate prisoners on Johnson Island, an attempt to terrorize New York by firing thirty-six hotels at one time with Greek fire, and many others, would fill a volume. The thirty-six fires were started, but not a hotel was burned.

When the Confederacy was about to collapse Martin was sent by Jacob Thompson with a message to President Davis. As usual he took Headley. At Louisville they hatched a plot to capture Vice-President Andrew Johnson. It failed because Mr. Johnson remained on his steamboat instead of going to a hotel as had been planned.

When leaving Louisville they captured two guards at the stables of the federal commandant and took two of the latter's horses, and rode through to General Basil W. Duke's regiment, then escorting President Davis on his retreat from Richmond.

Soon after the war he married Miss Mollie Overall, a beautiful Rebel girl who lived at Triune, Tennessee. She had been so active in smuggling arms and supplies from Nashville through lines to the Confederate army that she was arrested and with Miss Fannie Battle, also a Rebel girl, served a short term in the penitentiary. It was said all the federal officers at the prison fell in love with her.

Captain Headley and his beloved wife passed away a few years ago in Southern California, where they had gone to spend their old age.

Captain William Lindsay was a fighting officer in the Confederate army. He was a lawyer of marked ability, was Chief Justice of Kentucky's highest court, a State Senator, and a United States Senator in succession. He was an interesting raconteur, but like many of the Rebel Boys seldom referred to war experiences.

One Sunday afternoon when he and I were guests of the Capital Hotel at Frankfort, I asked him how he happened to be at the hotel. He said he had just returned from a reunion of his old company in Ballard County, and Mrs. Lindsay was away from home. He said they had a great time at the reunion.

"I met one of my old boys, who had not been noted for soldierly qualities," said he.

"This old boy came up to me and said: 'Cap'n, I reckon I was about the most trifling soldier in the Rebel army, but I have turned out much better than you ever would have thought.'

"I am glad to hear it," said I.

"Well," said he, "I married a good woman and she made a man of me. We own a good farm, and have two fine gals. I want you to meet my family."

"He took me around and introduced me. The girls were bouncing country lasses and I kissed them both.

"Now, Cap'n," said my old soldier, "you ain't goin' to play no favorites. You have got to kiss the old woman also."

"I didn't want to do it much," said the Senator, "but I did."

Judge George B. Eastin was a dashing young Rebel. After the war he became a successful lawyer, and served a term as Judge of the Court of Appeals of Kentucky. He was well groomed and handsome. No one would ever have selected him as one of the most daring of Morgan's brigade, but such he was. He was kind, affable, and polite. One war story which concerns him will suffice to indicate the kind of soldier he was.

He, with some of Morgan's men, was retreating before a superior force of Union cavalry. He and one man were the rear guard of the Confederates. Two Union cavalymen were far in advance of their comrades. The two Confederates concluded it was hardly good form to be retreating from but two Yankees, so they waylaid and captured the two pursuers, one of whom was an officer of high rank. They proceeded with their prisoners

and were crossing Green River at a ford when the Union officer drew a pistol and fired at Eastin. The latter returned the fire and killed the officer.

A Confederate officer whom I knew intimately for many years was Major Henry T. Stanton, known as the "poet laureate" of Kentucky. He was a wonderfully interesting talker, but I do not recall that I ever heard him tell a war story, though he saw strenuous service.

Major Stanton was long a newspaper editor. He wrote poetry because it bubbled up and had to be released. He wrote many poems that were published in the leading magazines of this country and in book form. The one that struck my youthful imagination most forcefully was "The Moneyless Man," who was rebuffed all his life, and never received a hearty welcome until he reached the gates of heaven. It is a pity he never took time to write an autobiography, for he was a historian of marked ability.

The following is Major Stanton's poem just alluded to:

THE MONEYLESS MAN

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue has birth?
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
Where the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive?
Is there no place at all, where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Ah, search the wide world wherever you can,
There is no open door for the Moneyless Man!

Go, look in yon hall where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night,
Where the rich hanging velvet in shadowy fold
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings of gold,
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew
In long lighted vistas the 'wilderling view;
Go there! at the banquet, and find, if you can,
A welcoming smile for the Moneyless Man!

Go, look in yon church with the cloud reaching spire,
Which gives to the sun his same look of red fire,
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;
Walk down the long aisles, see the rich and the great
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate;
Walk down in your patches, and find if you can,
Who opens a pew to the Moneyless Man!

Go, look in the banks where Mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;
There safe from the hands of the starving poor,
Lies pile upon pile of glittering ore!
Walk up to their counters—ah, there you may stay
Till your limbs grow old, till your hair grows gray,
And you'll find at the banks not one of the clan
With money to lend to a Moneyless Man.

Go, look to yon judge, in his dark flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law weighs equity down;
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,
And punishes right whilst he justifies wrong;
Where juries their lips to the Bible have laid,
To render a verdict they've already made;
Go, there, in the courtroom, and find, if you can,
Any law for the cause of a Moneyless Man!

Then go to your hovel—no raven has fed
The wife who has suffered too long for her bread;
Kneel down by her pallet, and kiss the death frost
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost;
Then turn in agony upward to God,
And bless, while it smites you, the chastising rod,
And you'll find, at the end of your life's little span,
There's a welcome above for a Moneyless Man!

This article is already long enough, but the writer feels that he must mention one more Rebel Boy.

The Rebel Boy referred to was Captain Frank James, who with his brother Jesse fought under Quantrell in Missouri. They were refused amnesty when the war ended, and were outlaws for ten years, eluding an army of detectives and officers of the law.

In appearance Frank James was inoffensive, reminding one of a well-to-do farmer.

In my conversation with him he would talk freely about the war, but was as silent as the grave concerning his subsequent career. Only once and that incidentally did he mention his outlaw experiences. He kissed Quantrell goodbye after his leader had been fatally wounded, and refused to let his men take him away with them.

CHAPTER VIII

GENERAL SIMON BOLIVAR BUCKNER'S REMINISCENCES OF TWO WAR INCIDENTS

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS' CONFERENCE WITH BRAGG AND HIS GENERALS

When the history of the great American Civil War is written, as written it must be some day by a master hand, an interesting volume will be devoted to the campaigns of General Braxton Bragg, who was for the greater part of the war in command of the army of Tennessee, the great Confederate army of the West.

Though it has been seventy-four years since General Bragg relinquished command after his last and most crushing defeat when he met Grant at the battle of Missionary Ridge, it is yet too early to take his measure. That he was a man of strength and ability, and a stern disciplinarian cannot be gainsaid.

It is no wonder when he joined Johnston's army at Corinth before the battle of Shiloh, leading his splendidly disciplined, armed, and equipped troops, that he at once attracted attention. Johnston, the beau ideal of Southern chivalry, was not often mistaken in his judgment of men, and he selected Bragg to organize the army, hastily assembled from all points of the compass into a mighty unit to hurl upon the invading host at Pittsburg Landing. Bragg was thoroughly acquainted with Johnston's plan of battle, and at Shiloh his part was performed with intelligence and with the precision of clock work. When Johnston fell Bragg stepped into his place at the right wing of the Confederate army and carried it forward in its victorious career, until Beauregard appeared, assumed command, and ordered a cessation of hostilities.

It is not strange that Bragg attracted the attention of President Davis who, after Beauregard's retirement because of ill health, put him in command of the Confederate forces which, composed of as fine a body of men as ever marched upon this planet, were to be known in history as the Army of Tennessee, though during General Albert Sidney Johnston's life it was called the Army of the Mississippi. President Davis was a man of steadfastness of purpose and it is not strange that he stood by Bragg to the end, despite popular clamor and the murmurings of discontent from officers and men, as he had stood by Johnston under almost identical circumstances. In the latter case at least the result is admitted by all students of warfare to have justified the President of the Confederacy.

While in command of the Army of Tennessee Bragg fought four great battles. Perryville, Stone's River, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge. Perryville and Missionary Ridge he lost. Stone's River and Chickamauga he won, but failed to seize his advantage in either case. All four of these battles would have been won had Albert Sidney Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, or Lee been in command. Had Johnston survived the battle of Shiloh, no doubt Bragg would have been his right hand throughout the war, and guided by Johnston's master mind it is not improbable that his fame would have been almost, if not quite, as great as that of Stonewall Jackson under Lee.

But this was not to be, and when Bragg suffered his last great defeat at Missionary Ridge, he had the confidence of few if any of the generals and other officers in his command. It was then that he asked to be released, and was called to Richmond by the steadfast President of the Confederacy as his confidential adviser. It is a well known fact that President Davis visited Bragg's army after the battle of Chickamauga and held a remarkable conference with Bragg and his generals, in which the latter expressed the opinion that General Bragg should be removed from command, and in case this should not be deemed advisable asked that they be replaced by others who had faith in the commanding general. No detailed account of this conference by one of the participants has ever been published, and there remains alive today (1909) but one man who participated

in this gathering of distinguished sons of the South beneath the shadows of Lookout Mountain. That man is General Simon Bolivar Buckner, the last surviving lieutenant-general of either of the armies of the Civil War.

During a visit to General Buckner at Glen Lily, his picturesque ancestral home on Green River, in Hart County, Kentucky, the writer requested the old soldier to tell him the story of the conference, with permission to give it to the public. The request was granted and the story is herewith given as nearly as possible in General Buckner's own language:

"Soon after the battle of Chickamauga," said General Buckner, "there was a good deal of dissatisfaction in the army in regard to the action of General Bragg. The inactivity of the army induced us to think that the fruits of the victory of Chickamauga had been thrown away. Under the suggestion of General Longstreet, a number of the general officers addressed a note to the President, stating the conditions of things there and suggesting some remedy for it. After the receipt of this letter he thought it proper to visit the army, which was then in front of Chattanooga. He called a council of the corps commanders of that army—the Army of Tennessee—at the headquarters of General Bragg. There were present at this conference President Davis, General Bragg, Lieutenant-General Longstreet, Major-General Cheatham, Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill, and Major-General Buckner. There was a general discussion of the situation of the army at that time, and of the inactivity which had followed what we regarded as a very complete victory. Various suggestions were made as to the improvement of the condition of the army, with some criticism of the movement which had resulted in its present inactivity. The President very freely and frankly asked the various officers numerous questions about the condition of their troops, and what remedy should be offered, which were answered in frank terms. Finally, the President, with a good deal of force, said:

"Gentlemen, I have listened to what you have said, and I wish to ask you if there is anything else that I can do to increase the efficiency of this army?"

"They were silent for some time, when he repeated the question, with greater emphasis: 'Is there anything that I can do to increase the efficiency of the army?' General Longstreet, General Bragg being present, said:

" 'Mr. President, I think there is. I think it would be advisable for you to give us another commander, for General Bragg does not seem to have the confidence of the majority of the officers of his command.' The President then said that it was very easy indeed to suggest new commanders, that even General Lee had been criticized, and it had been suggested to him to remove General Lee and appoint to the command a younger and an abler officer than General Lee.

" 'And, gentlemen,' he said, 'it will be very easy to find a younger man than General Lee,' leaving the inference that he could not find an abler. Said he:

" 'General Bragg is present, and will remain in the conference, and I would like to hear your views.'

"I then said: 'Mr. President, as the youngest officer present in this conference, as it is the custom of council for the younger to give his opinion first, as you desire my opinion, I must say that General Bragg has not my confidence as a commander. In the recent Kentucky campaign I think he lost many advantages which he could have taken, by what was defective judgment, and I do not think that he is a proper commander for this army.'

" 'Why,' said the President, 'General Buckner, General Bragg recommended you for promotion in this recent action.'

"Said I: 'Mr. President, I certainly would not be deserving of it if I did not frankly tell you my opinion when you demanded it.'

"The next in rank was General Cheatham, who, with a good deal of force, in his frank manner, declared that he had no confidence in the ability of General Bragg to command that army. General D. H. Hill, the next superior in rank, then stepped up and said that General Bragg's course was so different from General Lee's, under whom he had served—he seemed to take no precautions to find out the position of the enemy, and seemed to be completely at a loss when the time of action arrived—that

he had lost all confidence in him and thought he ought to be replaced.

"The President received these suggestions perfectly cool and collected, and in the best and most amiable spirit in the world. We then all united in saying: 'Mr. President, we have expressed our opinions to you frankly, and if you consider it proper and your duty to retain General Bragg in the command of this army, we think it due to him that you should replace us by officers who possess his confidence.'

"That was the substance of the interview."

"Did General Bragg have anything at all to say?" I asked.

"Not a word."

"Did he seem angry or disturbed?"

"He seemed to be a little confused," replied General Buckner, "but sat there without a word and didn't offer to withdraw. We all spoke our minds very frankly and freely, and without any temper whatever."

"Then what did President Davis do after the conference; what was his next step?"

"After the conference he left the army, you know, and retained General Bragg. He left the army and returned home in a day or two."

"How long was it after that before the battle of Missionary Ridge?"

"It was a month or more."

"And General Bragg remained in command then until the battle of Missionary Ridge, and the same officers remained under him?"

"Yes."

"What were you referring to particularly in regard to Bragg's mistakes in command of the Army of Tennessee?"

"I don't know that I can express it better than I did to the President. One day during his visit to the army he went to the top of Lookout Mountain. I had a splendid horse and I sent my horse around to him for use on that occasion. He rode with first one officer and then another. During this ascent while he was riding with me, he said:

"'Now what do you think of General Bragg's efficiency; what is your candid opinion about him?'

"I said: 'Mr. President, I think I can best answer your question by saying that the chief fault of General Bragg as a commander is his want of imagination. He cannot foresee any difficulties that may interfere with his plans; he forms, perhaps, a good plan, but he cannot foresee any difficulties that may interfere with it; therefore, when they overtake him he is overwhelmed, and when he would not listen to the combined advice of all his officers before this occurred, he is then so overwhelmed that he would lean upon the advice of a drummer boy.

"I think his chief mistake in the Kentucky campaign, which preceded Chickamauga some time, was the fatal mistake which he made before the Battle of Perryville. He could have fought that battle with about 42,000 good soldiers. Buell's force was divided; his right had reached Perryville with considerable force, but he was eight or ten miles off himself, and on the eve of the battle, General Bragg, instead of concentrating all his army on this exposed point, dispersed his army in four different directions. He moved three brigades of Cheatham's division to rejoin Hardee at Perryville; one division to be sent up towards Salvisa, down the Kentucky River; he sent Kirby Smith back to Lexington, or rather to Versailles, I think; and Humphrey Marshall back to Lexington, so that when the battle which he contemplated fighting began two-thirds of his army were in full march away from the battlefield when they ought to have been in the battle. When the battle closed they were from thirty to forty miles away from it.

"He fought with about 15,000 men, when he could have fought with 42,000 and overwhelmed the enemy.'

"How many did Buell have?"

"Buell had altogether about 70,000 men, but he had at Perryville not over 20,000, I suppose.'

"Did the other officers know that they were contemplating having a battle there at Perryville while he was dispersing his forces?"

"I had been detached from the army by General Bragg for a few days and on returning to rejoin my command at Harrodsburg I received a report from a secret service man that I had with Buell's army. On receiving it I went to General Bragg at once. I told him:

““Here is a man who is perfectly reliable, who has been marching with the enemy’s army from Louisville for a day or two past; he has come to me with this information. Buell’s force amounts altogether to about 70,000; he has a part of his force now at Perryville, pressing General Hardee, who is in command there; his main body is at Maxville, west of this place some ten miles; and some ten or twelve miles from Perryville. Another part of his force has moved up in the direction of Lexington. That is the position.”

“General Bragg looked over a little map he had of Maxville and said: “My cavalry does not report any force in Maxville.” I said: “General, I think my information is correct. This is a perfectly reliable man; I think it is correct, and it would be advisable for you to concentrate your whole force to General Hardee’s support.”

“Well, he said, his cavalry had not reported any force at Maxville. Besides he said, some of the enemy had gone up towards Lexington and he was going to send a division up there and send Kirby Smith back. Said I:

““General, if that is the case, for the much stronger reason should you concentrate all your whole force at Perryville, because General Hardee reports that he is hard pressed there with his corps. The enemy moving in that direction threatens your communications. Being as near to Danville as you are they threaten your communications; by concentrating your force there you can overwhelm and crush them and secure your communications and threaten his and place yourself between him and Louisville.”

“He said that he did not think so. I was in despair. It occurred to me, here is an opportunity to end the campaign in Kentucky gloriously. I went to General Leonidas Polk, who was there, and told him what I had said to General Bragg. Said I: “He won’t listen to me.” I told him what I had said, what the enemy’s positions were, and my reasons for concentrating the army. Said I: “Go to General Bragg, General Polk; you are next in command to him, and he will listen to you. He won’t listen to me, but you may persuade him to concentrate his army instead of dispersing it on the eve of the battle,” and

I went on and joined my division at Perryville. General Polk came in that night, and I went over to see him. I asked him if he had seen General Bragg. He said: "Yes, I went to him." I said: "Well, I hope you persuaded him to concentrate his force here." He said: "No, I could not do it. When I urged it upon him, he said: 'Why, General, the enemy are divided, and we can afford to divide, too, instead of concentrating.'"

"The enemy was in considerable force at Perryville. It turned out that Buell was at Maxville, as my man had said, and the wind not being in that direction, he, I suppose, did not hear the battle, and remained there with a large body of his force. I don't know the exact force of the enemy at Perryville, but we had part of Cheatham's division, and mine, and Anderson's division, and Wheeler's cavalry. I think this was the only force there. The rest of the army was dispersed in different directions. The battle was opened, General Bragg being present himself. First, the artillery fired, then we charged and broke through their center and their left. Their right repelled Anderson's division, which was on my left, but Cheatham's division and mine won their ground and captured some artillery, and Wheeler made a charge of cavalry, a very brilliant one. The battle continued until sundown, and when it closed we were holding possession of the field.

"General Bragg remained there that night. Next morning he called a consultation of the officers, at his bivouac, and while there a courier came in and reported that the enemy was advancing on a certain position. Bragg seemed overwhelmed, didn't know what to do, and made some expression which showed his hesitancy and almost despair. General Polk said: "General Bragg, I don't think matters are in as bad condition as you think they are. This army can easily be drawn off, though the enemy is evidently being reinforced. I can draw the army off to Harrodsburg without any loss, I think, at all." General Bragg said: "General, I wish you would do it." He left it to General Polk, mounted his horse, and went to Harrodsburg, and left Polk to bring off the army, which he did, without losing a man."

"It was generally believed, however, by the generals and commanders under General Bragg that the withdrawal was necessary at that time, was it not?" was asked.

"Oh, it was necessary at that time," replied General Buckner. "It was necessary at that time because two-thirds of his army was thirty or forty miles off."

"To what do you attribute the fact, if you consider it a fact, that Bragg never took advantage of either his victory at Stone's River or at Chickamauga?"

"Well, I don't know; I wasn't at Stone's River myself; I had been detached to the command in the Mobile Department. I wasn't present there."

"Why do you think he did not take advantage of the situation at Chickamauga?"

"I do not know."

"Didn't the officers generally think it was a wrong course to pursue?"

"Yes, I think so."

"And didn't they think that Rosecrans ought to be pursued into Chattanooga?"

"Yes."

"What do you take it was Bragg's reasons for not doing this, or did he ever give any reason for it?"

"He never gave any reason. I suppose he thought he had won a great victory and that was reason enough."

SURRENDER OF FORT DONELSON

After he had told of the conference between President Jefferson Davis, General Bragg, and his generals, General Simon Bolivar Buckner, the senior surviving officer of the Civil War, was asked to tell of the fall of Fort Donelson, and the incidents immediately preceding this event, the first great disaster to the Southern arms in the West.

It will be remembered that at the battle of Fort Donelson General Floyd was in command, General Pillow was his chief lieutenant, and General Buckner was third in command. After several days of hard fighting, in which first and last the Confederates had about 15,000 men, General Grant had a much larger army, which was constantly being augmented. It was decided by the three officers highest in command that no feasible course

was open except to surrender. Generals Floyd and Pillow deeming it best not to allow themselves to fall into the hands of the Federal authorities, made their escape and left Buckner to surrender the troops.

On the day before the surrender the Confederates had made a fierce sortie from the fort, having the day before whipped the Federal gunboats on the Cumberland River. This sortie was successful in that the Union troops were driven from the field. That night, General Forrest, with about 800 troops, left the fort, escaping over a portion of the field of battle and by fording a lagoon or bayou saddle-skirt deep.

While General Buckner's course was commended by President Davis, and while he was promoted from the rank of Brigadier-General to that of Major-General immediately after his release from a Northern prison, there have been those among the Confederate soldiers who claimed that the surrender was unnecessary and unwarranted.

Heretofore General Buckner has steadily refused to discuss his action at Fort Donelson further than to refer for his vindication to his official report to the Confederate government. In this connection it may be stated that the fact that General Buckner refused to desert his troops, and preferred to share their fate at a period in the war when it was uncertain what would be the fate of Confederate officers of high rank captured by the United States forces, and when it was not known whether they would be treated as prisoners of war or executed as traitors, had such influence with the people of Kentucky that it cut quite a figure in elevating General Buckner to the gubernatorial chair in his native state.

General Buckner having agreed to give any information in his possession in regard to the fight at Donelson, the question was asked:

"I believe, General, you led the Confederate forces on the day before the surrender in an attempt to open a way out from Fort Donelson, and succeeded in driving the enemy back pretty much everywhere?"

"Yes, this is correct, except that General Floyd himself was in command, and General Pillow was my senior.

"I made the suggestion. A council had been called the night before, after the gunboats had been beaten, to determine what we should do. We had heard the enemy had received 11,000 reinforcements that day. This made them three or four times our strength.

"The council was called by General Floyd, to determine what was to be done. Finally I said:

" 'General Floyd, the only recourse left to us is this: We are about 12,000 strong; we have been fighting with some loss all the while; it is terrible weather; the enemy is of overwhelming strength; our defenses are very imperfect; I am on the extreme right, and my defenses consist simply of a few detached redoubts not connected by any work.'

"I was on the extreme right covering the battery, my defenses consisting of a few detached redoubts not connected at all, and open country between. Said I: 'I had entrenching tools which I brought with me, but they were taken from me and distributed to other commands. I have not a pick to make a work; the enemy is in overwhelming strength, and receiving reinforcements all the time. The only recourse left is to mass ourselves on the left and make a sortie to get out.' That seemed a novel idea to him, and he adopted it at once."

"That contemplated going in a southerly direction, coming south?"

"Yes, coming south, to mass on the left, push their right back and get on the Wynn's Ferry Road, toward Nashville—cut our way out, in other words. That plan was adopted, and I offered with my division, which was well disciplined, to act as the rear guard of the army; to take a position where the army could file out behind me, and I would cover the retreat. That plan was adopted.

"That was the night before the last battle. An order was given to make a sortie, to assemble the troops for that purpose. General Pillow was on our extreme left, and moved out to attack their extreme right. I came next to him. There were some other troops on the height and in the defenses, and I don't know what orders had been given to them. General Pillow commenced the fight, and made a gallant fight there on the right.

He attacked the enemy, and I attacked them in their flank, from my position. We beat them back, opening a roadway fully two miles wide. I took up my position on the right of that, facing the enemy, who were out of sight then—they had been beaten back—took up my position to act as the rear guard, expecting that the rest of the army would file out behind me and I would close it up. There was no movement of that sort at all. I was there perhaps for an hour—along towards noon, I reckon, 10 or 11 o'clock anyhow. Finally, I received an order from General Pillow directing me to leave my position, to fall back inside of the works and resume my position on the extreme right two miles from where I was. It amazed me, and I hesitated to obey it, and although it is a difficult thing to disobey an order of a superior on the field, I hesitated, and remained a while, hoping to hear from General Floyd. The order was reiterated by General Pillow. I then commenced my retrograde movement, and I had scarcely commenced it when I met General Floyd in person who seemed surprised that I was falling back, and he asked me, with some sternness, 'What does this mean, General Buckner?' I answered:

"'I am obeying an order, sir, of General Pillow, who has reiterated it, directing me to come within the works, and to resume my place on the extreme right,' Said he, 'What do you think of it?'

"I said: 'It means, sir, the loss of the army. We have fought, General Floyd, to cut our way out, we have succeeded, we are out now, the road is open for you to move the army, now; I am here in a position to cover the retreat, the army can file back behind me, the artillery and all' He said:

"'I agree with you; halt until I see General Pillow.'

"He went back. I saw him pass the works and join General Pillow on a little eminence that overlooked part of the field. They were in conversation perhaps ten minutes, I remaining in my position, when General Floyd sent one of his staff officers to me, directing me to obey the order of General Pillow. I returned and got back to my position, but before I reached it, the enemy had already taken the abandoned works and left me without any works at all, to defend the little eminence behind. I

had a heavy fight there to do it. We had thrown away the victory."

"Do you know anything about what passed between Pillow and Floyd?" was asked.

"Nothing at all," replied General Buckner.

"I have been told that Pillow, who was a very enthusiastic man, had told Floyd, 'why should we leave? We have whipped them; let them leave.'" was suggested.

"The idea," said the old soldier, "of 56,000 men leaving 10,000 or 12,000!"

"When did General Floyd realize that the army was lost?"

"That night. As I tell you, I had a severe fight to hold my interior position; my works had been taken before I got there; we charged, and found a few men belonging to some Tennessee regiment, I have forgotten which it was now, who were cooking their dinners in the trenches; not even looking out. The Federals had charged, taken the works, and captured these men. Just at that moment I arrived in sight, and I opened an artillery fire on them, and held my position.

"That night we were summoned together to a council. The whole situation was discussed, and as General Floyd says in the report, it was unanimously agreed that if the enemy had not reoccupied their ground we should move out at once; they had received reinforcements as large as our whole force was then, with the losses we had sustained. As General C. F. Smith of the Federal army told me, they had fought 37,000 men in the action that day against our 12,000 or 13,000; they had actually fought 37,000.

"The council being assembled, the question was discussed, and all agreed that an attempt should be made to go out if the gap opened during the day had not been closed up. The question then arose how we were to find out. So General Floyd sent for Colonel Nathan Bedford Forrest, and told him he wished he would make a reconnaissance to learn the actual situation, whether this ground could be reoccupied. He was gone maybe a couple of hours. He returned, and said that he had made a personal reconnaissance and that the enemy had reoccupied

their position in the trenches from which they had been driven in the morning.

"A report of one of the men who had made the reconnaissance was published in one of the Louisville papers some time ago, showing that instead of Forrest's making the reconnaissance it was under Forrest's order, and Forrest assumed that he had made it personally. He reported that the only way to get out was to wade, through the water—a lagoon of backwater from the Cumberland River."

"You know, General, that it has been claimed that instead of that gap being closed up that you had opened the day before, that there were fires built by some of the wounded soldiers on the battlefield, that these could be plainly seen, and that this was what caused the Confederates to believe the gap had been closed up."

"It may or may not have been," General Buckner replied, "but I will tell you about the conference. It was then considered whether we should hold our position, or what should be done, rather; and it was suggested that we resist another attack of the enemy.

"I then remarked that part of my works had been taken in my absence; that I had no works, and nothing with which to throw up anything, and that I could not hold my position against their strong force a quarter of an hour, which I could not do, because that was a perfectly open place, and that the attempt to oppose these reinforcements would have been perfectly futile; that if we could not cut our way out, the only way was to resort to some negotiations, a capitulation of some sort. General Floyd said—(this I have never had published because I did not care to publish it. I don't suppose there is any harm in it, I talked about it afterwards). General Floyd said:

"My relations with the enemy are of such a character, having been Secretary of War, with unjust charges brought against me, that under no circumstances will I allow myself to be taken alive; I would rather make a dash to get out, even if I be killed. I don't think, however," said he, "that it would be right in me to sacrifice my men because of my own personal feeling in my own case; I therefore will join with General

Forrest and we will try to cut our way out; I would not subject the men to massacre, which would result from a useless defense, because of my own personal feelings.'

"General Pillow then spoke up. Said he: 'General Floyd, I think there are no two men in the Confederate army that the Yankees would so much like to get hold of as you and me; don't you think I ought to go with you?'

"Floyd said, with some sternness: 'General Pillow, that is a question, sir, I will not answer; every man must decide it for himself.'

"General Pillow then turned to me and said: 'General Buckner, what do you think of it?' Said I: 'General Pillow, I can only answer as General Floyd did: It is a question for every officer to decide for himself. For my part, sir, I think it my duty to remain with my men and share their fate, whatever that may be.'

"Pillow then hesitated a moment. 'Well,' said he, 'General Floyd, it will be far more pleasant to be at home in a comfortable bed than to be in a Yankee prison, and I will go with you.'

"The command then devolved on me, they both having left. It has been said by some of General Pillow's friends that he left because he would not surrender, and that we ought to have made further resistance. The best answer to that—a complete one—is if that was his view, his duty was to stay there. He was my senior and had a right to stay there and should have stayed and exercised his authority.

"General Floyd left on a steamboat which came down while the conference was in session, but General Pillow went on horseback and crossed the river."

"How many troops did General Floyd take with him on the steamboat?" was asked.

"I think about twelve or fifteen hundred," was the reply.

"Did your works come right down to the river?"

"The town of Dover was right on the river bank and Dover was inside of our lines."

"After Forrest had got out, Overton, as I heard, Overton's cavalry attempted to follow him and the enemy had closed in

and drove him back. Their infantry drove him back, showing that they had closed up the gap."

"Do you think it would have been possible that night for that whole army to have escaped by wading that lagoon?"

"No, sir, they could not have gone in the dark; they could not have waded, it must have been waist deep, and it was cold, freezing weather; the army could not have taken it at all."

"Wouldn't they have been in danger of annihilation by the enemy anyway?"

"The enemy could have come in a few hundred yards of that place with the gunboats and massacred them."

"The point I am trying to make is this," said the writer. "While Forrest got away with seemingly practically little difficulty, if the whole army had attempted it, would it not have been a different proposition?"

"As my report shows," replied General Buckner, "they would have been between two fires, the enemy on the outside works and we not defending them, and the gunboats on the other side; we would have been between the two fires and would have been annihilated."

"The next day was the surrender?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many men did you surrender?"

"I had a field report made out and there were a little over 8,000 men."

"Where were most of those men taken after the surrender?"

"They were taken possibly to Indianapolis; I think some of them to Chicago."

"Then what did they do with you—where did they take you?"

"They took me to Fort Warren, at Boston."

"Tell us the story about your trip from Donelson to Boston," was suggested.

"If you want that story, I want to tell you what Grant did. All of the story perhaps it is not well to publish because it might excite a little bitterness. I had known Grant at West Point and in the Mexican War. At the time he resigned from the army before the Civil War I had done him some little kindness, which he appreciated. After the surrender he called at my quarters to

see me. He was very kind and civil and polite. The next day the weather was terrific, and my people were suffering a good deal, and I took Major Hayes of my staff with me to call on General Grant to ask him to make some disposition for the comfort of my men. I went to his boat, which was on the river and which had come up to Dover. In approaching the boat we passed the Second Kentucky Regiment bivouacking out in the cold; they cheered me as I passed near them. I went aside to try to comfort them a little, and the troops from the boat knew who I was, and they prepared for me. As Hayes and I put our feet on the gangway to go on the boat, the band struck up 'Yankee Doodle' as a good tune for me to march by. I walked on without noticing it, of course, and went up and inquired for General Grant. They told me he was in the ladies' cabin holding a council. I went back. He had all his principal officers holding a conference with them. When it closed I went up. Grant received me very kindly and introduced me to the various officers—a dozen, I suppose, officers seated. Just then the band ceased playing. Well, a colonel from Illinois, whose name I do not recall, thought the time had arrived to demolish me completely, and as the band ceased he said, with quite a sarcastic tone:

"General Buckner, doesn't that tune remind you of the glories of the old flag under which you once fought?" It was intended as an insult, and I expected Grant to reprove him, but as he did not do so I thought a fair question demanded a fair reply, so I said:

"Yes, Colonel, it does, but it suggests more vividly an incident that recently occurred in the Confederate army."

"They all looked around and inquired what the incident was. Said I:

"A Confederate soldier, for some serious offense, was sentenced to be drummed out of the service, and as is the custom, you know, Colonel, on that occasion the field music struck up 'The Rogue's March,' when he indignantly turned to them and said: 'That is not the tune; play Yankee Doodle, for half a million rogues march to that every day.'"

"Sam Hayes was the only one that laughed at my joke. Having answered the Colonel, I sat down and proceeded with my business. I turned to Grant and told him the condition of my troops; that they were suffering very much; that it did not seem to me that there was any need of it, because there were plenty of steamboats there on the wharf; and they could get some shelter in them from the terrible weather. He said:

" 'I am newly arrived here; my staff is not organized completely, and I find difficulty in doing this.' Said I: 'General Grant, my staff is perfectly organized, and I place them at your disposal, for this purpose.'

"He hesitated a moment, and then sat down and wrote an order directing his troops to obey any order I might give in respect to the comfort and movements of my own troops. A remarkable thing. I then left. He always recognized a favor that had been done him. When I left the boat it was dark. He followed me to the front, and going out on the guards, said:

" 'Buckner, you are, I know, separated from your people, and perhaps you need funds; my purse is at your disposal.'

"I thanked him, of course, but did not accept his offer, but it was a recognition of the kindness before referred to, which I had done him.

"I was put on a boat and taken down the Cumberland River and up the Ohio. Just before the war Governor Willard of Indiana had died. He was a resident of the city of New Albany, opposite Louisville. At that time I had organized and commanded the militia at Louisville. They had none at New Albany, and the authorities there sent over requesting me to send more troops to escort the remains of Governor Willard from Jeffersonville down to New Albany, his home. I went myself with them. I had paid the honor of the military for their governor, who was a good fellow. We marched down in the dust. They seemed very much gratified, very grateful, but no occasion had arisen through which to manifest their gratitude until I was taken prisoner. The boat landed at New Albany in the night some time. We were left lying at the wharf. I had taken my breakfast, and gone out on the bridge, and while there the mayor and a committee from the Common

Council of New Albany waited upon me, stated how much they appreciated my courtesy in extending to them an escort for the remains of Governor Willard; that they had not had occasion to acknowledge it before, and they had now called upon me to offer me the freedom of the city.

"'Well,' said I, 'gentlemen, I certainly appreciate this, for freedom in any shape would be very acceptable to me now, but here is a gentleman, Captain So and So, who has charge of me at this moment, and you will have to apply to him about this question of freedom.' It shows you how little people knew what war was at that time. I was then taken to Jeffersonville. They did not land me at Louisville. They took me to Jeffersonville, and thence to Indianapolis, where they quartered me for a night or two."

"Were your officers with you?"

"No, I was alone. They separated me from everybody else. They quartered me there in the Custom House, and Colonel King, an officer of the United States army, had charge of me there. In a few days Colonel Cutts of General Halleck's staff came with orders from General Halleck to escort me to Fort Warren at Boston and immure me there. I accompanied him. We received various demonstrations from the populace, not of a very flattering character as a rule. I had been joined by General Tilghman, also a Confederate prisoner, at Indianapolis. At Buffalo there was quite a demonstration of the populace—hooting and howling. There was no demonstration given us except hooting and howling and hissing. We went on through, and at Rochester, Cutts said 'I have telegraphed orders to have your meals brought in the car.' I protested against it. Said I, 'Colonel Cutts, General Tilghman and I are unused to public life, and you want to deprive us of these popular ovations.'

"Well, we went on. A terrible snow storm overtook us as we reached Albany, New York. Colonel Cutts came to me and said: 'I have just learned, General, from a dispatch from Albany, that there is an immense mob gathered at the depot; I do not wish you to be insulted, and to avoid anything of that sort here is my cloak, you are in uniform, throw my cloak around you.' It occurred to me if I submitted to any disguise there

would be no end to the ridicule. Said I: 'Colonel Cutts, of course your motive is very kind, sir, but I am a Confederate soldier, and this is my uniform. I do not propose, sir, to disguise myself to prevent your people from disgracing themselves. I appreciate your kindness, but I cannot accept it, sir.'

"Finding I would not do it, he stopped the train short of the depot and took me out before we got there and took me to the hotel. He meant it very kindly, you know. I was almost sorry that I could not accept his offer.

"After reaching Fort Warren, and after being at large a few days with the other prisoners, I received a message from Colonel Dimmick, who was the commander of the post and a kindly gentleman whom I had known in the Mexican War, to report to him. On reporting, he said that he had received very unpleasant orders with reference to me—the most unpleasant orders he had ever received. Said I: 'What is it, Colonel?' Said he: 'It grieves me very much but I am a soldier, and I have to execute the order; it is the most disagreeable order I ever received.' Said I: 'Colonel, tell me what it is.' 'I have received orders,' said he, 'from the government to put you in solitary confinement, and not to permit you to communicate with anyone.' 'Well,' said I, 'Colonel, I will endeavor to make my imprisonment as agreeable to you as possible.'

"I had to console the old fellow; he was a good and kind man, and he had tears in his eyes as he spoke. He said: 'I will assign you to a casemate that is under my quarters here; it is a comfortable place, and my daughter has sometimes occupied it.' Said I: 'Please make my apologies to Miss Dimmick; say to her that it is the first time I ever turned a lady out of her quarters; that I apologize for it, and won't do so again if I can help it.' Well, it passed off pleasantly that way. Tilghman at the same time was put in solitary confinement. He was on the opposite side of the hall. This was General Lloyd Tilghman, who was captured at Fort Henry. The sentry was between us, right in the hall. He was in the casemate next to me. We were not allowed to communicate with anybody. I made the good old Dimmick the means of my communications with those outside.

"Before going to Donelson I had an arrangement to get information through the Federal lines, and to conceal it we had a cipher message which was to be sent by newspapers. We would take a column that was attractive and mark it so as to communicate the message. Under certain letters we used dots which indicated the message sent. The key to the cipher was the first verse in Genesis. You could read the message with that key; without that key you couldn't do it.

"Colonel Dimmick used to come occasionally to see me in my quarters. He came one day and said: 'Your staff officer, Major Cosby, has arrived; he has been in Louisville among your friends, and sends a great many kindly messages from your friends there.' It immediately occurred to me that I would make the old fellow be the means of communicating with Cosby, as Cosby was familiar with the cipher. 'Well,' said I, 'Colonel, give my regards to Cosby, I cannot see him because I am not allowed to see anybody, and please present him the message from me, that I hope from the general wreck that we have sustained he has saved his Bible, and if so I want him to read it, from the first verse in Genesis to the last of Revelations.' I knew the old fellow would deliver my message; he was a conscientious man. He did deliver it, in those words. Cosby was immediately expectant. He understood my allusion. I received a Kentucky paper, and one day I asked the Colonel's permission to give this paper to Cosby; in the meantime I had dotted my message to him. Cosby received it, and said to his fellow prisoners: 'Gentlemen, here is a message from the General.' They all looked over it, but they could not see any message at all, and he pointed it out to them, and then read it. In that way we managed to keep up communication, and I kept up communication with Tilghman in the same way. I had to make several attempts, because he knew nothing of the cipher. I used to send papers to him. Finally I wrote on the paper. I knew he knew French. I wrote in French, calling his attention to the dotted letters in a particular column, and he understood it, and there was my message. We maintained a sort of correspondence in that way during the rest of the imprisonment.

"I was kept in solitary confinement a little over five months and then we were exchanged. I was exchanged for an officer of the regular army from Pennsylvania, I do not remember his name. As soon as I reached Richmond I made my report of the battle of Fort Donelson to the Adjutant-General, and was immediately promoted to Major-General, and ordered to report to General Bragg in the Kentucky Campaign at Chattanooga."

"What was it about, Lee's request?" was asked. "Didn't Lee make a request for you to be assigned to his command?"

"Yes, but it was decided by the President to send me to the western army. I made no request for my assignment; I always took my chances as they came."

"Were you ever wounded during the war?"

"Yes, I was scratched at Donelson; my cap was knocked off. That was the only time during the war. A fragment of a shell first struck my head, knocking my cap off. I received a wound in the Mexican war, in my ankle. That was by a musket ball. I was lame a good while from it, but it never disabled me at all. It caused me to limp a little.

"There is one thing, by the way, I think would be interesting to you. I saw in the *Confederate Veteran* (a magazine) a month or two ago some inquiry of someone about the battle flag—the blue field with an oval white center. It was used by Pat Cleburne's division, and the inquiry was made as to the origin of that flag. I can give that. Riding with General Johnston at Bowling Green, soon after he had assumed command there, he said that he wanted a battle flag so distinctive in character that it could not be mistaken for the flags of either nation, and asked me to think it over and suggest something to him, and that he would think about it. After thinking over it, I went to him and said: 'General Johnson, I suggest to you to select a flag which has no artistic taste about it, but which is perfectly distinctive and could not be mistaken for either of the other flags; it is a blue field with a white oval center; it cannot be mistaken; there is no red in it at all; it cannot be mistaken for either of the other flags.' He adopted the suggestion, and my wife made a flag for each regiment there at Bowling Green with her own hands, and under General Johnston's orders they were

distributed to the regiments with directions that they be unfurled only in action. The first time the battle flag was used was at Donelson, by that portion of my division that went with me. The troops that I commanded mostly fell to Hardee's command afterwards, they continued to use this flag, and it came to be known as Hardee's Battle Flag. That is the history of that flag."

"How did General Pat Cleburne happen to have it?" was asked.

"His troops had been with Hardee. You see that was my division. I turned it over to Cleburne; he succeeded me when I was sent to Mobile after the Kentucky campaign."

"After leaving Mobile I came back and was placed under Bragg's command and joined him for the Chickamauga campaign."

It was 12:30 o'clock a. m. when this point in the conversation had been reached. Time had sped rapidly in the hospitable sitting room, before a roaring log fire, but "The Gray Eagle of Glen Lily" was still wide awake, and showed no signs of fatigue, notwithstanding the eighty-six years that had rolled over his head. A beautiful collie was sound asleep at the old warrior's feet. A lady present, being more considerate and perhaps a trifle less interested in war stories than the male visitors, suggested that it was time to allow the household to retire.

"Just a moment," said the General as he filled his long-stemmed cob pipe and handed cigars to the other men present, "before we separate may we not be allowed to burn incense to the goddess?" with a stately bow in the direction of the sleepy divinity.

While the "incense" was being burned the General told several stories, one of which will be of especial interest to Nashville people, as incidentally it illustrates the sunny temperament and ready wit of the late lamented Colonel Jere Baxter.

General Buckner, as might be inferred, is very fond of dogs and carries in his repertoire a number of good dog stories. He told this one between pulls at the long-stemmed cob pipe:

"An officer stationed at a post on the Great Lakes had a little dog of which he was very fond. One day a friend who had a big St. Bernard joined him for a boat ride. The little dog, as

is characteristic of little dogs, was very frisky, and in capering around fell overboard. The big dog at once went to the rescue and in a few minutes came swimming back with the little dog in his mouth. The latter seemed overjoyed and full of little-dog gratitude for his rescue, and capered around the big dog with great delight. Nothing more was thought of the matter until some days later, when the troops at the post were drawn up for dress parade. Suddenly the little dog rushed through the line of soldiers and across the parade grounds to the big dog that had just appeared. He evidently told the big dog something of much interest, for they both dashed back across the field, regardless of drum and fife, bugle, brass buttons, and blue uniforms. In a remote corner the little dog began to scratch and in a few moments unearthed a large bone, which he presented to his friend."

General Buckner said that some years ago he told his story to a Nashville man whom he met on the train. Some time later he met the Nashvillian again, when the latter said:

"General, that was a good dog story."

"Yes?" replied the General doubtfully.

"When I got home I met Colonel Jere Baxter in the Maxwell House and told it to him; and what do you think he said?"

"I cannot imagine. Perhaps he told a better one," said the General.

"No," replied the gentleman from Nashville, "he just held up both hands and exclaimed: 'And yet people say that I'm a liar!'"

It is safe to say that no one who ever heard of Colonel Baxter's comment on the story enjoyed it more than did General Buckner himself.

A FIGHTING REBEL SOLDIER

When I knew Dr. Thomas F. Berry, he was a practicing physician around sixty years of age. He lived in Louisville, Kentucky. He was a quiet, affable man, polite and unobtrusive. He was active and moved with the springy step of a boy. No one would ever have picked him out as one of the greatest daredevils that ever wore the Confederate gray. Yet a careful examination

of his strongly marked countenance revealed the fact that he was no ordinary man.

A few years before his death he left Louisville and went to Oklahoma, where in 1914 he published a book of reminiscences of his war experiences. Some of the facts there recorded, and other facts gleaned from many personal interviews with him, form the basis of this article.

During the war he was wounded twenty-one times. Bullets passed through his chest, through his abdomen, legs, and other portions of his body. Many bones were broken, and several of his wounds were pronounced fatal. He was captured thirteen times, and thirteen times escaped. He escaped from the Columbus, Ohio, prison when under a death sentence, and escaped almost miraculously from Rosecrans' camp at Tullahoma, Tennessee, when under sentence to be hanged within the hour as a spy.

And yet he was fighting with Captain Charles Quantrell and with his brother, Captain Samuel O. Berry, known as "One-Armed" Berry, when the Confederacy finally collapsed.

After his escape at Tullahoma, Tennessee, General Braxton Bragg gave him a captain's commission. He served most of the war with Morgan and Forrest.

He was born in the Kentucky Bluegrass in 1833. When fourteen years old he followed his father into the Mexican War as a supercargo, and when his father met him on the Rio Grande, he threatened to whip him, but finally allowed him to march with old "Rough and Ready," Zachary Taylor, into Mexico. On his return to Kentucky he studied medicine, and went with a scientific expedition into South America. When twenty-seven years of age he joined General John H. Morgan (then Captain Morgan) and marched south, not to return permanently until after the last shot was fired.

After all the major armies of the Confederacy had surrendered he joined General Joe Shelby's command and marched into Mexico, and became affiliated with the French cavalryman, Dupin, "The Tiger of the Tropics." He was commissioned by the French authorities to recruit troops from the soldiers of the Confederacy; and it was while in Kentucky on this mission that he fell in with Quantrell, then trying to make his way from Missouri to Mary-

land, and with his brother, "One-Armed" Berry, the famous Kentucky guerrilla, who died in a Federal prison in New York after the war, while serving a sentence of ten years.

He was with Quantrell in his last battle in Wakefield's barn, when the great guerrilla was fatally wounded; and was with Frank James and a few others when they visited Quantrell, after he had been removed to Wakefield's house, and tried to induce him to let them take him away in a horse litter. Quantrell refused on the ground that he was fatally wounded and would only encumber their retreat.

A short time afterwards Dr. Berry and his brother, "One-Armed" Berry surrendered with the assurance that they should be treated as prisoners of war. Instead both were condemned by court martial to be hanged. Dr. Berry then sawed his way out of prison and escaped; while his brother's sentence was commuted to imprisonment.

Dr. Berry, with a few choice spirits, went back to Mexico and joined Dupin. When the French troops were withdrawn from Mexico, Dr. Berry went with Dupin, served in the French army in Algiers, and then returned to Louisville to spend the rest of his life in peaceful pursuits.

The Berry family history is remarkable. Dr. Berry's great-great-grandfather served under Marlborough in his European campaigns. His grandfather was in the Revolutionary War. His father and several of his brothers were in the Confederate army. The father had, I believe, an unparalleled record. His name was Samuel O. Berry, and his famous son, "One-Armed" Berry, was named for him.

After having served in the Mexican War he joined John Morgan as he was fighting his way out of Kentucky. He was then in his 100th year, and was with the army or in prison until the war closed. He then returned to Kentucky and died in his 109th year. I do not believe this record has an equal. The nearest approach to it, so far as I know, was that of the old Moor, told about in Washington Irving's "Conquest of Granada," who was an active campaigner against Ferdinand and Isabella, when ninety years of age.

"One-Armed" Berry was one of the most noted guerrillas of Kentucky during the last half of the War Between the States. With him served "Sue Monday," whose real name was Jerome Clark, McGruder, and others. This guerrilla captain and his brother, Dr. Thomas F. Berry, probably killed as many men with their own hands as any soldiers of the Confederacy, except a few sharpshooters.

"One-Armed" Berry was the last man anyone who knew him in his youth and young manhood would have suspected of ever becoming a desperate fighter. He was a mild man, a schoolteacher by profession and a minister of the gospel.

He had not contemplated entering either army until his mother was mistreated and his sister killed by a band of home guards which had raided their home. The sister's death was caused by a bayonet thrust.

After this he was a changed man. He raised a band of guerrillas, sent for Dr. Berry, and began his bloody career. They knew all the men in the raiding party, and hung around the Federal army where they served; and, as they came out singly or in small groups, they were captured, taken into woods, and executed by one of the Berry brothers. Forty men were killed.

"One-Armed" Berry was afterwards regularly enlisted in the Confederate service, though he always fought under the black flag, neither asking nor giving quarter.

Jerome Clark ("Sue Monday") was a native of Simpson County, Kentucky, the son of a farmer. He was not, as has often been erroneously stated, the son of Beverly L. Clarke, the Kentucky Congressman. The error has no doubt been due to the fact that John Mosby, the famous Confederate raider of Virginia, was a son-in-law of the Congressman. John Mosby studied law in Beverly L. Clarke's office.

Dr. Berry never considered himself a rebel, but a free American citizen fighting for his rights under the Constitution. Having served under two famous guerrillas, his brother and Quantrell, he also considered the guerrillas, as a rule, high-class American citizens, fighting to avenge wrongs perpetrated against themselves or their families.

The story of Joe Shelby's expedition into Mexico is an American saga yet to be written, but Dr. Berry in his reminiscences gives enough of it to show the kind of men Shelby and his soldiers were, and the dangers they encountered penetrating into the heart of the country of the Montezuma.

One of Dr. Berry's reminiscences of Shelby's march will suffice in this article:

John Thraikill was a Missouri guerrilla, one of the most desperate men in Shelby's command. One evening around the campfire he was telling stories of his remarkable adventures. Anthony West, one of the listeners, expressed doubt as to one of Thraikill's narrations. The latter walked over to West and slapped him several times in the face, remarking: "Is this real; and this?" The result was a challenge from West. Captain Gillett was West's second, and Ike Berry, Dr. Berry's brother, was Thraikill's second.

Dr. Berry said in regard to the preliminaries:

"Terms were agreed upon. They were savage enough for an Indian. Colt pistols, dragoon size, were the weapons; but only one was to be loaded. The other, empty in every chamber, was to be placed alongside the loaded one, and a blanket thrown over both, leaving the butt of each weapon exposed alike, so that there would be no appreciable difference between them. He who won the toss of a coin was to make the first choice. Thraikill won. The loaded one and the unloaded pistol lay side by side in the tent. Thraikill walked into the tent whistling a tune. There lay the pistols. There was no difference in appearance. West stood behind watching him with a face that was as set as flint.

"Thraikill drew first. His eyes ran along the cylinder; the pistol was loaded and he smiled. West's pistol was empty. The terms were ferocious, yet neither second had practiced deceit, nor protested against them. It appeared now that one man was to murder another because one man had been lucky in the toss of a dollar. Thraikill had the right under the cartel to fire six shots at West, before West had the right to grasp even so much as a loaded pistol. Thraikill was noted for his deadly skill with the pistol. The meeting was to be at sunset."

It was Sunday and a great Mexican cocking main was to be held that day at the town of Lenores, nearby, in honor of Gen-

eral Shelby, who, with his command, was invited to attend. Many of the soldiers were present, including Thrailkill and West. Both gambled excessively, the former always losing, and the latter, who was to be shot by his antagonist at sundown, always winning.

Thrailkill was entirely strapped when one of the principal events of the day was about to take place. Captain Gillett, West's second, approached Thrailkill and offered to lend him money to bet. The latter refused. Then Gillett proffered him money, saying if he won he could pay it back, but if he lost Gillett was to say whether he should kill West. The loan was accepted, and Thrailkill bet and lost.

The sequel may be stated in Dr. Berry's own words:

"West took his place as a man who had shaken hands with life and knew how to die. Thrailkill had never been known to be merciful. And this day above all days, the chances were dead against a moment of pity or forgiveness . . .

"West stood full in front of his adversary, certain of death. He expected nothing beyond a quick and speedy bullet, one which would kill without inflicting needless pain. The word was given. Thrailkill threw his pistol out, covered his antagonist, looked into his eyes, and saw that he did not quail. Then, with a motion as instantaneous as it was unexpected, lifted it over his head and fired into the air. Gillett now took the weapon."

One remarkable episode in Dr. Berry's war career cannot be overlooked in even a brief review—his escape from Rosecrans' army near Tullahoma in 1863.

Dr. Berry was with Morgan's command on the Cumberland Plateau, when General Morgan ordered him to report to General Bragg at Chattanooga. General Bragg told him he wanted him to select eighteen men to take a message to the Confederate forces at Johnsonville on the Tennessee River. He was told that the chances were that they would all be killed or captured, but if they succeeded in getting the message through, it probably would save an entire Confederate division. The instructions were that if the man carrying the message were killed, it was to be taken from him by one of his associates, and so on, so that the survivor or survivors would have the message.

Practically all the territory between Chattanooga and Johnsonville was occupied by the Federal forces. Berry called for volunteers and from the large number that came forward selected eighteen men. They encountered many difficulties and a number of them were killed before they reached Johnsonville and delivered the message.

On the return trip all the men in the party were killed or crippled except Berry. Traveling alone he was at last captured and taken to Rosecrans' camp on Duck River, near Tullahoma. He was tried by court martial as a spy, because he wore a Union uniform he had captured, and was condemned to be hanged.

At 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon a young officer rode up to the prison tent, with an order for the execution at 5:30 o'clock. A few minutes later a tornado burst, the sky became black, the thunder pealed, and the lightning cut zigzag across the sky. The young officer's fine horse broke away from his rider and ran wildly through the camp. As the horse passed the prison tent Berry ran out and mounted him. The confusion was great as tents were being blown down. Berry rode to the river and swam his horse across. As he looked back, the sun burst out as suddenly as it had disappeared. The camp was in wild confusion, tents down, and men and horses struggling in water three or four feet deep. He then rode on to Chattanooga and reported to General Bragg, as the sole survivor of an expedition whose mission had been accomplished.

"The message to Garcia" is insignificant by comparison.

After his return from Algiers, as already told, Dr. Berry led a peaceful life for years as a physician in Louisville, but he still "had sand in his craw." He was always interested and active in politics, and was a warm personal friend of Colonel John H. Whallen, then the Democratic political boss of Louisville. He often visited Colonel Whallen at his office in the Buckingham Theater, owned by the Whallen Brothers, John and Jim. On one of these visits Colonel Whallen told the doctor he would like for him to look at his pet bulldog that was sick back behind the wings of the theater. The doctor, though not a veterinarian, gave the dog some medicine, and after that dropped in every day to see how his canine patient was getting along.

On the last visit he walked back alone behind the scenery, and the dog, beginning to feel natural, jumped up and seized the doctor's thumb in his teeth; then shut his eyes and lay down. Scorning to call for help, the doctor got his knife out of his pocket with his free hand, opened it with his teeth, kneeled down on the dog and plunged the blade into his heart. For weeks afterward the doctor went around with a thumb that looked like it had been bitten by a rattlesnake.

In belief, Dr. Berry was an orthodox Christian, and when his earthly labors were finished he passed on with an abiding faith that he would meet Morgan, Forrest, Quantrell, "One-Armed" Berry and many other old friends in a happy reunion in eternity.

CHAPTER IX

MISCELLANEOUS STORIES

NANCY McKENZIE, A PIONEER HALF-BREED

In the summer of 1884 the berry crop was a failure in the Washington Territory mountains. There were no red haws, no service berries—nothing that the bears love to eat. So the bears left the mountains and came into Colville Valley to get fat for their winter hibernation. You know a bear wants to get fat before his long sleep, so that he will still be fat in the spring when he wakes up. And, strange as it may seem, he does not lose his flesh during the winter.

Well, that fall, with all this in view the bears came into the valley. There were old bears and young bears, mother bears and half-grown cubs. It seemed like they were all there, and that none could have been left in the woods.

There were a few cabins in the valley occupied by white settlers, more occupied by half-breeds, with Scotch and French fathers brought over by the Hudson Bay Company many years before, and quite a number of wigwams occupied by Indians. There were four or five white women in the valley, which was very fertile, and produced much provender for man and beast, and this the bears had discovered.

The bears were everywhere, in the thickets and swamps along Colville River, clear and deep and full of fish, in the pine groves and wandering about the hay fields. They even came up to the trading post of Chewelah and climbed trees right in front of the trader's store.

Consequently everybody went bear hunting. Henry Brown's boy lassoed a mother bear and dragged her along with the cub following. Most everybody laid in a supply of bear's meat.

I was riding by Nancy McKenzie's comfortable log cabin, and saw Nancy hanging up and examining a bear skin she had just stripped from a fat carcass.

"What are you doing, Nancy?" I asked.

"I was just looking to see how many bullet holes were in the bear's skin," she replied, "and I find," she said with a smile, for she never laughed, "there is only one."

Then she told the story. She had been hunting in the swamp on the Chilcharlamouse Creek a short distance above her cabin and shot the bear. She said:

"Just then I saw Dr. Morgan with his Winchester rifle also hunting bear. The bear was jumping around, and I was afraid he would get away, as my rifle shot but once, and I called Dr. Morgan and told him to shoot the bear. Then the bear quieted down and the doctor said he had killed him for me, and I got my pony and brought the bear home. And there is only one bullet hole in his hide," she concluded.

The doctor referred to was Dr. Edwin L. Morgan, then resident physician for the Colville Indian Agency. He died a few years ago in Washington, D. C., where he was long prominent in his profession.

Nancy was one of the remarkable products of pioneer life in America. She was shrewd, gentle and kindly in her manners, and talked but little—this trait from her Indian mother. Her shrewdness came from her Scotch father, who had been a Hudson Bay enlisted man, but had "gone native," and joined the Indians. He adopted their dress and mode of life and became a leader among them. It was said that he headed the party of savages who murdered Dr. Whitman, the first missionary in the Northwest Territory and who was probably more responsible for securing Oregon and Washington as a part of the United States than any other one man.

Nancy knew the ways of the wilds, and wild life; she was a dead shot, and loved to hunt. She had spent most of her life with wild and half-wild men and she knew these men and was fond of them. She was a man's woman. She knew how to minister to them when they were sick, and bind up their wounds when they had been shot, cut, or thrown from a horse. She would take a sick or wounded man into her cabin and care for him until he was well; she would take charge of a drunken man and look after him until he was sober. It would be hardly going too far

to say Nancy conducted the first free hospital for men in the great Northwest.

At the time referred to Nancy was a widow. Her husband, Patrick McKenzie, a Hudson Bay man, who it was said could put a bullet through a finger ring seventy-five yards away, had been dead about a year. Her only son, little Patrick McKenzie, had recently died with tuberculosis, leaving his mother his two hounds, enormous hunting dogs, almost as large as Great Danes. So Nancy was standing alone, and though she talked little and never laughed she was not cast down. She was helpful to others and was not sorry for herself. She went about her business as usual.

She had forty acres of rich land, but only cultivated a small garden. She used the rest for pasture and hay for a few horses and cattle. She dressed deer skins and other pelts and made moccasins and gloves of buckskin for sale and also sold buckskin to the pioneers. She sold cured venison hams during the winter for twenty-five cents per ham. She also knew how to cook venison, which is a lost art in present civilization; and she could even cook bear meat so that it was fit to eat—if you do not believe that is art, try it.

It was in the early fall that she made her preparations for the long winter. Then she saddled her cayuse pony, took three or four pack-horses, called to the two big hounds, and started for the mountains. She would not be seen again until the snow began to fly, and then she would return, her pack-horses loaded with venison and bear meat and with the skins of the animals she had killed.

And now if you should ever happen to visit the thriving town of Chewelah on the Chilcharlamouse, you will probably find that the little sparkling stream is now a sewer, that Nancy's cabin has gone. Nancy herself has hit the long trail, and who will dare say she lived in vain. She did not know a letter in any book, but she could make herself understood in three or four human languages. She knew the language of the sun, the stars, and the moon, of the wind and the rain. She knew the forests, the mountains, and the prairies, the streams and lakes and the fish that swim therein. She knew how to take care of herself, and how to

minister to others. She gained her knowledge from God's university, and knew how to use it. I am almost persuaded she was the best educated woman I have ever known.

BRÜISING THE SERPENT'S HEAD

Everybody, I believe, is more or less interested in snakes. Some people are afraid of them, some find pleasure in killing them, and practically all normal persons have a sort of inborn antipathy towards the wise serpent.

I was born and reared in a rattlesnake and copperhead country. I suppose I have killed a thousand snakes, certainly several hundred, and consider myself fairly well familiar with these reptiles.

The first exciting episode in my young life was when my father killed what was reputed to be the largest rattlesnake ever seen in Logan County, Kentucky, up to that time. Seventy years later my brother killed a rattlesnake of about the same size in the same neighborhood. These snakes were diamond-backs, handsome with diamond-shaped markings. They were about six feet long and two and one-half or three inches in diameter. I was less than a year old when the first incident happened, and, of course, do not remember it, but I have heard the story narrated so many times that I have a picture of the entire scene in my mind: The family seated at dinner before the open door, the baby (that's me) in a high chair. Tom, the Negro slave, calls out:

"Marse Billy, git yore gun and come here quick."

Great excitement! The entire family, except me in my high chair, rush to the door, my father carrying a long single-barreled shotgun, which he had hastily snatched from the gun rack on the wall. There, a few feet from the door, stretched out in the sun is the monster snake. Tom stands nearby with a stout stick with which he is afraid to strike. The house cat begins at the snake's tail and, after walking down his back, takes a seat on his head, the snake lying perfectly still. Tom calls out:

"Marse Billy, kill dat cat; it's a witch."

The cat leaves, and "Marse Billy" shoots the snake's head off.

Soon after I no longer sat in the high chair, they began teaching me Bible stories—how Adam was the first man, how his wife, Eve, came about, was tempted by the serpent, succumbed and dragged Adam down and out of the Garden of Eden with her; how Methuselah was the oldest man; Samson the strongest; Solomon the wisest, etc. I never could understand how any normal woman could be tempted by a slimy snake.

From this beginning I began to hate snakes. Even as a little boy I would kill garter snakes, black snakes, and chicken snakes. As I grew older I would kill rattlers and copperheads, the only poisonous snakes in that part of Kentucky. Indeed, scientific folk have told me that these two varieties and the cotton-mouth moccasins are the only poisonous snakes in the South, east of the Mississippi. But this article deals only with actual facts and not with scientific theories, which are not always facts.

In my pursuit of snakes I made no distinction between poisonous and non-poisonous varieties. All kinds were my victims.

Tink Winlock, a husky slave, used to eat rattlesnakes, "provided," he would say, "he was able to kill them before they bit themselves." An unscientific theory was that when he saw he was going to be killed, a rattlesnake always committed suicide by biting himself. I never saw one do this, because, I suppose, the rattlesnakes that I killed never thought I would be the victor. They tell me now you can buy canned rattlesnakes, which epicures consider a delicacy.

My first rattlesnake murder was that of a beautiful little infant that I found coiled in a fence corner. He was bright and shiny and had a button at the end of his tail. All rattlers are born with this button, and the rattles develop later, but the button is always at the end of the rattles. The common belief in the rattlesnake country is that a rattle develops every year; but scientists say this is not correct, that sometimes more than one rattle develops during the year. Take your choice.

Once traveling through the Colville Indian reservation in Washington, with a cavalry company, two officers, and a surgeon, we camped for the night on Omack Lake. Nixon, the soldier cook, prepared supper, spread it on an oilcloth, and then spread four oilcloths around, one for each member of the mess. We were

not very observant of points of etiquette, and as each man finished he got up and began to roam around. Finally the surgeon was the only one left. He, feeling something squirming under his oilcloth, got up to investigate and yelled like a wild Comanche:

"I was sitting on a rattlesnake, six feet long and with nine rattles and a button."

We looked but could find no snake, and insisted he was needlessly alarmed. "Besides," we told him, "you could not have counted the rattles on the snake, in the brief glimpse you got of him."

Nixon, the cook, was methodical and thorough, so he got a stick and began a search, and at last found a little snake about two feet long, with three rattles.

The Indians had been sullen and unfriendly, and the soldiers were telling one another we might be attacked that night. We always wanted an early start, as the days were hot, so the next morning Nixon had breakfast ready at 3 o'clock, and as was his custom went around and awakened each member of the mess by scratching his head and announcing breakfast. The surgeon was much startled and tried to shoot Nixon, claiming he thought he was a sneaking Indian. Nixon finally convinced him he was a friend and not a foe. The rest of us were not certain whether the surgeon had really made a mistake, or was trying to kill honest Nixon, because he had exposed the dimension of that snake the evening before.

Once up near the British line I killed seven large woods rattlesnakes in one day. But they are not so vicious as the little prairie rattlesnakes. One day I was walking along a cattle trail and nearly stepped on a little rattler; I stopped and killed him, and then began to watch out for his mate, for the theory is that the mate is always nearby. I found him or her, whichever it was, and killed it. Then I concluded I would leave that snake-infested trail and go back to camp. Within a few yards I killed another snake, and then walked with great circumspection back to camp.

I never knew a man to die of a snake bite. I knew one Indian who was bitten on the foot. As a result his leg sloughed off up to the hip joint. After that he used a long pole, about like those the athletic vaulters use. He was as active as a cat, and could

move much faster than I, and could jump on and off his horse with great agility.

I knew another Indian bitten on the thumb, and a white man bitten on the back of his hand by rattlers, but both got well after swelling enormously. An Indian always sucks a snake bite if he can reach it; and, if he cannot reach it, he gets a squaw to suck it for him. The regulation price a squaw charged a white man for such service was two bits.

I have known many horses with enlarged legs from snake bites.

I knew one boy bitten by a copperhead. His father gave him an ounce of whisky, and the boy got well, in spite of the whisky, which, notwithstanding its great reputation, is about the worst possible medicine for such emergencies. Whisky stimulates the circulation and quickly distributes the poison through the entire system.

The best emergency treatment is to make two or three cuts with a knife across the bite, tie and twist a string above the wound, and suck the wound. This will generally do until you can reach a doctor.

In my youthful days I had a big dog named Bolivar, after the South American hero, but called Bull for short. I always introduced him to ladies as Bolivar, because in those antiquated times it was considered bad manners to mention such a thing as a bull in female society.

Bull was the most persistent, ferocious, and successful snake hunter I have known. In snaky localities he always walked ahead of me, and never failed to kill any snake in our pathway.

My smart old Negro friends used to warn me to look out for hoop snakes, that grabbed their tails in their mouths and rolled at you like a hoop, until they could stick their horns into you. They also taught me that snakes had feet which were not visible unless they were thrown into the fire. I respect their opinion, but never saw a hoop snake or a snake's feet, though I have burned many a one. The Negroes told me a whip snake would coil around you and whip you with his tail.

My wise friends also told me there were jointed snakes. If you struck one he would fly all to pieces, and after you had gone

the head piece would go around, collect all the other pieces, and join the snake together again.

We boys finally found a hollow on my father's farm infested with this kind of snake. They were beautiful little fellows, as slick as glass, and looked like sticks of candy painted with cochineal. They would fly to pieces when you struck them, but though we watched long and faithfully we never saw one gather himself together again.

The most vicious-looking snake in all North America is the spreading adder, dark and ashy-colored. I do not believe a cobra in India looks more formidable. He will spread out his head and neck as wide as three or four of your fingers and hiss most viciously. If nervous, you will retreat. But he is a great bluffer. All the time he is threatening you he will be backing off towards a brush pile or some other place of concealment.

A perfectly truthful and reliable friend told me that once when he came in contact with a mother spreading adder she opened her mouth, and all her little adders ran into it. Then he killed the motherly old reptile, cut her open and found and killed eighteen little snakes. It is said that other mother snakes will do this, but no one of them ever performed the feat for my edification.

All snakes can swallow objects larger than themselves. If you kill a snake with a knot in his stomach, cut him open. Sometimes you will find a young rabbit, a hen's egg unbroken, a bird or a frog, sometimes alive, and other things. That's why I believe a boa constrictor can swallow anything from a rabbit to a Bengal tiger.

On two occasions I have killed snakes swallowing toads. In both instances the toads were about half swallowed, and sat there, seemingly resigned to their fate. The snakes themselves seemed uncomfortable and unhappy. When I killed the snakes the toads crawled away.

If you dream about snakes it is a sign you have enemies. If you kill them in your dream it is a sign you will prevail over your enemies. If not it will be just too bad for you.

I have dreamed about snakes many a time, but never yet dreamed I killed one. Maybe that's why I have had so much bad luck.

JOE BLACKBURN AND ED MARSHALL

Joe Blackburn, the "unbeaten and the unbeatable," and his talented cousin, Ed Marshall, were making a joint canvass for the Democratic nomination for Congress in the old Ashland District. They were both magnetic speakers. It was generally conceded that Blackburn had the more magnetism, but that Marshall had the brighter intellect. This, however, is not our problem.

They discussed the Civil War, lauded the "grand old Commonwealth" and flayed the Radicals, then stirring the country to its depths with their "Reconstruction" infamy in Washington. One day Blackburn decided to get out of the beaten path. He discussed the more serious phases of government, especially dealing with the coinage and financial situation.

In his reply Marshall followed the trend of his previous speeches, calling on the eagle to scream and the welkin to ring. In conclusion he said he thought it hardly necessary to reply to the more serious portion of Blackburn's speech. "For," said he, "when my friend Blackburn attempts to discuss national finance, he reminds me of a duck, floating on the bosom of the broad Atlantic, drawing two inches of water and totally unmindful of the fathomless depths beneath."

OLD TOM AND YOUNG "MARSE" LESLIE

Few Negroes were soldiers in the Confederate army during the sixties but thousands of them went with their young masters into the war as body servants. Thousands besides these were hired or loaned to work for the Confederate cause, constructing fortifications, manning steamboats, and discharging other duties. They shared the dangers and hardships of their masters and many a faithful slave has borne "Young Marster" off the battlefield after he was wounded, nursed him to recovery or closed his eyes in death.

The War Between the States had just closed. The Confederate boys were coming back to devastated and poverty-stricken homes. I was a little boy, but wide awake. The sun was just peeping over Buzzard Knob. I had come early to see the new-fangled machine, that had supplanted the old groundhog thresher, start. A trim, well-

dressed young man drove up in a buggy. Nice as he looked he owned the thresher, and was going to "feed" it that day in spite of his fine clothing.

The fence corners were full of tall weeds that were soaking wet from the heavy dew. The young man started to climb the fence, but his Negro servant was ahead of him. He took the young man on his shoulders and carried him through the weeds to the stubble of the wheat field. He wanted to save those fine clothes, all unmindful of what would happen to them when the wearer began to "feed" the thresher.

The young man was Leslie Waggener. His servant was old Tom, who had followed him through the war. Waggener left Harvard University when the war clouds gathered, came home, took Tom and enlisted in the Confederate army.

After the war his old father, who had lost a leg in a skirmish between the Yanks and Rebs, still retained some of the wealth he had possessed before the murderous invasion. He had backed his son in the threshing enterprise.

At the wheat threshing was the first time I ever saw "Marse" Leslie and Tom, though I was to see much of them in the years to come, when I was sent to college. Leslie Waggener had become the teacher of English in the college, and was destined to become president of a university, and one of the greatest and most successful educators in America.

Young Waggener stood on the platform ready to rake the sheaves of wheat from the table into the thresher mouth, while the horses bumped and jerked in many a false start before they could begin their orderly march around the horsepower, that set the machinery in motion.

That day I witnessed the most wonderful scene so far in my young life, as the separator chewed up the straw and sent it out on a carrier to be stacked, while golden grain flowed through a spout into the half bushel measures which were rapidly emptied into sacks.

Tom and his master had passed through many more stirring scenes.

It was at the end of the first day's fight at the Battle of Shiloh that Waggener was bored through the chest with an ounce ball and left for dead on the battlefield.

Then came Tom searching for "Young Marster," for some of the soldiers had told him Leslie had been wounded. The soldiers were in an exultant mood for the Confederates had succeeded at every point that day and were seeing the destruction of Grant's army on the morrow. Not so with Tom. He remembered old Marster's and old Mistress' instructions to take care of their boy. He found the young soldier, apparently lifeless, and began to try to revive him.

The captain of the company, John W. Caldwell, himself with a broken arm in a sling, came by.

"Leave that dead man, Tom, and come and help some of these soldiers who have a chance to recover," was the stern command of the captain, seven of whose men lay dead upon the field.

For once he met unyielding insubordination.

"I won't leave 'Marse Leslie,'" sobbed Tom. The stern captain, who had a tender heart within his chivalrous bosom, turned and walked away.

The tearful Tom picked his young master up and threw him across his shoulder. The clotting blood, which was suffocating the young man, began to pour down Tom's back, and when he reached the hospital tent the patient regained consciousness, while a silk handkerchief was being drawn through his chest to cleanse the wound. It was Waggener's position on Tom's back that caused the blood to flow and saved his life. If he had been hauled in an ambulance he would have died.

Needless to say, Marse Leslie recovered and lived for many years. He never forgot old Negro Tom. He kept him in his own home and supplied his every want, and when Tom died gave him a Christian burial.

At Harvard University, Waggener was a roommate and friend of Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, who was for many years afterwards a Harvard professor. Waggener went in the Confederate army, while Shaler volunteered in the Federal army. They then lost sight of one another for many years.

After the war Shaler served for several years, on leave of absence, in initiating and carrying on the geological survey of Kentucky. In his autobiography Shaler tells the following story:

"From a captured officer who was not, as I remember him, from his regiment, I learned shortly after the battle of Shiloh that Waggener had been killed on that field. My informant had seen him dead upon the ground at the close of the action. As was the way in those days, I bade him farewell with but a fanciful grief and thought little more about him. In 1874, being then state geologist, I happened to be in Russellville, Kentucky. It came to my mind that my friend was from that place, and that he had kindred there. With this memory came a grief for his loss I had not felt before. Thus moved, it occurred to me to seek his family. I was directed where to find some of them, and set out for the place. On the way, I encountered a man whose shape led me to say, 'Sir, are you a kinsman of Leslie Waggener?' To which he answered, 'That's my name, sir.' 'But,' I said, 'the Leslie Waggener I have in mind was killed at Shiloh.' 'No,' he rejoined, 'he wasn't killed, though he was left as dead. There's no other Leslie Waggener and never has been.' While I silently stared at him, for once in my life quite nonplussed, he in turn said, 'You look like Nat Shaler.' I told him that was my name, but as if repeating my words, he said, 'The fellow I mean was killed at Stone's River; Jim —, who knew him well, saw him lying dead.' I answered him that there were two good reasons why that wasn't true; first, that I was not at Stone's River, and second, that I was very much alive. At this stage of our strange business, we sat down on a box in front of a store and gaped at one another. The odd part of it was, as we afterward remarked, that there was in our hearts no trace of our old mutual affection. The situation was almost disgustingly odd. Each had long accepted the other as dead and the sometime love did not find its way back. Waggener was the first to recover his balance enough to start conversation. He began by asking me something about Coolidge (a college mate), who was killed at Shiloh. Then he told me the reason for his question. The story ran as follows: Waggener was with the force that broke the Federal line where the Sixteenth Infantry was stationed; as the shattered remnant went back, he saw Coolidge (a Federal soldier) standing in his place with the point of his sword up, making what the soldiers called a 'defy.' Waggener recognized him, knew that his signal of no surrender would quickly lead to his being shot, and ran toward

him. When he was a few score feet away, he was himself shot, and did not recover consciousness for some days thereafter. I should hesitate to tell his improbable story but for the fact that I wrote down what passed at that strange meeting. It should be said that the dead friendship between Waggener and myself quickly revived and lasted to the end of his beautiful life, in 1896. He became President of the University of Texas, but was finally borne down by the wound he received while trying to save his friend from the death he strangely sought."

CAPTAIN JOHN W. HEADLEY JOINS HIS COMRADES

Captain John W. Headley, Secretary of State of Kentucky during the administration of Governor John Young Brown and a gallant soldier of the Southern Confederacy, died eight years ago in Los Angeles, California, where he had spent the evening of his life with his children. He was about ninety years of age, but was ill only for about ten days.

He served during the Civil War in Colonel Bob Martin's regiment in John Morgan's brigade. When Colonel Martin was detailed to make his way into Canada through the Federal lines and instructed to select one man to go with him, he chose young Headley. They were together in the army from start to finish. They were among the first men to enlist, for both feared the war would be over before they could get a chance to fight the Yankees; and they were with President Jefferson Davis when he dismissed his escort, Headley starting sorrowfully back to his Kentucky home with twenty dollars in gold he had received from the remnant of the Confederate treasury. On the way he overtook a fellow Kentucky soldier on foot and gave him half of the twenty dollars. Many years later the infantryman obtained Headley's address and sent him a check for ten dollars.

Colonel Bob Martin, as well as Captain Headley, was excluded from the general amnesty because of his activities on the Canadian border, went to Mexico, after President Davis had refused his offer to select thirty men and take him with them through the hills of Northern Alabama, through Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas into Mexico. Martin afterwards returned to Kentucky and

became a prominent factor in the tobacco trade in Louisville, where he died some years ago.

After the war Captain Headley also engaged in the tobacco business, being a partner in the tobacco warehouse of Rice, Headley & Givins in Louisville. He was active in politics, and once made the race for the Democratic nomination for Congress in the Fifth Kentucky District.

He had a good command of English and wrote elegantly. He was the author of an interesting history of the Southern Confederacy.

Some years ago he retired from active business and he and Mrs. Headley, who died a few months before her husband, went to Los Angeles to live with their children.

He was one of the soldiers at Fort Donelson who came out with Forrest the night before the surrender, and while Bragg's army was at Murfreesboro, he was one of Morgan's scouts who constantly harassed the Federal outposts around Nashville. It was while engaged in this service that he met Miss Mary Overall of Triune, who afterwards became his wife. Miss Overall was a militant Rebel, engaged actively in smuggling arms and supplies through the Federal lines from Nashville, delivering them to Morgan's scouts.

It is hardly necessary to say that Captain Headley was a man of approved courage and unimpeachable integrity. His exploits and those of his colonel would have taxed the imagination of Alexander Dumas. Had he known them there would in all probability have been only two, instead of "Three Musketeers." Young Headley fairly worshiped Bob Martin, who always selected him to share his most dangerous exploits. Both were men of vivid imaginations with a keen sense of humor, and they reveled in the devil-may-care border warfare of the dashing John Morgan. In Canada they danced with the girls and became experts on skates—sometimes also they skated on very thin ice. Thirty years later while Secretary of State at Frankfort, Kentucky, Captain Headley was the best ice skater in the state capital.

He was twice captured while on scout duty around Nashville. On the first of these occasions his hands were tied and he was put on a horse behind a Federal soldier, and started to prison. He

talked and joked with his captor, and managed to free his hands. Then as the troop marched through a dense wood he jumped from the horse and took to the bushes. He finally climbed a tree, and though the soldiers searched the woods he was not discovered.

On the other occasion he was captured and brought to Nashville. It was early in the night and he was taken to a room in the City Hall Building, filled with soldiers and prisoners. He was put in charge of a recruit from somewhere beyond the Mason and Dixon's line. He made friends with his guard, who was a green young boy; told him he was very hungry, and proposed that if the guard would take him to a restaurant he would buy a good meal for them both. The young guard finally agreed, and they went to a restaurant on Cedar Street, where they had supper. Then Headley walked up to the cashier's desk to pay the bill and jumped out the door and escaped. He said the crowd opened to let him pass and then closed up to impede his pursuer.

He wandered around until late at night, not knowing which way to go and afraid to ask. Finally, near the Old City Cemetery on Fourth Avenue, he peered through the window of a cottage and saw an old couple sitting by the fire. He knocked on the door and when admitted frankly told his story and asked their help, not knowing whether they were Union or Southern, but trusting to their goodness of heart. They took him in and gave him citizens clothes with which to replace his uniform, gave him directions and started him on his journey back to Bragg's army, telling him they had a boy in the Confederate service.

When Captain Headley and Colonel Martin were detailed for service in Canada, they passed themselves off as Union refugees from the South, and assumed a similar role after they reached Canada, when sent as spies across the border into the United States. When they reached a city the first thing they did was to hunt up the Federal headquarters and tell the officers their tale of woe. They would be wined and dined by the officers, would play poker with them, and in turn would entertain the officers, for they were "rich Southern planters, temporarily away from home." In fact they had been supplied bountifully with money by Jacob Thompson, who had some millions of dollars, the proceeds of Southern cotton that had run the blockade.

They were associating with the Union officers in Cleveland and advising with them, when Captain John Wise Beall and others were plotting the liberation of the Southern prisoners on Johnson's Island. They were deep in the plot, but were never suspected, though Captain Beall paid the penalty with his life, for he was captured and executed, his last request being that he might die with his face toward the South.

Headley and Martin were two of the dozen men who attempted to burn New York City, the object being to terrorize the North.

These young Southerners hid themselves away to the metropolis. There they found a musty chemist from whom they purchased four or five dozen bottles of a decoction known as Greek Fire. Each boy registered and took a room at three hotels, making thirty-six hotels. At a given time each went to one of his hotels, entered his room, set it on fire, locked the door and went to the next hotel. In this way some thirty-odd hotels were on fire at the same time. The entire fire department was called out and extinguished the flames. The excitement was great, but the Greek Fire did not prove very effective. The young Rebels were much disgusted, and denounced the chemist as an arrant fraud. They all escaped save one young fellow, who sauntered over to Barnum's Museum, after setting fire to his three hotels, to see the sights and enjoy himself. On the steps to the building he dropped a bottle of his Greek Fire, which blazed up and caused a panic among Barnum's employes and humbugs. He was arrested as a dangerous pyromaniac and locked up, but was finally released when he explained that the liquid was harmless Fourth of July fireworks, and he had dropped it just for fun.

Finally it was evident that the Confederacy was in dire distress. Jacob Thompson summoned Martin and gave him a message to take to President Davis. The message advised Mr. Davis that there was only one chance left for the success of the Southern cause. That was for General Lee to abandon Richmond to its fate, and by a flank movement to elude Grant, march up the Shenandoah Valley and across the Potomac and Maryland into Pennsylvania; live on the country and lay it waste with fire and sword, establish fortified posts as far north as Lake Erie; and thus cut the northern

territory in two. This could be done and a demand for peace be created before Grant could organize a pursuit.

Martin set forth on his mission, and as usual took Headley with him. They made their way to Louisville, stopped at the Louisville Hotel and at once called on the Federal commander. The Federal officer loved horseflesh and so did Headley and Martin. He took them around on Walnut Street and showed them his fine horses. He could not know what a kettle of fish he was cooking for himself.

In the meantime Andrew Johnson was coming to Louisville. The two "refugees" hunted up half a dozen more "refugees," hired a hack and planned to kidnap Johnson and take him for a ride to Richmond. Luckily for Johnson and perhaps also for the "refugees" he elected to stay on the steamboat which brought him to Louisville.

It was time for the plotters to be on their way; so they went around to the stable of the officer before mentioned, bound and gagged the guard and hostler, took two of the officer's best horses, saddles and bridles, left a note of regrets, signing their real names as Confederate officers, and started for Richmond. Reaching the mountains in Eastern Kentucky they left their horses and took the train. At Abingdon, Virginia, they were told of Lee's surrender, and that General Basil W. Duke in command of the remnant of John Morgan's gallant brigade had gone South with President Davis and cabinet. They must recross the mountains, regain their horses, and join their comrades. But the trains had quit running. In this dilemma they secured a hand car and employed some Negroes to take them across the mountains. Arriving at the crest, the Negroes deserted them, and they essayed to take the hand car down the grade by themselves. But alas! This was not work they understood. They could not manage the car on the steep grade. It got away from them, but they held on. They did not know whether they were going one hundred or five hundred miles an hour. At any rate they rode faster than any men had ever ridden before. What if someone had thrown a switch, or if they should meet a train, or run into a box car! But none of these things happened. The hand car ran down into the bluegrass and stopped. They got their horses and rode through Tennessee and Georgia until they found their beloved leader. You know the rest. The message was never delivered.

CAPTAIN ARCHIE BUTT AND ISAAC MARCOSSON

Two striking figures in American journalism were Captain Archie Butt and Isaac Marcossion. We were friends and associates in the distant past, when we were all three reporters on the Halde-man newspapers in Louisville, Kentucky. Both Butt and Marcossion were brilliant reporters. They refused to be chained to a dull routine and remain in the ruts. Each had a style of his own. Strange as it may seem, the rise to prominence of both was due to what at the time seemed to be journalistic disasters. Butt was a reporter on the *Courier-Journal* and Marcossion occupied a similar position on the *Times*. I was associated with the former on the *Courier-Journal*, but we met Marcossion every day. Both papers used the same local room, and when the *Courier-Journal* force came on in the afternoon, Marcossion was generally there finishing up some feature story or other work for the next day, and it was our habit to put in a short time together talking over the day's happenings and other things.

When Archie Butt lost his life on the Titanic, he had been military aide to two Presidents, Taft and Theodore Roosevelt, and was a captain in the United States army.

After the severance of his connection with the Louisville *Times*, Marcossion went to New York, where he at once took rank as one of the leading writers in this country on business and political subjects. He knows personally a great number of the leading men in America and in Europe. His articles are still a leading feature of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Butt was a native of Georgia, and was a member of a distinguished Southern family, Marcossion was a Louisville product. His brother, Sol, as a young man became a distinguished musician.

One time the city editor of the *Courier-Journal* determined to put on a day force of two reporters, which was expected to come to the office early in the morning, and work up everything possible, so that there would be a lot of early copy. Then they were to be relieved of night work. Butt and I were put on this job, and called one another "fellow day-laborers." We would come to the office early in the morning, and divide the day's work between us.

We thought we were doing fine. The evenings were ours and we went to theaters and disported our young selves in other ways.

But good things must end. One evening the city editor said: "Boys, we are in an awful mess. I am sorry but I will have to ask you to work tonight and help out." We worked eighteen hours that day, but did not mind it much, as it would be for only one day. Greatly to our dissatisfaction, however, it developed that the city editor got into an "awful mess" nearly every day. Things got serious and we went to the city editor and asked to be assigned again to night work. We did not like eighteen hours a day for work and only six hours for sleep and recreation. So we were put back into the night detail, and were "fellow day-laborers" no more.

The *Courier-Journal* had one of the periodical newspaper spasms of economy, and "let out" a number of good men, among them Arch Butt. The Haldemans were not hard-hearted on such occasions, and in reducing the force generally selected single men, with no family responsibilities, and Arch was one of these. I was more lucky than he, for I had a wife and a baby depending on me for support. Besides I was in Frankfort reporting the Legislature at the time, and was not visible around the office while the guillotine was at work.

Tom Watkins, the city editor, summoned Arch for a private conference. He was a sympathetic man, and did not relish the job that had been thrust upon him.

"Mr. Butt," said he, "I have a very unpleasant duty to perform."

"Don't perform it then," said Butt, "I know what it is, and do not mind it a bit, for I have been thinking I have been at a stand-still on the paper long enough. But I want to thank you for your kindness to me. I must have been a trying proposition when you took me in hand. You are responsible for whatever I have achieved."

That was Arch Butt, always, under all circumstances polite and appreciative. He knew how to approach men in all walks of life, and, so far as I know, was the only reporter who always had free access to Milton H. Smith, president of the L. & N. Railroad. When it came to reporters, Mr. Smith was a bear. He considered them unnecessary pests.

When Butt left the *Courier-Journal* he went to Washington, D. C., and became the Washington correspondent of the *Nashville Banner*, and several other Southern newspapers.

In this way he became acquainted with the President and other men prominent in governmental affairs. During the Spanish-American War he was given a commission, and was entrusted with a ship taking mules to the troops in the Philippines. After the war, he was military aide to the President, until he went to Europe and met his death on his way home.

"Stand back," he commanded, as the women were being taken off the Titanic. He was speaking to a man who was trying to crowd into a lifeboat ahead of the women. "Stand back, or I will break every bone in your body."

A woman, who was rescued, reported this command of the polite Captain Butt, who could be firm enough when the occasion demanded.

Captain Butt stood on the deck until the Titanic plunged beneath the waves, while the band played a sweet melody. His last recorded sentence was typical of the man.

After his death, letters he had written to his sister, giving intimate details of his daily service as a presidential aide, were published.

After Ike Marcossan had worked for several years as a reporter he considered himself "pretty good," and in line for promotion if "that old city editor ever should vacate." At last ill health caused the city editor to resign. This, thought Ike, was his chance. He was both right and wrong about it. A younger reporter was made city editor, much to Ike's chagrin. He got as mad as a hornet and resigned. He then kissed Louisville goodbye, and, as already narrated embarked in feature writing in New York. He soon took rank among the leaders in this line of work in the metropolis, and has never deteriorated.

After he became famous he came to Nashville to deliver a lecture; and I, being an old comrade, decided to give him a dinner. So I telephoned R. B. Beal at the Chamber of Commerce and asked him to get up a swell dinner. Then I invited a few choice spirits, with Ike as the honor guest. Ike belongs to the aristocrat among nations, but his Hebraic ancestry has bequeathed to him good common sense. So when we were all seated, said Ike:

"Morton, you know I cannot eat much, as I have got to lecture tonight, so I am going to save you some money. I only want a glass of milk and a piece of toast."

This frugal repast was accordingly ordered for him. It did not save me any money, as the order had already been given for eight guests; and while only seven dinners appeared on the table, the businesslike Mr. Beal very properly charged me with eight. So far as I know, this was the only failure Ike ever scored; but you will have to admit his intentions were good.

Like Arch Butt, Ike Marcossou could meet anybody anywhere at any time. That is largely responsible for his success. When he was a boy reporter he seldom missed any celebrity that came to town; and since he embarked in a larger field he has met most of the prominent men of the United States and Europe. Few Americans ever met as many crowned heads and statesmen and generals as he, though in recent years many of the crowns have toppled.

He has a remarkable faculty for establishing a friendship with the men he interviews. Among these might be mentioned Theodore Roosevelt, Lloyd George, Mussolini, Stalin, and Clemenceau, "Tiger" of France during the World War, and many others, including kings and princes.

These two sketches briefly outline the careers of Captain Archie Butt and Isaac Marcossou, both of whom had the unusual experience of having been figuratively kicked upstairs. If it had not been for the journalistic disasters referred to, neither, in all probability, would have reached the positions afterwards attained by them.

CHAPTER X

WHEN I THINK ABOUT THE OLD FARM

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME

The cows come home in winter, but not in summer. This proves that cows have some reasoning powers as well as memory. They figure that they will be fed when they return to the barn in winter, but when the sun is warm and the grass is green, they gain little or nothing by returning to the barn or the cow pen, which we boys had been taught to pronounce "cup-pen."

They reason that there will be nothing to eat in the barn or in the cup-pen, barring perhaps a little salt. What is the use in coming home to stand all night in a stuffy barn when they might as well be lying on the green grass, or in the woods, feeling the cool, clean earth beneath and breathing the fragrance from the wild grapevines in the woods. Neither are they in a humor to lie all night in a dirty cup-pen just to fertilize a spot where turnip seed can be sown in the late summer to furnish crisp turnips and turnip greens in the fall and winter for the human family and the sheep.

So it turned out that we Kentucky boys were expected to drive the cows home in summer. It was not so bad, for the weather was warm and pleasant and there was much of divertisement if the cows were in the big woods pasture. It was not so much fun when they were away off in a green field on the lower end of the farm, where the wild turkeys nested and gobbled. Then it was just walking through a dusty and smelly dog fennel lane to the pasture, and driving the unwilling bovines home. Often the milk would be trickling on the ground from distended udders, and the cows would moo and object, as they moved along with great deliberation under these discouraging circumstances. But the cows' breath would be as sweet as that of a new-born babe.

There were adventures as well as pleasures connected with driving up the cows, for there were rattlesnakes, copperheads, yellow jackets, bumble bees, and hornets, as well as birds and flowers in the woods. It is a good post-graduate or ante-graduate course to hunt the cows. I would not swap my experiences along this line for any year I ever spent in college. I learned the habits of the forest dwellers, of the nesting birds, their songs, and the ways of the wild turkey, the pheasant, the rabbit, the squirrel, the groundhog, the possum, the coon, and the fox. I also found out something about butterflies, bugs and worms, snakes and lizards, and other creeping things.

When I kicked off a toenail on a rock, I could bind it up with slippery elm bark and get instant relief. When a bee or wasp or yellow jacket stung me, I would rub the wound with three different kinds of weeds—any kind would do, just so they were different—to prevent swelling. When a bald-headed hornet stung me, I would go bawling home, without my cows.

We would kill all snakes we came across, and all the lizards that did not run away. There was a beautiful striped lizard we called a "scorapin," because that was what the old Negroes called him. They said this reptile was poisonous, and though he was entirely harmless, we killed him just the same. We learned later in life that when the Negroes said "scorapin" they meant scorpion, but the innocent reptile that suffered from a bad name was harmless.

Sometimes we would get a few thousand chiggers and seedticks on us at one time. Then we would smoke ourselves over a fire made of dried tobacco leaves, and grease all over with lard. That was effective, for so far as I know all insects breathe through their sides, and when their breathing apparatus is stopped up with grease the ticks and chiggers suffocate.

In those cow-hunting days I made acquaintance with the ruffed grouse. This is a beautiful, game bird, much like an overgrown quail. The males have a habit of "beating" for their mates. The noise they make is not unlike suppressed thunder. The old black folk, who were a great reservoir of wisdom and information for us boys, told us these birds made this noise by flapping their wings while perched on a log, and that their correct name was "pheasant."

Many a time I tried to verify the story of the "beating" by slipping up on the pheasants, but they were always smart enough to fly away before I got there. They were almost as crafty as a wild turkey. You can never slip up on a wild turkey. Their eyes are as keen as an eagle's.

Once I found a nest full of pheasant eggs. There were twenty-four of them. I took them home and set them under a hen. Only one egg hatched, and the little bird that emerged from that shell ran off the next day.

I never could understand how pheasants and quail could count so accurately. They always had exactly twelve or exactly twenty-four eggs in their nests.

One time one of those smart old Negroes found a nest of wild turkey eggs and brought them to my mother. She set them under a hen, but a day or two after they were hatched they ran away.

When cow hunting I would frequently run across an old mother quail, surrounded by a flock of her babies. We called them "patridges." When she would see me she would cluck to her children and they would all hide out, while she pretended to be crippled, in the hope that I would follow her and let the babies alone. If I followed her she would flap along for fifty yards or so and then fly away as swift as lightning.

One time when the mother quail told the little birds to seek shelter, I watched the latter while the mother tried to induce me to follow her. I saw one little quail run under a leaf, approached in my bare feet and picked it up. It was about the prettiest and cutest baby I ever saw, and while I was admiring it, it hopped out of my hand and disappeared.

I always wanted a pet coon and a pet crow. I knew a coon made a cunning pet and my colored friends had told me if you split a crow's tongue he could talk. I never could catch a young crow because the old crows built their nests in such tall, rough trees I could not climb them. One day my dog treed a young coon, but he was so inaccessible I ran to the house, got my little rifle and shot him out. I then picked him up, ran home, and forgot all about the cows.

Luck and misfortune seemed both to be on my side, for one of my old Negro friends one day brought me a young crow. How he

caught it I do not know, for he could not climb nearly so well as I. Another day one of my wise colored friends brought me a baby coon he had caught in his hen house.

I had my dearest heart's desire. I tried to teach the crow to talk, but he never learned anything but "hello." I dug a little cave for my coon and fed him bountifully. Disaster was on my trail, for a hard rain came and drowned my coon in his cave; and the crow, which was always hunting for something bright and shiny, swallowed the brass smokehouse key and died from indigestion.

One of my old Negro friends, who was wiser than the rest, consoled me the best he could by telling me a pet coon was full of devilment, and that a crow could not talk; that it could say only "hello" and it did not know what that meant; that the reason he said "hello" was because he was trying to say "caw! caw!" and couldn't because of his split tongue.

Sometimes when hunting the cows I would find one in a secluded place that had tried an experiment in perpetuating the species. The little long-legged calf would be lying in the bushes while the mother kept watch. I would pick up the little calf in my arms, for I always loved innocent young things, and carry it to the barn, the mother generally following quietly along. Sometimes a young cow is foolish and wants to fight, thinking you mean harm to her progeny. One of these once came at me with head down. I seized one horn in each hand and she threw me over the fence. I alighted on my feet without a scratch.

So you have a picture of some of the diversions, trials, and tribulations of driving up the cows; if you are skeptical, try it yourself and see how your knowledge will increase.

NEVER GET MAD WITH A HORSE

I was plowing at fine old mule and a mean horse, on our farm in Logan County. The mule was so amiable and powerful that she was a tower of strength when hitched with a wild young animal. The horse in question was four years old—old enough to know better. He had a habit of stopping three or four times every day when hitched to a plow, and kicking all the gear off. He could not run

away, for he was tied to the faithful mule, that always stood perfectly still when he had a tantrum.

I carried a supply of strings in my pocket to repair the damaged gear before resuming turning the soil.

One day the horse kicked and reared until my temper was thoroughly aroused. Then I proceeded to do a little kicking and jerking myself. When the plow was finally started, I looked up and saw Bill Gorham, a neighbor farmer, sitting on the fence waiting for me. Said he:

"Bud, it never pays to get mad with a horse."

He spoke the truth. I never knew a man to gain anything by getting mad and fighting an unruly horse. If he kicked the horse he hurt his foot. If he struck the horse with his horny fist, he always hurt his fist, and sometimes broke a bone. I knew a man who struck a horse with his fist and broke a bone that never knitted as long as he lived.

Bill Gorham's philosophy was broader and more comprehensive than I imagined when I heard it. My youthful mind did not take in all its implications. There are a great many figurative horses, embracing many human beings.

The only man I ever heard of whose mind was most alert when in a towering rage was the "wizard of the saddle," General Nathan Bedford Forrest. Whenever he went into battle he was mad all over, but while in that condition he never made an error. He seemed to sense every possibility, and to take advantage of every favorable circumstance. He frequently killed one or more antagonists with his own hands. He never really lost a battle when in supreme command.

On the other hand there were Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Ulysses S. Grant, the Duke of Wellington, and Napoleon Bonaparte, who were always cool in action.

In your own experience do you remember a single instance where becoming angry at any person or thing ever did any real good? There is such a thing as righteous indignation that may be helpful, but if you surrender to anger you are a loser.

I knew an old Nashville business man under whose directions a young man worked. Said the latter some years later referring to his experience with his former employer:

"I never knew a man with so even a temper as he. I would get mad and say irritating things. The old gentleman would say: 'There is no reason for your display of temper. The situation does not warrant it.' I would deny that I was angry but he would say: 'Oh, yes you are. I can tell when you are mad.' He never displayed the slightest irritation."

Later on I met the old gentleman, who had retired from business, and told him what the young man had said.

"He was wrong," said he, "for I am irritable and have a vicious temper, but I have learned how to control it."

If you defeat your adversary in a personal encounter, you will probably feel some exhilaration at the time, but in the years to come you will conclude that you gained nothing worth while, and that in reality you lost some of your finer qualities. You would have done better if you had controlled your temper and composed the difficulty.

A cool head and a kind heart may extricate you from almost any critical situation.

An angry man with a true or imaginary grievance may practically always be pacified, if you exercise patience and self-control, and show a sincere desire for peace. I know, for I have tried it successfully hundreds of times, for I was for many years in a position where angry men brought their grievances to me. Not only that, but directed at me. I could easily have had many personal difficulties, but have never had a physical encounter since I was a boy.

Every thinking man knows we are wasting precious time when we become enraged, and that we are worse than wasting it when we spend hours, days, or perhaps years trying to get even with someone who has done us an injury.

Though you may succeed in paying the grudge with interest, you will inevitably in the long run be the loser.

This does not mean you should not defend yourself when attacked physically, but if you keep cool during the conflict your chances of success will have been much improved.

The late John Young Brown, once Governor of Kentucky and a number of times a Congressman, used to tell the following story of a rugged old neighbor.

The man came to Henderson one day and met an acquaintance who called him a liar, a fool, a rascal, and every other abusive name he could think of, while his victim quietly listened. Finally the attacker said:

"Now you poor miserable human being—"

"Stop right there," said the victim, taking off his coat, "there is going to be a fight. No man shall call me that."

Another Kentucky Christian came to town one county court day and met a man who slapped him. The Christian turned the other side of his face and asked:

"Won't you please slap me again?"

This request was complied with, with interest.

"Now," said the rural Christian, "I have fulfilled the Scriptures, and I am going to whale hell out of you."

"If a man smite thee on one cheek, turn to him the other" contains a great truth if you can interpret it correctly.

And "It never pays to get mad with a horse."

THE WOODPILE OF LONG AGO

Most of you have heard about "the nigger in the woodpile." All of you who are old-timers remember the woodpile, have frequently seen Negroes at the woodpile, but never saw "a nigger in the woodpile," except figuratively speaking.

The woodpile belonged to the days when coal was not used for domestic purposes in this section. In the early days all residences in the South burned wood, and much later it was the universal fuel in small villages and on the farms. The woodpile was once an institution in cities, towns, and country. It still survives in a measure in remote rural districts.

This article, however, deals with the woodpile of three generations ago.

Most towns and small cities, for most of the cities in this section were small in those days, had their wood hauled in the summer and autumn and stacked on end in great heaps at every residence for winter use.

In the country some of the provident farmers hauled their wood before winter, but most of them handled their firewood in

hand-to-mouth fashion. Often during cold weather it was necessary to cut and haul a fresh supply of wood, and on some farms hauling a load or two of wood was a regular part of the day's work.

The woodpile was much more than a pile of wood. It was a place where the owner conferred with his hands. It was where the horses were brought to inhale the smoke from burning rags when they had distemper and influenza. Dogs were brought here to be doctored for distemper, the greatest enemy to the canine family. A slit would be made in the dog's head and smeared with tar, and a fresh-moulded bullet would be given him in a piece of fat meat. If he were a robust old dog he got well in spite of the treatment. Horses were bled at the woodpile. Whenever a horse developed a lot of pimples on his skin in the spring, it was evident "his blood was too thick" and that he needed bleeding, accomplished sometimes by opening the "jugular vein" and allowing the blood to flow until he staggered from weakness. Then the wound would be closed with a pin, and a horse hair would be tied around it to stop the flow of blood. Sometimes they would be bled by sticking a knife in the third bar of the mouth. Horses have strong constitutions and generally got well, just as they would had nothing been done about it.

I knew an old "horse doctor," for there were no veterinarians in those days. He took the horse into a closed stall, instead of to the woodpile, where no one could spy on his secret methods. He would pat the horse on the side, whisper in his ear, and perform other "cures," and then announce:

"If the horse gets well, I will charge you \$5. If my cure does not work there will be no charge." He generally collected, for horses usually "get well," in spite of ignorant owners and fraudulent horse doctors.

Most of the farm executions, except "hog killing" and the occasional killing of a beef, took place at the woodpile. There's where the chickens' heads were wrung off, the squirrels and rabbits skinned, the birds picked, and the little shoats prepared for roasting whole with apples in their mouths. When a pet was fatally injured, he would be taken there to be relieved of his misery.

We boys were always interested in the hollow logs hauled in for wood, hoping to find a young squirrel in one of the hollows. We did once find some flying-squirrels, but they, like the cottontail rabbits, will not survive in captivity. We also hunted for slippery elm logs, and when we found one would skin off the bark and chew it—swallow much of the slippery result until our entire alimentary canal and stomach would be full of it.

The home and visiting dogs used to have sanguinary battles at the woodpile. I never could understand why strange dogs wanted to fight. I suppose it was because they were much like ordinary men, and the nations of this earth.

I always wanted to help my dog in a fight, and I always shed copious tears when my dogs died. I had one dog that was never whipped, and I loved him better than any other dog that ever lived. We all admire a dog or a man that cannot be whipped.

Why was the old woodpile so popular? One reason was you could have a private conference, away from listeners. No one could slip up on you unawares. Another was that it was generally dry and clean. You may have gained the idea that it was a sort of disagreeable shambles, but this was far from correct. Fresh chips were being added every day, which made for cleanliness, and the smaller chips which could not be used for making fires and smoking meat, accumulated until the woodyard was elevated two or three feet, making a well-drained mound. When it got too high it would be carted off, scattered in the garden or around the rose bushes. It was well supplied with black chip-dirt and white grub worms, but was poor fertilizer, as it contained little nitrogen.

The white boys and the black boys used to gather there to hatch devilment, and to discuss various situations when they did not want to be overhead. Our elders generally looked upon such gatherings with well grounded suspicion, but if they appeared on the scene they would only hear a lot of innocent babble, improvised for them.

It was a great place for love-making when the Negro boys and girls met late in the evening, to collect chips and split kindling for the morning fires.

RECALLING HAPPY MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD

It is strange what inconsequential things stick in the memory most persistently and recur oftenest.

Two of us boys, as we frequently did, had spent the night with our grandfather. As usual we slept in the room with him. He always arose about six o'clock in the morning and summoned his guests to get up and dress. Finishing our toilets we were both wrestling with our intractable hair. The other boy would brush one side of his head and hold the hair down with his hand while he brushed the other side. Our grandfather said to him:

"Tom, you seem to be becoming somewhat of a dandy."

This little, trifling incident has stuck in my memory. I think about it and Tom almost every morning when I comb my hair. Why? Who can tell?

If you were asked to name the most pleasant experience of your young life, you would probably have trouble in recalling it; and you would find unpleasant incidents, of many of which you are heartily ashamed, come to mind much more readily. We can recall many bright spots, but most of them are trivial.

I was born and reared at a time when the pride of a housewife's heart was to have a good dinner. Consequently, I have partaken of many fine dinners, but the meal that stands out in memory was eaten at midnight, prepared by an Irish woman, in a stranded shantyboat on the bank of the Ohio River. I had been sent out from the newspaper office, after a veteran reporter had failed to get a story of the damage wrought by a great ice gorge. I had fallen in with a steamboat official on a mission similar to mine, and we walked for two or three miles on rafts and flatboats, jammed by the ice against the river bank. A squad of boatmen were clustered around a fire on every craft, and needless to say we got our story. When we had finished, my river-wise companion suggested that we go to the old shantyboat and get supper. With some misgivings I followed him. That feed stands out in memory as the best meal I ever ate.

Fishing, hunting, and swimming are always highlights for country boys. Saturday afternoons in summer we were allowed to go in swimming after we had finished our daily task, which

was always finished early on that day. My big dog always went in the pond with us and swam close to me, in case he should be needed. When he thought I had been in long enough he would try to pull me out.

The annual family reunions at my grandfather's were great events. There were enough boys present for any kind of a game in the trees, in the barns, and in the bluegrass. The dining table was long, but not long enough, and the children had to wait until the second table. It seemed to me that those grownups made more noise with their knives and forks and wasted much more time in conversation than was needful. One day the old stable where we had been playing fell down while we were eating dinner.

One of the joyous events was when the circus came to town. My uncle always wanted to take us, because, he said, if my father went to the circus he would be turned out of the church, which would be a sad event. Our uncle was in no danger, because never having been in, he could not be turned out. We preferred our father as a chaperon, however, because he was more liberal in his purchases of the "ice cold lemonade," "cakes as big as a wagon wheel" and "candy as big as a baby elephant" as the spielers used to say.

For months afterwards, we would have circuses and animal shows, using an old rag carpet for a tent, our big dog for a lion, a calf for a unicorn, a rooster for an ostrich, a little Negro boy for a baboon, and so on. We also had tightrope and trapeze performances which generally resulted disastrously. We charged one pin admission, but our audiences were small and lacking in enthusiasm. We also tried bareback horseback riding, standing up, but always fell off. In fact the horses generally got tired of us and just shook us off.

Those horses needed Indian riders to teach them a lesson. When an unbroken horse throws one Indian, two will get on his back. If he throws them three will climb on; and if he keeps on throwing, he will finally be covered with Indians from his neck to the root of his tail. After that he is delighted to be ridden by just one Indian.

One of my happiest memories, though generally at the time accepted as a dull routine of duty, is that I never failed to do anything for my mother's pleasure. I would even read the gospels, memorize psalms, and hitch the horse to the carriage and take her to church whenever she wanted to go. Church-going was irksome to me in those days. I used to think, "now, this is a good time to quit; why doesn't that preacher saw off." Then I would get so sleepy that I would feel like I would give anything in the world just to be able to stretch out on the floor and go to sleep.

But in the long, trying years that were to come my most grateful memory was to be that even as a foolish boy, I did what I could to make a devoted, self-sacrificing mother happy. This has been one bright star shining among a constellation of regrets.

I was fonder of trapping than of hunting, though hunting squirrels in February with a rifle and bench-legged dog to tree them is fine sport.

We were not as philanthropic in those days as now. I never worried about the cruelty of traps. I would catch foxes, rabbits, possums, coons, groundhogs, skunks, muskrats, and quail. I used to try to catch wild turkeys in a coop made of rails, but was never successful. An unpleasant incident occurred when I caught my first skunk. I was not then acquainted with this beautiful little odorous animal with silken fur, so I ran up and caught him by the tail. Other members of the family would insist that I leave the table or any other place where they congregated. A strong, pungent odor attached to me for many days thereafter. I never took hold of the tail of another skunk.

It was great sport in the spring to sit in the sunshine and watch the young mules and lambs play. It seemed to me that well-fed, yearling mules were the most active animals in the world.

Another spring diversion was hunting wild flowers and mosses, for my old aunt's hanging baskets.

There were the expeditions to hunt wild strawberries and blackberries. Wild strawberries are much sweeter and better flavored than the domesticated varieties, though very small.

Blackberries are the greatest wild berry crop, but hunting blackberries and strawberries is accompanied by an aftermath of ticks and chiggers.

Then there were the nutting parties in the autumn, when the walnuts, the hickory nuts, the chestnuts, the wild grapes, the black haws, the persimmons, and the huckleberries were ripe. Red haws are no good, but you can eat black haws until your jaws are weary. I wonder if there ever was a more delightful odor than that from the wild grape blossoms in the spring and that of the wild crab apples, nestled among the forest leaves as the wintry snows begin to melt. Wild crab apples are the sourest things in the world. Beside them vinegar is sweet. They are so sour and hard no animal will eat them. That is why they are allowed to remain on the ground all winter. A half dozen of them will perfume a whole cabinet full of clothes. They are not bad for pickles.

I believe there is no sport of childhood that surpasses hunting eggs in the barn, under the corncrib, and in the haymows. The hens do not approve the performance, especially when preparing to hatch a brood of fuzzy little chickens. Under this condition they will fight viciously. I was once walking through the weeds when a "settin'" hen hissed and pecked me on the leg. I never was more frightened in my life, for I thought a rattlesnake had me.

As we boys grew older we had fun breaking the colts and calves. We made little sassafras yokes for the calves, and then tied their tails together to keep them from twisting around and breaking their necks. Sometimes they would shake off the yoke, run in opposite directions and pull off the ends of their tails that had been tied together.

Breaking colts was a different story, always accompanied with some danger. We were not allowed to ride wild colts, and so this had to be done on the dead quiet. We had been taught that if we disobeyed our parents some disaster was sure to befall us, so that we broke colts with trepidation. By some miraculous provision of providence, we were never seriously hurt.

Whenever you hear a man boast that he was never thrown by a horse, you know he is either lying or never rode many wild horses.

These are some of the things a country boy remembers. I wonder what are the early memories of a city boy? I have tried but was never able to get one to write them down.

Now we have automobiles and radios but few horses and buggies and no aeolian harps. What an injustice to childhood! Maybe you never heard of an aeolian harp of bygone days. It is very simple. Get a silk thread, tie a little wedge at each end, draw the thread taut, and stick the little wedges, one on each side, between the upper and lower window sashes. When the wind is in the right direction you will hear the sweetest music, though in a minor chord.

It would seem that our happiest are generally our most trivial memories.

BASEBALL OF THE LONG AGO

— I remember when there was no baseball—certainly none in the Southern Confederacy. When it came, most of the players wore some sort of facial hirsute adornment. At least they thought it an adornment. Some of them wore full-faced whiskers—mustaches were almost universal.

The first baseball team in my home town, Russellville, Kentucky, was made up of professional and business men. The team was slow compared with teams of the present time. Then the ball was not thrown, but was pitched underhand. Afterwards the pitcher was allowed to throw the ball, but in doing so he could raise his hand no higher than his waist. The next step forward was to allow him to throw the ball any way he chose, and he could make all possible grimaces and contortions. The old underhand pitchers kept a dignified position, frequently resting the left hand on the left knee while pitching.

Afterwards came the abomination known as the "spit ball." It was nasty and revolting, but has happily been outlawed.

In the early days there were few rules. Nothing was known about "sacrificing" when a man was on first base. Every player

tried to hit the ball and knock it as far as possible. He might knock as many fouls as he pleased or could. When he finally made a hit, he would throw the bat as far as he could. Sometimes it landed on a spectator's nose, and knocked him crazy, and put him in bed for days. My father did not allow his boys to play this "dangerous game," but we played on the sly, and when any of us got hurt it was kept a secret, as far as possible.

After professional ball got under way, the fans went wild in city, town, and country about the standing of the clubs, just like they do now.

The quality of the athlete who played forty-five or fifty years ago has not been improved upon, though many changes in rules and performance have come. I do not believe any better players have ever been assembled than those composing the St. Louis and Chicago National League clubs of that period. Von der Ahe owned the St. Louis and Anson was manager of the Chicago club. Anson, afterwards known as "Pop" Anson, was first baseman.

Arlie Latham was a player, but he shone brilliantly as a coach. It was worth the price of admission to witness his antics and listen to his witty remarks on the sidelines.

The last time I saw him he was umpire in the Southern League. Holding that trying position he had lost his sparkle. In the old days it was said an umpire in the Southern League should wear a bullet-proof vest, but it was hardly as bad as that. The violent abuse and soft drink bottles were sufficient to make him uncomfortable both mentally and physically.

A baseball batter in the fifty-year class was Pete Browning, of great renown when Louisville was in the National League. Pete would nurse and pet a baseball bat all winter, and when the season was about to open would announce:

"I am going to line 'em out."

A sacrifice was his pet aversion, that brought many kicks from his manager, when instead he "lined 'em out." But he was always popular with the fans.

Once when I was city editor of the *Courier-Journal*, I employed a bright Louisville girl, Miss Thixton, to write up a baseball game from a woman's standpoint. Of course it was

expected to be a little foolish. When she turned in her copy, she sensed that I was not altogether pleased, and remarked:

"Aw! shucks! I cannot make fun of baseball. I know more about the game than you do."

This, no doubt, was literally true.

Harry Pulliam, once president of the National League, was one of the most popular Louisville men ever connected with baseball. He was primarily a newspaper man, and always stood in with the press boys. When the Louisville club was consolidated with Pittsburgh, he went there. It was said the way he happened to be elected president of the National League was that when the magnates met, Pulliam was occupying the most comfortable chair in the room. Finally a man arose and said:

"I move we elect Mr. Pulliam president, because he has more sense than any of us. He knows how to take care of himself," pointing to the rocking chair in which he was comfortably lolling. The suggestion was adopted.

Hans Wagner, the famous batter, coach of the Pittsburgh team in the National League when this was written, was one of Harry Pulliam's finds. This is the way it came about:

There were two bright Bluegrass boys who had National League aspirations. Pulliam had been kind to them, but the boys failed to measure up. One of them, on his way home from New Jersey, came by Louisville to see Pulliam. The boy was profuse in his thanks and finally said:

"I ran across a great big awkward-looking player in a minor league. He is coming to the front, and I suggest that you get hold of him."

Pulliam did, and the great Hans Wagner was the result.

At the time referred to, Walter N. Haldeman, the "Old Man," as all the boys called him behind his back, was the chief owner and manager of the *Courier-Journal*. He had the habit, every once in a while, of writing an item and sending it upstairs signed "W. N. H." It happened that the Louisville team was consistently losing games. Various reasons were given and many weaknesses were pointed out. Finally the sporting editor of the *Courier-Journal* received an article signed "W. N. H."

It pointed out that it was not the players, but their management that was to blame. He put his finger, I believe, on the captain, who was very popular with the sports writers, as the weakest link.

Nobody had ever suspected the "Old Man" of being a fan, and no one attributed the authorship of the article to him.

The boys on the *Times*, the afternoon child of the *Courier-Journal*, were much exercised over the blunder the parent paper had made, and one of them went to Mr. Haldeman with his criticisms. He listened patiently and then exploded a bombshell:

"I wrote that article myself," he said.

It is a wonder somebody did not die of heart disease, September 22, 1908, when Nashville won the Southern League pennant over New Orleans by a score of 1 to 0. This one run was made in the seventh inning, but the decision was not final until the ninth inning. "Humpy" McElveen, captain and third baseman for Nashville, brought Hurlburt in for the winning score.

"Doc" Wiseman, famous for "climbing the dump"—for that was before the diamond at Sulphur Dell had been turned around—was presented with a \$175 watch at the end of the seventh inning.

Sitton, the spit-ball artist, was carried around on the shoulders of the spectators when he fanned Tariton in the ninth inning.

That ended about the most exciting and spectacular baseball game ever witnessed.

Hub Perdue, the Sumner County wonder—now a farmer and a county office holder—was one of the Nashville pitchers. He was present but off duty that day. He was a fan idol, and almost as comical and witty as Arlie Latham, who will always occupy a pedestal as the most popular coach that ever stood on the sidelines.

When the game ended the crowd, estimated at 12,000, overran the field. The fans threw silver dollars into the diamond, and an incomparable, red-headed mail-carrier fan took up a collection that literally filled his hat with silver dollars.

Bernhard was manager of the team, and the players, aside from those already mentioned, were Bay, East, Seigel, Daubert, and Butler.

The story of the game appeared in the *Banner* the next day. At that time few "by-lines" were used in newspapers, and consequently the writer must remain anonymous. I should remember the name, but the memory of old men is faulty. According to my judgment the story of the game was a gem and will compare favorably with the productions of sports writers of the present day. It was an artistic and accurate word picture.

CHAPTER XI

PIONEERS AND OUTLAWS

"BIG" AND "LITTLE" HARP, PIONEER OUTLAWS

In 1780, Georgia and South Carolina were prostrate before the British invader. Cornwallis had left the conquered provinces behind him, had crossed into North Carolina and encamped at Charlotte, the birthplace of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. His mission was to encourage the Scotch-Presbyterian Tories in that section and then move forward to invade Virginia. General Greene, with his ragged patriot army, was encamped at Hillsboro, North Carolina, to impede Cornwallis' march into Virginia as best he might. Tarleton and Major Patrick Ferguson, Cornwallis' trusted lieutenants, were still harassing the little patriot bands in South Carolina.

Two prosperous planters, both soldiers in General Greene's army, and both destined to find soldiers' graves before the snow flew, took advantage of a temporary lull in hostilities to visit their families in Mecklenburg County. They were Colonel John Davidson and Captain John Wood. They held a family reunion at which Captain Wood's young sons, Frank and Harry, and his daughters, Rosa and Susan, and Colonel Davidson's beautiful young daughter, Maria, were present. The men wore Continental uniforms, the women were dressed in homespun. They deplored the situation of their country, but pledged themselves never to surrender to the British yoke.

Another reunion was held not far away by the families of John and William Harp. They were Scotch Covenanters, intensely loyal to the crown as a religious obligation. They believed firmly in the doctrine of predestination and election.

William Harp, better known as "Big" Harp, and Joshua Harp, known as "Little" Harp, sons, respectively, of John and

William Harp, were present, dressed in British uniforms. Both were unusual young men, the former large, with a fierce, determined countenance; the latter small, lithe, and active, with a countenance denoting cunning and ruthless daring. They were both attached to the command of Major Patrick Ferguson, now encamped just across the line in South Carolina near King's Mountain. Ferguson was preparing to make a raid across the Alleghenies to punish the settlers in the valley of the Tennessee River for furnishing aid and succor to the revolutionists.

Samuel Phillips, a paroled prisoner and a kinsman of Colonel Isaac Shelby, had been dispatched by Major Patrick Ferguson with a message to Colonel Shelby:

"Unless the mountain men cease to aid the Rebels, I will cross the Alleghenies, hang the ringleaders and lay waste the settlement."

Colonel Shelby, "among the dauntless singled out for dauntlessness," afterwards first governor of Kentucky, was found at his cabin in what is now Sullivan County, Tennessee. He mounted his horse and rode sixty miles to the cabin of Colonel John Sevier, in what is now Washington County, Tennessee. Colonel Sevier, "the lion of the border," fought thirty-five battles and skirmishes with the Indians and British in sixteen years and gained thirty-five victories.

They conferred and agreed that they would summon the pioneers between the Blue Ridge and Cumberland mountains to meet at Sycamore Shoals, on the Watauga River, at the first fort built by settlers west of the Blue Ridge, on September 25th, to march against Ferguson.

They secured the co-operation of Colonel William Campbell of Virginia, who came with four hundred men; they raised each two hundred and sixty men, and were joined at the appointed time and place by Colonel Joseph McDowell, a refugee from the Carolinas, with one hundred and sixty other refugees. Half of the men in the valley were there ready for the fray. They were clad in buckskin hunting shirts, coonskin caps, and other primitive habiliments, each armed with a Kentucky rifle, a tomahawk, and a heavy knife. Each had in his pouch enough meal made of parched corn, mixed with maple sugar, to last during the drive

across the mountains. The backwoods preachers and many wives and daughters and young sons were there to bid the warriors Godspeed, and to pledge that during their absence they would hold the far-flung battle line along their western and southern border against the cloud of painted Cherokees and Creeks who had been armed and equipped by the British agents.

Driving a few head of cattle to supply fresh meat, the backwoods army started the next day through the defiles of the mountains.

They made a short stop at Quaker Meadows, Colonel McDowell's home, east of the mountains, and were there joined by Colonel Benjamin Cleveland with three hundred and fifty North Carolina militiamen. Five days later four hundred South Carolinians joined them and afterwards other small detachments, bringing their total strength up to about nineteen hundred. They selected Colonel Campbell of Virginia as their leader, and picked nine hundred and ten of their freshest horses and men and started on a forced march to strike Ferguson before he could secure reinforcements, leaving the rest of their comrades to come on as rapidly as possible.

Major Patrick Ferguson was encamped near King's Mountain, preparing to cross the Blue Ridge to attack the ultra-montane men in Tennessee, in accordance with his threat to Colonel Shelby. He had a force of eleven hundred and fifty men, well armed and equipped, well drilled, especially in the use of the bayonet. His bayonet charges had become famous, because generally irresistible when used against untrained troops. He himself was a remarkable man, brave and aggressive. He was the best swordsman in the British army until he suffered a gunshot wound in the wrist. He then turned to the use of the rifle and pistol and became one of the most remarkable shots in the army. He was almost ready for his raid across the mountains. It was generally known that he was about to carry out his threat, and but one result was anticipated.

Two men on jaded horses dashed at breakneck speed through the forest and underbrush and pulled up in front of Ferguson's headquarters:

"You will not have to go after the mountain men," they announced. "They are coming after you."

Ferguson dispatched a messenger for reinforcements to Cornwallis, who was encamped only thirty-five miles away.

He hastily took a strong position on one of the ridges of King's Mountain. It was seventy yards wide at the top, which was bare of trees. The ridge was about sixty feet high. The sides were covered with heavy timbers and boulders. The wagons were arranged as a barricade around the top, with the troops behind them.

Suddenly, there was a commotion in the woods a quarter of a mile away, Shelby, Sevier, and Campbell had arrived and their men were dismounting. Some were left to hold the horses, while the others deployed in frontier fashion through the brush. Their number had been augmented, rather than diminished during the forced march of a day and night for a few North Carolina boys had joined them, and some of the broken-downs, left the day before, had caught up. In all, a force of nine hundred men was creeping around Ferguson's position, for they intended to kill or capture the whole outfit. The thin line began to creep up the hill, hiding behind trees and rocks. A head appeared above the wagon ramparts and was shot between the eyes; another and another had the same fate. Ferguson could see nothing at which to shoot. He ordered out a bayonet squad and charged down the hill; the thin line became thinner as it bent back, but never broke, and from each side of the cul-de-sac the expert marksmen from Tennessee and Virginia were picking off the King's men. The latter retreated and instantly the thin line closed up from the rear behind trees and stones, and kept up its deadly fire. The bayonet squad rallied and charged again and again, first on one side, then on the other—always with the same result. Shelby and Sevier had taken one end of the elliptical wagon barricade, and from behind the rampart were firing straight into the Tory and British troops on the top of the hill. Ferguson fell dead. Frank Wood boasted that he himself killed him because he hired a Tory band to kill his father, Captain John Wood, but the brave Briton had received over half a dozen fatal wounds, and his paramour, "Virginia

Sal," lay dead by his side. A white flag appeared and his army surrendered at discretion. Eighty-eight Americans were killed and wounded, and six hundred and forty-eight British were taken prisoners.

Sevier and his troopers left at once for Tennessee to face the Cherokees; Campbell and others took the prisoners to General Greene at Hillsboro, before Cornwallis knew a battle had been fought.

For the first time in history a smaller body of raw recruits had attacked and captured a larger body of trained troops.

Cornwallis at once turned back from his invasion of North Carolina, deferring indefinitely the proposed invasion of Virginia; the Continentals were encouraged from Maine to Georgia, and with renewed effort began a series of victories that resulted in the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and in the recognition of the United States as one of the free nations of the earth.

The Carolina Tories were in the depths of despair. "Big" and "Little" Harp fought under Ferguson at King's Mountain and were numbered among the few who escaped. They went to their old home in Mecklenburg County and decided that the cause of the King was lost—that it was evidently "foreordained from the foundation of the world." They agreed that all their own tendencies were evil; and, applying their logic of predestination to themselves, they determined that they were evidently predestined to be damned, and that there was no use fighting against fate. So they decided to abandon civilization, join the Cherokee Indians, and lead lives of outlawry and warfare against the human race.

The two young Harps, now only about twenty years of age, fled to Nickajack, a Cherokee village on the Tennessee River in Alabama, near the Tennessee line. Here they made their headquarters for many years. Within a few months, with four Cherokees, they returned to North Carolina and kidnaped Susan Wood and Maria Davidson, took them across the mountains to Nickajack, and compelled them to live with them as man and wife for nearly twenty years, until "Big" Harp was killed. Historians of that day gave the name "Big" Harp as both William and Micajah, and the name of "Little" Harp as both

Joshua and Wiley, but all agree on the general designation of "Big" and "Little" Harp. No doubt they had numerous aliases. All chroniclers of their lives say that "Little" Harp had but one woman, but several of them say that "Big" Harp had two. No doubt at some time he had another woman with him besides poor Susan Wood.

Frank Wood and his brother, Harry, trailed the Harps for fifteen hundred miles through the wilderness, in the hope of rescuing their sister, Susan, and their neighbor, Maria Davidson, but never came up with them. Frank Wood had shot "Big" Harp, inflicting a flesh wound, when General Sumter fought Colonel Tarleton at Blackstocks, and this was perhaps one motive for the outlaws kidnaping his sister.

During the flight of the Harps through the Allegheny Mountains, after kidnaping the two girls, "Big" Harp became jealous of Moses Doss, an accomplice, who pleaded that the kidnaped girls be treated with more humanity. A terrible combat ensued, and "Big" Harp killed Doss and left his body in the wilderness to be devoured by wolves. This was the first of thirty recorded murders committed by the Harps after they left the service of the British army. How many more they committed, none can tell. They had children by the girls they had kidnaped, and most of these are said to have been killed because they impeded their operations.

In the years to come they engaged in many Indian raids against the frontier settlements in Tennessee and Kentucky, and conducted many thieving and murderous enterprises of their own, actuated generally by the desire for gain, but apparently sometimes only by their lust for blood. They killed men, women and children, little boys and girls, when the opportunity presented.

On the "Wilderness" Road leading across the Cumberland Plateau from the Watauga settlement in East Tennessee to the Mero district, now Middle Tennessee, a young horseman threaded his way westward. He was well mounted and was armed with a Bible and had \$30 in gold and silver in his pocket. He was slight of build and small of stature, but well fitted for the life he had chosen. He had been sent by the Baltimore

Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church to carry the gospel to the settlers in the outskirts of civilization in Kentucky and Tennessee. His name was William Lambuth and he was destined to figure prominently in the "great revival of religion" which began in the wilds of Tennessee and Kentucky about the year 1800 and spread throughout the United States, which resulted in the great campmeetings and the most wonderful religious movement in the history of America, and that at a time when skepticism and infidelity were rampant. The late Bishop W. R. Lambuth of Oakdale, California, who died in the Orient, was his grandson.

The sun had disappeared beyond the western horizon, and the young soldier of the cross hobbled his horse, built a fire beneath a spreading beech, prepared and ate his frugal meal, lay down, and soon was wrapped in slumber. He was, however, awakened by the neighing of his horse, and looking cautiously around saw a large man, dirty, ill-favored, and of ferocious appearance creeping toward him. In a moment he was grasped by the intruder, who demanded his horse and his money on pain of death. Lambuth handed him his purse and told him to take the horse. The big man seized the preacher's Bible and looking through it for bills saw the name "George Washington" written on the fly leaf.

"Is that the American general?" he asked. Being answered in the affirmative, he said: "That is a brave and good man, but a mighty rebel against the king."

He asked Lambuth if he had ever seen Washington, and again being answered affirmatively, he asked the young man what he was doing so far out in the wilderness by himself. Lambuth told him he was going to preach the gospel.

"Have you ever been in the country where you are going?"

"No."

"You can never get there without your horse," and, pausing as if in deep study, and loosening his grasp upon him, "nor can you do without your money."

Then, after a brief silence; "You must keep both," throwing down the purse. Then adding: "My name is William Harp," he disappeared in the darkness.

This is the only recorded instance where "Big" Harp ever evinced the least symptom of mercy, or forebore to shed human blood when it was wholly within his power to do so.

With Nickajack town still their headquarters, the Harps made many raids for the purpose of stealing horses into Powell Valley and other settlements in Tennessee. They plied their trade as robbers on the Wilderness Road and other trails frequented by immigrants and traders. They were generally superbly mounted and always well armed.

They appeared at the fort and straggling village of Knoxville to witness and participate in a horse race. Hundreds of settlers were present, having come in from all the surrounding country on foot with their rifles and hunting paraphernalia, on horseback, and in wagons. They were camped about the fort, and were enjoying human companionship. Card-playing flourished and corn whisky was flowing in great abundance. The Harps entered their best horse in the race and bet everything they had upon him; but Sam Gibson's horse, ridden by John L. Swaney, afterwards a famous mail carrier on the Natchez trace, from Nashville to the Mississippi River, came under the string first. The Harps were dead broke and more desperate than usual, and that night they killed and robbed an old man and fled. They were followed by a posse of mounted men, but made good their escape.

The enormous mouth of a yawning cavern that looks like it might be the entrance to the infernal regions in the great bluff on the south side of the Tennessee River, just across the state line in Alabama, may be seen by the traveler many miles away. It is at the point where the river cuts its way through the Cumberland Mountains. This is Nickajack cave, named by the Indians from a captive, Negro Jack, a former slave of a Tennessee pioneer. Nearby was Nickajack pass across the mountains, and between the gigantic, castellated bluff and the river was a rough, hilly, timbered section, with a few rich little valleys, through which mountain streams made their way to join the Tennessee. In one of these little coves was located the Indian town, Nickajack, composed of some two or three hundred rough cabins and wigwams, scattered for some two miles

up and down the river. Downstream a short distance was an unnamed Indian village and a few miles upstream was the Indian town of Running Water.

Nickajack was inhabited by a branch of the Cherokee tribe, too fierce and intractable to remain with their brethren in the east Tennessee valley. It had long been a gathering place for war parties of Cherokees, Creeks, and other warlike aborigines; they were supplied with arms and ammunition by the Spaniards; and from here were launched most of the Indian raids against the settlers west of the Cumberland Plateau in middle Tennessee and Kentucky. Such was the rendezvous of "Big" and "Little" Harp. Here they brought their stolen plunder; here they left the unfortunate girls, now mature women, Susan Wood and Maria Davidson, when they went with Indian war parties against the whites, or when they went on thieving, robbing, and murderous expeditions of their own. The women then were placed in separate wigwams in charge of old Indians, and were as helpless to escape as though surrounded by stone walls and steel bars.

The pioneers had reached the limit of endurance, and on September 6, 1794, six hundred volunteers from Kentucky and Tennessee, mounted, armed, and equipped met at the frontier post of Nashville. Colonel William Whitley of Kentucky was chosen to lead the party. They supplied themselves with rawhide boats to be used in crossing rivers, and the next day began their march. Six days later they reached the Tennessee River and encamped in the canebrake opposite Nickajack, only a few miles away. The rawhide boats were not sufficient to take them across the river, and they worked until late in the night constructing rough rafts, and at sunrise the next morning two hundred and forty were on the south side of the river, and began the march, leaving their comrades in charge of the horses and camp equipment. They pushed on and passed near the small village mentioned, leaving a few men to destroy it, as soon as the attack on Nickajack began.

The rifles began to crack and the Indians, taken by surprise, made little resistance. One hundred and fifty-seven were killed; many women and children were killed by chance shots, and a

number were drowned trying to escape in canoes. Eight or ten Indians crossed the river, but were intercepted and killed by Captain Rains, who had made his way with twenty riflemen to that point, from the camp on the other side. Breath, chief of Nickajack, was killed. The town was utterly destroyed. A party was sent up the river to Running Water; they had a fierce skirmish on the way and lost one man, but found Running Water deserted and burned the cabins. Thus this Indian stronghold passed into history and the western frontier was made comparatively safe for many years to come.

In some way the Harps were notified that Nickajack was soon to be destroyed, and taking the women and four Indians with them, silently stole away shortly before the arrival of the avengers. They realized that they must change their base, and pushed across Tennessee to the Kentucky line, entering that state, living there for the next five or six years, and committing robberies and murders from the Cumberland Mountains almost to the Mississippi River.

They were now between thirty-five and forty years of age. They are described by more than one chronicler of the times. They were dirty and roughly attired, and armed with rifles, pistols, tomahawks, and knives. Their faces had been tanned and parched to an unnatural redness by the suns of summer and seared by crime and the frosts of winter until they looked more like devils than human beings.

"Big" Harp was generally bareheaded and had a mass of matted red hair. His shirt was open at the front, his breast protected by a heavy growth of hair. They wore moccasins and buckskin leggings and the rough hunting shirts of the pioneer. "Big" Harp is described by one contemporary as "the most brutal monster of the human race." Another says of the Harps that they claimed to have been "predestined to be damned" and that they looked the part.

They are credited with beginning their career of murder and robbery in Kentucky soon after passing Cumberland Gap, and with having killed fifteen or twenty men, women, and children in that state. Near Stanford, in making their way westward, they killed and robbed a traveler named Langford

and were pursued by a party under Captain Joe Ballenger, who conducted a trading post at Stanford. Captain Ballenger was a famous Indian fighter, popularly known as "Devil Joe" Ballenger. The Harps were captured and placed in jail at Danville, but broke jail and fled to the rough country around Muldraugh Hill. From there they went to the Mammoth Cave section, where were many caverns and hiding places, killing and robbing as they went. Finally, after several years they made their way into Logan County, comprising all that part of the state west of Green River. In passing by the frontier village of Russellville, the county seat, at night Susan Wood's baby cried. "Big" Harp snatched it from her arms and, dashing its brains out against a tree, threw its body into the bushes.

They passed by Russellville and reached Whippoorwill Creek, where they harbored in a cave for some days, resting and carousing.

The Tittswords party, consisting of two brothers, their families, and a few slaves, who were moving westward from Kilgore Station, where Adairville, Kentucky, now stands, camped nearby. Late in the night the Harps crept upon them and murdered them all, except one of the brothers, who escaped and spread the alarm. Major William Stewart, a pioneer deputy sheriff, led a posse in pursuit from Russellville.

After the Tittswords' murders the Harps moved rapidly towards the Ohio River.

They stopped at the cabin of one Stigall, himself a man of bad reputation; and, finding him away from home, murdered the family, a visitor, and robbed and burned the cabin. The next morning Stigall returned and he and Captain John Leiper, a stalwart Kentucky pioneer, gathered together a few neighbors and started in pursuit. They came next morning upon the camp of the Harps, under a bluff of Pond River. They had just captured a traveler named Smith and "Big" Harp was about to shoot him, while "Little" Harp, with the avowed intention of killing her baby, was pursuing Maria Davidson, who had fled far under a shelving cliff, holding the baby so that she must be shot before Harp's bullet could kill the infant.

The double tragedy halts. The Harps mounted their horses and fled in different directions, leaving the women behind. Leiper, Stigall, and one or two others followed "Big" Harp and the rest followed "Little" Harp.

"Little" Harp made good his escape, and went to Natchez, Mississippi, where he joined Tom Mason's band of robbers on the Natchez trace and was afterwards captured and hanged.

Captain John Leiper far outdistanced the other pursuers of "Big" Harp. He came within range, they exchanged shots and Harp fell, mortally wounded. When Leiper reached him he begged for water. Leiper went to Pond River and was returning with water in his hat for the dying man when Stigall arrived. The latter drew his knife and slashed Harp across the back of the neck. Then he began cutting in front, Harp looking at him fiercely and remarking:

"You are a G—d d—d rough butcher, but cut and be d—d."

(One contemporaneous story has it that Stigall shot Harp.)

Leiper and party returned to the camp, Stigall taking "Big" Harp's head, which he had severed from the body. They found Major Stewart and posse from Russellville, who had just arrived and taken charge of the two women and the infant. When Stigall observed Susan Wood wearing his dead wife's dress, he dropped Harp's head, drew his bloody knife, and attempted to kill her. Major Stewart interfered and saved Susan.

Stewart took the women to Russellville and with the connivance of the judge of the court, secreted them, when Stigall appeared with a mob. Both the women married respectable men and reared families, though they never returned to North Carolina. Stewart would never tell the names of the men they married, and their descendants never knew their story.

(Following are some of the authorities consulted in the preparation of this narrative: Collins' *History of Kentucky; Legends of the War of Independence*, by Thomas Marshall Smith; Judge Guild's *Old Times in Tennessee*; "Nickajack Expedition" in *Christian Record* of date of September 25, 1847; *Life As It Is and Matters and Things in General*, by Brazeale;

Finley's History of Russellville and Western Kentucky, by Alex Finley.)

OUTLAW CAREERS OF FRANK AND JESSE JAMES

Frank and Jesse James were the two most picturesque bandits this country has known. For ten years they seemed to commit train, stage, and other robberies, almost at will, and were sought by hundreds of officers of the law. It seemed impossible to capture them. They were surrounded by a halo of romance, due to the fact that they were members of Quantrell's famous band of Confederates, partisan soldiers during the War Between the States, and did bloody service. When the war was over they were among those to whom amnesty was not extended. Consequently many Confederate sympathizers felt that they became outlaws through force of circumstances they could not control.

They were identified with Kentucky more than with any other state, except Missouri and Tennessee. Their first bank robbery was at Russellville, in Logan County, Kentucky, where their father, a Baptist minister, was born and reared. Of course, the Mammoth Cave stage robbery, unique among such crimes, was in Kentucky. Quantrell, their war leader, received his fatal wound in Nelson County, Kentucky, and several members of their gang came from Nelson and Logan counties.

It is a well-known fact that Frank James lived in Nashville and Davidson County for nearly four years—from 1877 to 1881—and that during that time his brother, Jesse, and other members of the "James Gang" were often with him. Jesse made Nashville his headquarters for a year or more. Many stories, most of them inaccurate and legendary and others purely fictitious, have been current for many years concerning them during this period, and this article is written in an effort to present the facts as nearly as possible.

After they left here, Frank James visited Nashville on two occasions, once in the latter eighties, and fourteen years later, on June 1, 1903. On his first visit he came to attend the races at West Side race track, where Centennial Park is now located.

On his second visit he was with the Cole Younger and Frank James Wild West Show. When Frank James lived in Nashville he was known as B. J. Woodson and Jesse was known as J. D. Howard.

On the occasion of Frank's last visit to Nashville the *Banner* published an interview with him, the publication appearing May 31, 1903. In this article Cole Younger is described as heavy-set and smooth-shaven, with clean-cut features. "He is not overly careful with his dress, but looks jovial and prosperous. One would never imagine that for fifteen years he literally went the pace that kills, and then spent twenty-six years more in a state prison."

Younger is quoted as saying: "I have passed through enough to kill a thousand men, and here I am. No man without hope could live twenty-six years in prison and come out sane. I have known poor fellows to be turned out and then beg to be taken back."

"What did you hope for when you were in the Minnesota prison?" was asked.

"Why, I hoped to be released, and I would have been long ago had it not been for some of my injudicious friends and the blood and thunder yellow-back stories that have been written about me.

"No. I never shot eight men nor nine men during the war just to try a rifle, and I was not a holy terror as a boy. Ask old Senator Steve Ekins of West Virginia, for I went to school to him in Missouri, and he has been my friend ever since.

"Yes," said he, "I have been in Nashville before, but it is so long since—just after the war—that I remember little about it. I will be glad to see the town tomorrow, for James has been telling me about it, and has been looking forward with great anticipation to our visit to the capital of Tennessee."

Frank James is quoted as saying:

"I came to Davidson County in 1877 and lived here for about two years. [Note—He evidently meant four years.] My life was quite uneventful during that time. I went by the name of B. J. Woodson. I rented the Walton farm on White's Creek and tended two crops there, working ten hours a day. In the

Stephen B. Elders

fall of the year I hauled logs for the Indiana Lumber Company from all around in the county, going as far as Newsome Station. I knew General Harding, General William Jackson, the Cockrills, and hundreds of other good people, and hope my Davidson County friends will all call on me while I am in Nashville tomorrow and next day. I want to see everybody on White's Creek.

"I was often in Charlie Eastman's office," James continued, "and used to associate with the officers of the law generally, and pass around among them when they were issuing and serving writs.

"Is Mr. Eastman still alive? Well, I am glad to hear it, and I hope I will meet him again.

"Jonas Taylor—I understand he is dead—was one of my best friends. Raymond Sloan, also dead, was a good friend of mine, and was one of my attorneys when I was tried in Huntsville, Alabama, and cleared. [Note—He was tried on a charge of robbing the paymaster at Muscle Shoals.]

"I only lived in the corporate limits of Nashville a short time, and then I had a house on Fatherland Street. I do not now remember the number, but I never lived anywhere else in Nashville, and my brother, Jesse, never lived in Nashville at all. I never lived in any county in Tennessee except Davidson. [Note—It will be noted that this statement about Jesse does not agree with a statement made by him in another interview, quoted later.]

"Jesse lived some time in Big Bottom, in Humphrey County. I had not seen him for a year, when one day I met him by accident at B. S. Rhea & Sons' store. He was selling corn and I was buying feed."

"How about that story they used to tell on Alex Bolton, the old policeman, to the effect that he, with others, was sent to the railway station to intercept Frank James, and that he met Mr. Woodson and told him all about it, much to Woodson's amusement?" was asked.

"I never heard of it before," said James, "no such incident happened, though I knew Alex Bolton and many other Nashville policemen and detectives."

The article in the *Banner* continues:

"Frank James is now sixty years of age while Cole Younger is one year his junior. He is about six feet high, weighs about 175 pounds, wears a moustache and has bluish-gray eyes. He has a long, straight nose and a strong, though not unpleasant, cast of countenance. He is a man of good address, and while polite, talks about himself like he was in a hurry to get through with a subject which he only takes up at the request of his auditor. He is active and alert, and appears to be in perfect health. In fact, he looks stronger than he did fourteen years ago, when he attended the races in Nashville shortly after his last trial.

"He evidently has very pleasant recollections of Nashville and recalled his old acquaintances here with much relish."

"No," said he in answer to a question, "Colonel B. F. Cockrill did not 'cuss me out' at the race track. He is too much of a gentleman to do anything like that on such an occasion. You see, it was a gentlemen's race, and I was riding my own horse, Jewel Maxey. In those days, saddle and all, I weighed about 150 pounds. Oh, yes, I was plain Mr. Woodson then. Colonel Cockrill got it into his head that I was jockeying a little too much, and threatened to send me to the stable if I did not quit. But I went ahead and won the race, anyhow.

"The next year I rode in the gentlemen's race again, but they put in a regular racehorse and a regular jockey as ringers, and beat me, though I came out second, even at that."

"Is it true," was asked, "that you were with Quantrell at Wakefield's barn, near Louisville, when he received his death wound, and that after he was captured you proposed to rescue him?"

"I was not with Quantrell when he was shot. The ball entered his back and paralyzed his body. Two men with him were killed. He was captured and left for the time in the barn, the Yankees seeing he was paralyzed and could not move. That night I, with several others, went to him at Wakefield's house and proposed to put him on a horse litter and take him away. 'No, boys,' said he, 'there is not one chance in a million for me, and if you try it you will only be captured or killed.' I guess

he was right, for if we had been captured we certainly would have been killed." But he added with a touch of pathos in his voice, as he recalled the last time on earth he saw his brave commander. "I have wished a thousand times that I had done it."

Quantrell, it will be remembered, was taken to Louisville, Kentucky, where he died in a Catholic infirmary. Mr. McAtee, a lawyer of Louisville, and a Confederate soldier under Joe Shelby, once told the writer the story of Quantrell's death, with which James' version agrees. Mr. McAtee added, however, that before leaving Quantrell, James kissed him. After he had finished his story James was told what McAtee said and was asked if it were true. He answered, "Yes," and seemed too full to say more.

I wrote the interview with James and Younger, referred to, that appeared in the *Banner* thirty-five years ago. It is an interesting incident that during most of the interview with James, he was playing poker with a bunch of cowboys who belonged to the Wild West Show. It was interviewing under difficulties.

The following facts were obtained from Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Eastman, who knew Frank James and family well when they lived in Davidson County.

Mr. and Mrs. Eastman at that time lived with Mrs. Eastman's father and mother, Judge and Mrs. G. C. Cantrell, at what is now Bordeau, in the fine old mansion afterwards owned and occupied by Colonel H. M. Doak and family, named "Cedarnwold" by him. There was no Hydes Ferry bridge then, and the ferry was a few hundred yards below the present bridge. The road to the ferry passed in front of the old residence and on this road nearly opposite "Cedarnwold," were a few little cottages, in one of which Frank James lived. It was occupied in 1930 by the family of Arthur J. Stephens. James called it the "Hyde Place."

One of the James children became very ill and the Cantrells and Eastmans were called on for help. This was the beginning of a friendship that lasted during the year or more that James occupied the cottage. In addition to Frank James and family, Jesse James and his family were there part of the time. They

had four wagons and fine teams of horses, engaged in hauling, all driven by husky white men, in the light of subsequent events, supposed to have been members of the gang.

Mr. Eastman said: "We knew the Jameses as Mr. Woodson and Mr. Howard. They and their families were very grateful to us for the assistance rendered while the child was sick. We visited back and forth across the road and Frank would often come and sit with us on our porch of evenings. He was fond of Shakespeare and the drama and could quote extensively from the great playwright and poet. Jesse seemed ill at ease and talked but little, but the fact that Frank and I had congenial literary tastes brought us closer together. He often rode to town with me in my buggy, and on one occasion went with us to see a noted actor. He dressed neatly and did not have the appearance of a common laborer. He looked more like a prosperous farmer.

"One night someone attempted to rob our house, and Frank said the next day: 'I will see to it that this does not occur again. There are three or four of us and we will guard your house.' We were not suspicious at the time, but later on we thought perhaps it was one of the men with James who attempted the robbery.

"When I was a candidate for county court clerk, Frank was one of my active supporters.

"One night the Jameses were in the cottage, and the next day they were gone, horses, wagons, furniture, and all."

Mrs. Eastman said the women were polite, neat, and evidently possessed of considerable refinement.

"They often came over to our house," said she, "and as we had a large garden, we offered them all the vegetables they needed, as they had no garden. In fact they never even had a chicken, and while the house was well kept and clean, there was not in it a piece of surplus furniture.

"We had an orchard that yielded more than we could use, and the neighbors used to come and help themselves. Once every year we had an 'apple butter day,' when all women came and made apple butter. The James women were present on one of these occasions."

Mrs. Eastman said that some years later, after Jesse had been assassinated and Frank had been tried and acquitted, she was visiting in Kansas City, and was told the Jameses lived in a village near the city. She told her hostess she would like to see them. So the hostess drove out with her to the James house. Mrs. Eastman went to the door and was met by a servant. She told the servant she did not want to give her name, as she wanted to see whether Mrs. James would recognize her. In a few minutes the two James women came in, rushed up, and embraced her and call her by name. One of the women lived in the house, and the other was a visitor. She said they expressed great appreciation of her treatment while they lived in Davidson County; said they hoped she would not think they knew all that was going on; and that the reason they had not been more neighborly and friendly while they lived across the road from her was that they feared some time she and Mr. Eastman might be in some way compromised and embarrassed because of their friendship.

An interview with Frank James was printed in the *St. Louis Republican* in 1881, after Jesse's assassination, and while Frank was negotiating his surrender with Governor Crittenden of Missouri. In this interview he tells in detail of his residence in Davidson County.

He said he came to Nashville in August, 1877, that he stopped a few days with Ben Drake, a farmer, and then stayed a short time with Mrs. Ledbetter, Drake's sister, until he rented the Josiah Walton farm. From this farm he moved to the Jeff Hyde place, where he lived when Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Eastman were his neighbors. He then rented the Felix Smith farm not far from the Josiah Walton place and remained there until he left Davidson County in April, 1881.

He said, besides Mr. Eastman, he knew J. W. Schute, a member of the legislature, Dr. Jordan, Dr. Manlove, Dr. Wm. Hamilton, Sheriff Tim Johnson, Dr. Wall, a preacher, Clint Cantrell, Wm. Bryan, Jr., and many others.

He said when he came to Nashville there had been quite an influx of Northern immigrants, and he was supposed to be one of these. One day he was at Dood Young's blacksmith shop,

when Dood, who was a big strapping fellow, came in drunk and began abusing him calling him a d—d Yankee and threatening to slap him over. At one stage of the procedure he thought he would be forced to shoot Dood, but he was finally able to pacify him. They afterwards became good friends. Dood Young was a brother of Constable Tazewell Young. He also knew Detective Fletch Horn and Detective Watson.

One day he was eating in Warner's restaurant with Jim Cummins, a member of the James gang, when he saw Watson outside and proposed to introduce Cummins to him, but Cummins objected to any close contact with officers of the law and retreated to the rear of the restaurant.

He tells of his meeting with Jesse, while the latter lived in Humphrey County, at B. S. Rhea & Sons' store; and says a year and a half later Jesse moved to Nashville. Jesse owned Jim Malone, a race horse, which he sold to John Greener, for years a well known Nashville druggist. This horse made a fine record on the track.

Dick Liddel and Jack Ryan, members of the gang, came to Nashville in 1880. Liddel lived with Frank and Ryan with Jesse.

In this interview with Frank James in the *Republican*, he is quoted as saying they were never afraid of detectives, but always feared treachery from some member of the gang. Jim Cummins was a nervous fellow and they were suspicious of him. Finally when Cummins mysteriously disappeared, they thought he had gone to betray them, but later were convinced he became frightened and ran away.

Jack Ryan, also known as Bill, was the cause of the Jameses leaving Nashville. Ryan got drunk and was arrested at White's Creek on a warrant sworn out before Squire Earthman, charging drunken and disorderly conduct. He resisted arrest and the story is he was finally overpowered by a powerful blind Negro. When they searched him he was found heavily armed. There were also on his person evidences of his identity and he was sent to Missouri to face an indictment there.

Frank says he and Jesse left Davidson County at once. "Jesse and Liddel went one way, and I another, and I never saw Jesse again," said Frank.

Frank said, that in addition to participating in the races at West Side Park with his horse, Jewel Maxey, already mentioned, he took premiums on his Poland China hogs in the fairs at Jackson and Nashville. He said his boy was born on the Walton place, and his wife was nursed through her illness by Mrs. Ben Drake.

"A year ago last Christmas," Frank is quoted as saying, "I took dinner with Clint Cantrell and Charles H. Eastman."

Speaking of his residence in Davidson County he said:

"These four years of quiet upright life were four of the happiest I have ever spent since my boyhood, notwithstanding the hard labor attending them. My old life grew more detestable the farther I got away from it, and it was with a sense of despair that I drove away from our little home on the Smith place and again became a wanderer."

There are some discrepancies in the two interviews with Frank James quoted, the one in the *Banner* and the other in the *St. Louis Republican*. It is fair to assume the latter is the more accurate, as James had then been away from Nashville only a few months. It seems conclusive that Frank James lived at the Walton farm, the Jeff Hyde, and the Felix Smith places in the order named, besides spending short periods at other places.

It seems that Jesse James made Nashville headquarters for about a year and a half, staying with Frank part of the time. Jesse's son, Jesse, Jr., says he was born in Nashville.

The late Gus A. Maddux, a well-known Nashville real estate man, stated positively that Jesse lived at 606 Boscobel Street, in a house owned by him; that Jesse built the small coal shed a few feet in the rear of the present cottage, and used it as a stable. Jesse evidently lived in other houses in or near Nashville, but this is the only one the writer has been able to locate with any degree of certainty.

An article published in the *Nashville American* in 1881 says Frank's son was born in East Nashville, and that Dr. Vertrees was the physician in charge. This was in all probability Jesse's boy instead of Frank's, as Frank said his boy was born on the Walton farm.

The *American* also states that the bank robbery at Russellville, Kentucky, was probably committed when the Jameses lived here. This is incorrect, as this robbery was about ten years before that time and was the first bank robbery of the James gang. I was a small boy at the time and remember the day the five bank robbers fled past my father's farm.

REMINISCENCES OF THE JAMES BOYS

Charles M. Griffith, one of the oldest citizens of Russellville, Kentucky, is perhaps the only man living (1938) who was a member of a posse that attempted to arrest Frank and Jesse James at the farm of Major Hite, their uncle by marriage, in the southern part of Logan County, Kentucky, about fifty-eight years ago. Two other Russellville men, the late Gran Clark and Mun Hardy, were members of the posse. All were men of fine courage, and Griffith and Clark were dead shots. Both were quiet, peaceable men, and both were no doubt asked to join the posse because of their good judgment and the qualities before mentioned. Hardy was chief of police of Russellville.

Both the James boys, though born in Missouri, were well known in Logan County, because of their relationship to the first wife of Major George B. Hite and her children, two of whom, Wood and Clarence, became members of the James gang. The father of the James boys was born and reared in Logan County. Wood Hite was killed by a member of the gang. Clarence was captured, sent to the penitentiary and pardoned while on his deathbed, a sufferer from tuberculosis. He was brought home to die.

Another matter that claimed attention in Logan County was that the first bank robbery perpetrated by the James gang was that of the Norton and Long Bank in Russellville, the successor to the Southern Bank of Kentucky. Jesse was not implicated in this robbery because he was at the time suffering from a wound; but Frank, Cole Younger, and three others were.

The father of the James boys was a Baptist minister, educated at Georgetown, Kentucky. It is rather an interesting fact that both Nimrod Long and George W. Norton, who owned

the robbed bank, were liberal contributors to the endowment of the college where the elder James was educated for the ministry.

There was a family resemblance between the Hite children and the James boys. All had the small, rather receding chin that characterized Frank James.

The second wife of Major Hite was said to be none too friendly with the James boys, though they were occasional guests at the Hite home.

Charles M. Griffith, although eighty-five years of age, is still hale and hearty in mind and body. He and Gran Clark were devoted friends. He was born in Oldham County, Kentucky, noted for producing in the old days the best apple brandy known to the human race. He is a cousin of David Wark Griffith, the famous movie magnate who produced "The Birth of a Nation." He came to Russellville in 1879, married Mamie McCallen, and has since made that town his home. His story of the raid follows:

George W. Hunter, a noted Georgetown, Kentucky, detective, had received a letter from Mrs. Hite telling him that Frank and Jesse James were at her house. Hunter organized a posse and came to Russellville to attempt the capture. Besides Gran Clark and Griffith, he had a posse of fifteen men, among them Captain Adams of Bowling Green, Detective Rosenheim of Cincinnati, and Sheriff Plummer of Simpson County.

The party met in the law office of Wilbur F. Browder and after receiving full instructions left at ten o'clock at night for the Hite farm. Near the Hite house, they divided into two parties. One advanced to the front of the house, the other covered the rear, by way of the orchard and stable. The latter saw a man coming from the house towards the tobacco barn and halted him. He proved to be Major Hite. Mrs. Hite called to her husband that men were advancing to the front door. Major Hite responded that men were also advancing to the back door and that they had him.

Entering the house the men found Wood Hite, but not the James boys. As Wood Hite was not then identified with the James gang, he was released. After making a thorough search Hunter and his men left empty-handed.

Mr. Griffith says that afterwards Harvey Calloway, a Russellville man who had married one of the Hite girls, told him that he had ridden to the Hite home ahead of the posse and notified the James boys, who left the house and hid in a straw stack.

Mr. Griffith says that after Frank James had surrendered to Governor Crittenden of Missouri and had been acquitted, he met him at the Guthrie, Kentucky, fair. They had a long talk together, when James said to him:

"Griffith, if you fellows had found us that night, we would have raised hell with you."

"Gran Clark and I were pretty handy with forty-fives," Griffith replied, "and we would have raised some hell, too."

Mr. Griffith said James asked him if Hunter were still living.

"I told him," said Griffith, "Hunter had been my friend for many years and that he was then a detective for the L. & N. Railroad, living in Louisville. When I was postmaster at Russellville, Hunter always called on me when he was there in the interest of the railroad company."

When Frank James surrendered, the writer of this article was the local editor of the Russellville *Herald-Enterprise* and was sent to get an interview with Major Hite for the *Courier-Journal*. Major Hite had recently sued the *Courier-Journal* for libel in connection with a story it had published, connecting his family with the James boys. When I reached his house I was told that he was at the tobacco barn. There I found him stripping tobacco. When I told him my mission he replied emphatically that he would give no interview for the *Courier-Journal* under any circumstances. Then he said:

"I have no doubt you have told me the truth, so far as your information goes, but I have serious doubts as to whether Frank James has surrendered. Consequently I will not talk about him. You may well imagine I have no love for the James boys, who got my two boys to stealing; but if I should talk about Frank and it should turn out that he is still at large, he would not mind killing me any more than he would mind shooting a dog."

Major Hite was a man so straightforward, sincere, and in such great distress that I respected his request to say nothing

about my visit to him. Now that he has been dead these many years, the story of the interview is published for the first time.

Now that we are on the subject, there has been so much published about the robbery of the Norton and Long Bank, that was so erroneous and misleading, that a brief account of that affair is here given.

The robbery occurred March 21, 1868. I was then nine years old and living on my father's farm three miles from Russellville. My grandfather was cashier of the bank, and when the robbers retreated they passed by my father's farm, and consequently it made a vivid impression on my mind.

There were five men engaged in the robbery. They came to town several days beforehand, announcing themselves to be horse traders. They were well mounted but traded horses every time they could get a better horse. They went to the bank more than once, presenting a worthless Missouri bond for sale. Mr. Long became irritated at their persistence, after he had pronounced the bond worthless. Their persistence was no doubt due to the fact that they wanted to become familiar with the bank and its surroundings.

Every day they took a long ride out into the country, evidently to select the best line of retreat.

About noon, March 21, 1868, the five men rode up to the old bank, the residential part of which had been used by George W. Norton before he had removed to Louisville to manage the firm's Louisville bank. The residential section was occupied at the time of the robbery by M. C. Owens, a prominent merchant. The building had been constructed by the Southern Bank of Kentucky, and was used by that institution until it went out of business, selling its assets to Messrs. Norton and Long.

Three of the robbers dismounted and entered the bank, the other two holding their horses and remaining mounted.

In the bank behind the counter were Hugh Barclay, Jr., a clerk, and Harvey Simmons, a wealthy farmer. The three robbers jumped over the counter, which was not protected by iron grating like the banks of the present day. Two of them covered Barclay and Simmons with navy sixes, and the third,

who is said to have been Cole Younger, proceeded to scoop up all the money in sight and put it into a wheat sack. In all subsequent robberies the James gang always put their loot into a wheat sack. While Younger was busy gathering in the money, Mr. Long entered from a private office in the rear. He was then a strong man in the prime of life and afraid of nothing, so he at once attacked Younger, though he was not armed and Younger was. Younger was also a powerful man, and, as he did not want to kill because it would make it so much worse for any of them who might be captured, tried to knock Mr. Long down. During the fight both men stumbled into the private office, and being unable to subdue Mr. Long, Younger shot him in the forehead. He then came back into the bank, remarking: "I guess I finished that fellow," and proceeded to enter the vault, which was standing open. In all he got about \$10,000.

Meantime the town was being aroused. Mr. Long was only stunned by the shot that had struck his forehead and glanced over his scalp. He was soon on his feet and ran out the side door, giving the alarm while the horsemen at the corner sent a hail of bullets after him. People in the business section began to cry: "There is firing at the bank." Many who heard the cry thought they said: "There is fire at bank," and as was the custom in that far away horse-and-buggy day, they started to the bank each carrying a bucket of water.

M. C. Owens went the back way and entered his home, in the residential portion of the bank, secured his then new model, 32-caliber Smith & Wesson pistol, which shot like a rifle, and began firing at the robbers on horseback. The latter at first tried to frighten him away from the front door by shooting around him, but as his shots continued to whistle about their ears, they shot him. The ball struck him in the side, and ranged around into his back. He fell and was out of the fight, though he eventually recovered and lived for many years.

Colonel John W. Caldwell, who was practicing law in Russellville, after four years in the Confederate army, and a few others were approaching the bank on Main Street, armed with all sorts of nondescript and mostly useless weapons. As they

drew near the robbers began to fire at them. The attackers were seeking shelter behind the large locust trees that then lined both sides of Main Street. Colonel Caldwell was imprisoned behind one of them, and every time he peeped around to fire his little pistol, the robbers' shots would peel the bark off the tree near his head. It is useless to say the robbers were good shots, for they had served with Quantrell in Missouri, and some of them were with him when he received his fatal wound in Wakefield's barn in Nelson County, Kentucky.

The robbers were getting into a hot spot which was growing hotter. Cole Younger and his two companions emerged from the bank carrying their wheat sack containing the bank's money. They mounted and all galloped down College Street towards the Bowling Green road. A few shots were fired at them as they fled, and Mr. Malone, the Methodist pastor, claimed he shot one of them, whose arm seemed hanging loose. Be this as it may, the claim was never confirmed.

Reaching the Bowling Green road the robbers galloped to the forks and out the Gallatin road past the old fairground. They turned to the left into a wood-road between the fairground and John Thomas Rohrer's farm. This road continued between Sugarloaf and Panther Knobs (the latter where Major William Stewart once killed a panther). They then took Paul's Path, so called because it was made by a free Negro named Paul, whose wife lived in town. They followed it until they reached the fence around my father's farm, and followed the fence until they passed between the Morton and the Poindexter farms. Then they took a wagon road that led for miles out between the Gallatin and Bowling Green roads past Bob Perry's blacksmith shop, where they seem to have been lost sight of. They had evidently chosen this unfrequented route in one of their daily rides before the robbery, and were making their way to Nelson County, Kentucky, where a number of Quantrell's men lived.

Half an hour after the bank robbers passed our farm the woods were full of Russellville men mounted and on foot, armed with shotguns and all kinds of more or less useless weapons, seeking the robbers. Had they found them many tragedies

would have been added to the act of outlawry. My uncle, the Rev. David Morton, rode up armed with a little 22-caliber, rim-fire, seven-shooting revolver.

Colonel John W. Caldwell organized a posse and pursued the outlaws on horseback, but never came up with them.

A short time afterwards one of the robbers, named Shepherd, was captured by "Yankee" Bligh, the famous old Louisville chief of detectives. Frank James said some years later, in minimizing Bligh's feat, he just slipped up on the blind side of the robber who was one-eyed.

Shepherd was brought to Russellville and lodged in jail. Soon afterwards a bright, beautiful, and well-dressed woman appeared at Colonel Caldwell's office. She professed to be the wife of the prisoner, and told Colonel Caldwell she would pay him \$1,000 in cash to defend her husband. Colonel Caldwell told her she had better get another lawyer as he had good reasons for being antagonistic to the robber. She replied:

"Colonel Caldwell, I am not attempting to buy your friendship. All I want is your ability as a lawyer to see that my husband has a fair trial."

That was a neat bit of flattery enforced by \$1,000 in crisp new bills. The net result was that Colonel Caldwell defended Shepherd and got him off with a penitentiary sentence of three years.

Thirty years later, when Frank James had become a law-abiding citizen, in a conversation, while James was playing poker with a bunch of cowboys, he asked me if Colonel Caldwell were still living.

When I answered in the affirmative and asked if he had known Colonel Caldwell in Logan County, he replied:

"No, I never lived in Logan County. You have got me mixed up with my father, who was born and reared in that county, near Ely Orndorff's mill. Colonel Caldwell was a Confederate soldier, often commanded the Orphan Brigade, and I always try to keep up with the old Rebel boys."

Hugh Barclay, Jr., the young bank clerk, who afterwards became a prominent banker, was considerably upset by his experience while facing a robber's pistol in the bank. His father

concluded he would send him on a trip to settle his nerves. One incident of his travels was not very soothing. On his arrival in Louisville he stopped at a hotel for the night. When he went to his room to retire, a man jumped from under the bed and attacked him. He ran down the steps while his pursuer hurled a sling shot at him, which fortunately missed its mark.

WILLIAM STEWART, A KENTUCKY PIONEER

The American pioneer, the strong, adventurous man who won the best part of the continent for the struggling colonies on the Atlantic seaboard, the first real product of that civilization wafted across the ocean some three hundred years ago, is the most gigantic figure in American history. Much has been written concerning him, but he has not received the attention his achievements merit. Few realize the courage he displayed and the dangers he encountered when he entered alone the vast forest 1,000 miles long and 1,000 miles wide west of the Appalachian Mountains. The hardships he conquered and his skill and endurance almost surpass belief.

Clad in the skins of beasts, armed with a flintlock rifle, that shot but once and then had to be reloaded; with a shot-pouch and powder horn at his side, and a hunting knife and hatchet at his belt, he sallied bravely forth into the untamed wilderness.

But what of the pioneer? What manner of man was he? Why did he risk the dangers? What was the reward he hoped to gain? And did he have a well-defined object in view?

Strictly speaking, this first truly American white man was not a dreamer; neither was he a trifle. He generally went because he wanted to find a home for family and friends who would come later, or as the agent of some great company—octopus if you will—to “spy out the land,” and seek eligible locations for enormous government land grants. Frequently he went because in those wild days, when personal bravery was the most highly esteemed human attribute, he had slain his fellow man, thus entering the wilderness a fugitive.



MAJOR WILLIAM STEWART, LAST OF
KENTUCKY PIONEERS

*The above picture of Major William Stewart is a
newspaper reproduction and therefore not as clear as if
made from a photograph.*

But whatever the incentive, his reward in his generation was not great according to present-day standards. He may have achieved what was then called success, but the fruits of success then were no better than the ashes of failure now.

But looking one short century into the future his success becomes the marvel of all ages. He conquered the savage, and subdued the wilderness; he unfurled the stars and stripes over the most splendid domain of earth; and he left a progeny to whom he transmitted traits of character that have made the United States of North America the greatest country known to history.

And it is to call attention to the character, rather than the achievements, of a Kentucky woodsman that these lines are penned. He was a contemporary of Boone, Kenton, and Shelby in Kentucky, and of Robertson, Sevier, Crockett, and Jackson in Tennessee. He was with Robertson in Fort Nashboro, now the city of Nashville, in 1790; he was fighting Indians in Western Kentucky when Boone fought his last and most disastrous battle with the red man at Blue Lick; he was a Major in the War of 1812 and as a scout led Hopkins' expedition into the Indian country north of the Ohio, and was so disgusted when a retreat was ordered that he remained alone in the hostile territory, and returned after many dangers and hardships; he voted for Jackson three times for President and lived to see James K. Polk, "Old Hickory's" protege, in the presidential chair; and he died, like an infant falling asleep, at his home in Russellville, Kentucky, October 16, 1851, in his seventy-ninth year. He was born July 15, 1773, on the road leading from Augusta, Georgia, to Washington, Georgia, thirty miles from Augusta.

His name was William Stewart.

We have reached a critical era in the history of our country—one in which too much prosperity may prove our undoing, when there is danger we may become weaklings and effeminate, and our great redeeming traits must come from the blood transmitted to us from ancestors trained in the school of hardship and danger. It is worth our while to learn more of them:

"What might be your entitle, stranger?"

It was Crockett who answered: "I am that same Davy Crockett; I can whip my weight in wildcats; I can step across the Ohio, jump the Mississippi, slide down a streak of lightning, and eat any man that's agin' Jackson." Afterwards he became a bitter enemy of Jackson.

It was also Crockett who said at the Alamo: "Fellow-citizens of Texas: I cannot accept an office at your hands, but I will fight for you in the ranks. I ran for Congress back in Tennessee; I told them they could have me if they wanted me; if they did not they could go to hell and I would go to Texas. And here I am."

It was only a few days later when Colonel William Barret Travis, drawing a line with the point of his sword in the dirt floor of the Alamo, said: "My friends, I am going to stay here and die killing Mexicans; all who wish to stay with me cross this line; all who wish to surrender or to attempt to escape may stay where you are." All who were able to walk, save one, crossed the line, and it was the voice of Colonel Bowie from the cot, where he lay wounded unto death, that pleaded: "Boys, carry me across that line; I belong on that side"—brave old rugged Colonel Bowie, God bless him, for whom the Bowie knife was named!

It was the boy, Sam Houston, who had followed Jackson into Alabama to fight the Indians. He had been pierced by a poisoned arrow. He asked a companion to pull it out. The companion tried and tried again, when his heart failed him. "Oh, I cannot!" he cried.

The wounded boy drew his sword: "Now, pull that arrow out or I will cleave you to the chin." The arrow was extracted and the boy became the governor of Tennessee, and the first President of the Republic of Texas.

Jackson faced Dickinson on the field of honor. "Old Hickory" stood motionless and received Dickinson's shot in his breast. He then forced his adversary to stand and receive his. Dickinson fell while Jackson stood erect. After it was reported to Jackson that Dickinson was in the throes of death, he, too, fell from loss of blood.

"My God!" cried a friend, "why did you not tell us you were wounded?"

"Because," came the answer, "I did not want him to have the satisfaction of knowing it."

A tragedy of the forest had been enacted. "Big" Harp had fallen, mortally wounded by a bullet from John Leiper's unerring rifle, his life's blood had been drunk by Moses Stigall, whose wife and children the outlaws had murdered a few hours before. "Big" Harp's shaggy head was later stuck on a tree in what is now Webster County, Kentucky, the locality known to this day as "Harp's Head." "Little" Harp, his cousin and associate in a remarkable career of crime, had escaped, only to plunge deeper if such could be possible, into iniquity as a robber on the Natchez trace, and to meet his fate at the end of a hangman's noose a few years later.

The men-hunters had returned to the camp on Pond River, where were the outlaws' wives and one child. Stigall saw that one of the women was clad in his murdered wife's dress, and drew his bloody knife. William Stewart, with a posse of men from Russellville, who were also pursuing the Harps, arrived upon the scene.

"Look, here, Stigall," said Stewart, "I reckon you once had or now have a mother. So had I a mother. I have occasionally, aye, several times, in my life seen men killed, but I can't and won't see a woman killed."

Still looking Stigall in the eye, he continued:

"Did you see that flash of lightning, Stigall?"

"No, sir," answered Stigall.

"Well," concluded Stewart, "a word to the wise is sufficient."

Stigall, brave and desperate though he was, quailed before the steel-gray eye of the young hunter, and groveling upon the earth wept like a child. The woman was saved.

These are but glimpses of the lives of American pioneers; but they show why they carved out an empire, and why their descendants are yet, even in the lap of luxury, a virile race. And the American pioneer was a Southerner. He came from Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, and he occupied and held the land from the Alleghenies to the Pacific and from the British line to the confines of Mexico. The North-

ern trader from New England and New York, and the foreign immigrant came later to enjoy his conquest.

William Stewart never attained the fame of the others mentioned in this sketch, but he was of the same strong fiber, and in many respects one of the most remarkable products of pioneer life in Kentucky.

He began his career early, being only seventeen years old when he left his Georgia home on the Western trail, but he outlived his generation. He died less than ninety years ago, the most widely known and one of the last pioneers in Western Kentucky.

He was a man who spoke little, who was fond of the figurative language of the Indian, an adept at woodcraft, a dead shot with the rifle, a successful Indian fighter and hunter, a man of enterprise and daring. He knew the language of the forest and could track man or beast with the certainty of the bloodhound. He in some way picked up the rudiments of an education. He was a great Bible reader, though never a church member, and was a great admirer of St. Paul. He also read Pope and a few other poets, although his supply of books was limited and he had little time to devote to them.

He must have possessed some hypnotic power, for it was said it was rare to find a man even among men of his type who could stand without quailing the flash of his eye when lighted with the fire of anger. His acquaintances said this withering glance was equivalent to a death sentence, and further that these death sentences were always executed. He had friends in plenty, and also many enemies, but his most bitter foes admitted that he had redeeming traits—that while he frequently suppressed or withheld the truth, he never told a lie; and that no woman of high or low degree, white or black, ever suffered unavenged an indignity in his presence.

Though most of his life a private citizen, he was the terror of evildoers in the community where he lived, more feared than grates and bars and hangman's noose.

William Stewart is mentioned in nearly all the histories of Kentucky and in innumerable historical sketches, and the writers of these seem to have as much trouble in estimating his character

as did the people among whom he lived. He is frequently alluded to as the first sheriff of Logan County, then comprising all that part of Kentucky west of Barren River, but he never held any civil offices except those of deputy sheriff and deputy county surveyor, and never had any other title than that of Major, obtained through service in the War of 1812, as a scout and Indian fighter.

Judge J. R. Underwood, one of the most distinguished sons of Western Kentucky, who was a Representative and Senator in the Congress of the United States and Judge of the Court of Appeals in Kentucky, in writing an account of the death of "Big" Harp in Collins' *History of Kentucky*, says of Major Stewart, "He was one of the most extraordinary men I ever knew." He says Stewart told him "that 'Little' Harp's wife was a beautiful young woman and had been well reared. The wife of 'Little' Harp, after he was hung in Mississippi, married a highly respected man and reared a large family of children—all much esteemed for honesty, sobriety, and industry. I asked the Major the name of the man she married. He could not be induced to divulge it, because a silly world might take occasion to reflect upon her children in consequence of her connection with Harp."

Collins' *History of Kentucky* says of Major Stewart that he was one of the celebrities of Logan County, "a man of strong passions and decided character, faithful to his friends and dangerous to his foes; an oddity in manners and a curiosity in dress; as dark as the storm and as frolicsome as the sunshine, dealing always in the mystic signs and figurative language of the Indians; the fright of little girls and the admiration of mischievous little boys; an unfathomed mystery to the people among whom he lived and died; in a word a relic of the ancient civilization of Kentucky; his self-given sobriquet was 'Old Bill.'"

Finley's *History of Russellville and Logan County* says Stewart was "very eccentric" and "loved lone wanderings." Speaking of his old age this history says:

"On great occasions, such as Fourth of July or great Democratic gatherings, he dressed in his suit of buckskin, deerskin

vest with the hair on, with coins of silver for buttons, an otter skin hat, and buckskin shoes and breeches, all decorated with beads without number and other trinkets, all ornamented very tastefully and gaudily, and with Betsy (his rifle) silver-mounted, and repaired to the places of gathering, followed by all the boys, hallooing and laughing, and wondering and examining the fine dress. The girls stood off a little distance, fearing to approach the old hunter of so many legends and desperate encounters; and the older people approached cautiously, and saluted him with a hearty shake of the hand, and sometimes with a pleasant bow and a smile; and so 'Uncle Billy,' as some called him, was the central figure of all the gay throng.

"But the footsteps of the old pioneer and hunter gradually became slower, his day naps were longer and more profound, he attended less to his shop, and at last abandoned it altogether, and his lone wanderings became neglected. He frequently announced his approaching fate by saying 'Gabriel was blowing' for him."

In a series of articles under the caption "Men Whom I Remember," published in the Russellville (Kentucky) *Herald* some forty years ago, Mr. George D. Blakey, then an old man, wrote of William Stewart as "a man of the noblest instincts, one who was proverbial for his veneration for the female sex and at the same time a terror to evildoers." Again he says: "He had a remarkable faculty for deterring men from committing crimes, or mean disreputable acts. Like most strong-minded men, he had his eccentricities, and although not a member of the Primitive Baptist Church, he adhered through life to a usage of rule of that ancient order—viz., he paid his debts, nor did he allow himself to remain under obligations to anyone. If he received an act of kindness, a kind act was sure to be returned; 'for,' said he, 'this is the way to perpetuate brotherly kindness.' His habits were strictly temperate, amounting, I believe, to total abstinence from spirituous liquors; and if sleeping soundly be any indication of an easy conscience, he had it. His reverence and respect for the female character and his love for children were long proverbial in Logan County. He was known to be a general favorite with the children of the town and country.

They loved him because they knew he loved them. And on occasions of Sunday School celebrations, on May Day, or Fourth of July picnics, Major Stewart generally headed the column of juveniles, watching over them with parental care and tenderness.

"He was ever ready to go where duty called him, either to avenge the wrong of injured innocence, or to shield, protect, and defend from harm the rising generation about him."

But Major Stewart also had his Fray Antonio Agapida in the person of T. Marshall Smith, author of *Legends of the War of Independence and of the Earlier Settlements in the West*, a book of 397 pages published in 1855, in Louisville, Kentucky. Mr. Smith frequently mentioned Stewart in his book and generally with marked disapproval. He says of Stewart: "He was a man of great originality of character. More distinguished through a long life of the most hazardous adventure—possessing a nature of extraordinary malignity of purpose and action, deep design, dark and yet more certain in execution of such purposes and designs—than personal prowess or moral courage." The reader may have to wrestle with the grammar of the foregoing; but he cannot fail to catch a glimpse of old Stewart in the picture.

Again says Historian Smith in speaking of Major Stewart that he proposes to present "a brief but truthful exhibit of the life and character of one of the pioneers of the West, most unique in the strange comminglement they exhibit, vices of the deepest dye, and seeming virtues of the most proper and fascinating character; with all the secret craft, cunning, malignity of the midnight assassin, and the daring, toilsome, and hazardous enterprises of men of the greatest energy and prowess. A dastardly coward, yet relying upon his own perfected and matured knowledge of men and things, the machinery of the human mind, the passions, motives, and purposes of the human heart in its most corrupted or graciously purified phases, to cover and carry out in secret and safety his bloody deeds, he sallied forth in a darkness almost of his own creation, and perpetrated whatsoever a practiced and cultivated thirst for human blood or malignant revenge dictated, from youth to hoary age."

The foregoing excerpts from articles written after Stewart's death were penned by men who knew him personally and are presented in order to show the estimate his contemporaries placed upon him.

It should be said in justice to Historian Smith that as a rule his grammar and rhetoric are not so fierce as in the two samples given. In these two instances he was trying to fire heavy artillery. He does quite well with the musket, and, after all, he is the best historian of Major William Stewart. We are indebted to him for the preservation of the dramatic scene at the camp of the Harps when Stewart saved the woman's life, and for many anecdotes of this remarkable man that are found nowhere else.

When William Stewart was seventeen years of age he one night went to a party near his home in the backwoods of Georgia. He was called on to play the fiddle while his young friends danced. One Jack Patty, the neighborhood bully, insisted that Stewart should play a tune called "Capt'in Johnson." Stewart, not relishing Patty's style, declined. Patty slapped Stewart, and the party speedily broke up in a row. The next day there was trouble down at Jack Patty's cabin. Knives flashed and rifles cracked, and when the smoke cleared away Patty was dead and a beardless youth had started "for the Indian country," never to see his Georgia home again.

At Fort Nashboro, now the city of Nashville, Tennessee, he found preparations made to withstand a siege, an attack by the Indians being daily expected. The boy announced he did not want to be cooped up in a fort for weeks, and one William Cook and his wife agreed with him. So they followed the buffalo trail north through the canebrake, and fifty miles from Nashville camped in a cane jungle by a big spring. Then they built a log hut, and what is now the town of Russellville, Kentucky, was born; here more than sixty years later "old Stewart" died.

He loved the town which he naturally regarded with something akin to paternal affection, and he made it his business to see that the people in a measure at least behaved themselves.

Many strange stories were told about him in his old age, and as he seldom took the trouble to confirm or deny them they are somewhat apocryphal in their nature.

One of these concerned one Jerry Moore, who had disagreed with his wife and children, bought a pair of mules and a wagon and announced that the next morning he would take his oldest boy and start for Missouri. That afternoon Major Stewart met him on the street, when the following colloquy took place:

"Why Jerry," remarked the Major in a friendly tone of voice, "I understand you are going to Missouri, to take but one of your boys, with all your money, and leave your wife and other five children to shift as best they can."

Jerry replied that he had heard correctly.

"What," said Stewart, "and make no provision for your family left behind?"

Jerry was growing restive under his questioning, and responded with an oath: "Yes, let 'em starve."

Looking at him steadfastly with his indescribable gaze, Stewart said:

"Now, Jerry, that's a mighty dangerous road for you to travel; for as sure as there is a God in heaven you'll catch your death if you travel that way."

Moore, startled, took a more searching look into Stewart's gray eyes and exclaimed: "Great God, Uncle Bill, what is that for?"

"Oh, God knows," said Stewart, "but I tell you as certain as you try it you will catch your death," at the same time gripping his arm impressively with his hand.

Moore turned pale, walked away, and never said another word about going to Missouri, but lived and died with the family near Russellville.

Near Russellville lived a certain widow, Mrs. King. Her husband had died a few years previously, leaving her a farm, on which there was a small mortgage, and also leaving her several Negro slaves.

An old usurer in the neighborhood secured the mortgage, and taking advantage of the widow's ignorance of business, soon had bills of sale of the Negroes and a deed to the farm. This was talked over the neighborhood and finally came to Stewart's ears.

One morning the usurer was out squirrel hunting. As he passed a secluded spot a human form clad in buckskin and armed

with a rifle arose from a hazel thicket. The rifle had a bead on the usurer's heart, and it was the voice of William Stewart which commanded:

"Drop that gun."

"My God, Uncle Bill," exclaimed the usurer, "what harm have I ever done you?"

"Oh, none, that I know of," was the reply, "but Old Master has sent me for you. He says you are not fit to live among men and has sent me to remove you."

The usurer begged for mercy. "Don't pray to me," commanded Stewart. "I cannot help you; pray to the Old Master, maybe he can. But you must be quick about it."

An exceedingly earnest prayer followed. The petitioner finally asked the blessing of the Almighty upon his wife and children, so soon to be left without a protector.

"That's a good prayer," remarked the master of ceremonies from the hazel thicket. "How about a line or two for Mrs. King and her children."

The usurer took the suggestion and prayed for Mrs. King, and said if his life had been spared he intended to make restitution.

"That is the right way to pray," remarked the hazel-thicket priest. "Do you mean it?"

"Yes," responded the supplicant.

"Well," said Stewart, "Old Master has told me I may spare you if you will do that thing."

The usurer promised faithfully and Stewart said: "I will kill you, go where you may, if you fail; and if you raise a fuss and talk about it now or hereafter, I will assuredly kill you. Nothing but death shall save you from my vengeance."

The Negroes were returned to the widow and the farm was conveyed back to her "of his own free will and accord" by the cheerful usurer.

Historian Smith, in commenting upon this story, says:

"Now it is not surprising if our readers shall doubt whether the threats and acts of Stewart were anything more than a hoax, practiced upon the cowardly timidity of the usurer. They may rely upon it, however, it was no joke, no hoax. The usurer had

known Stewart personally for more than thirty years; had heard and known more or less of the tales circulated rifely throughout the land of similar events in reference to the man, in a dozen or more cases. Ah, he was a man of the most perverted and vicious passions, but indomitable will. Never threatened, but always acted."

The following story, told by Historian Smith, and often repeated by the older citizens of Russellville years ago, has at least some elements of truth, though an old citizen, now dead, told the writer that Stewart once told him he did not kill the man in question:

Major Stewart's only son, Gladden, went to Mississippi in early manhood to make his home. There he fought a rifle duel with a man named Bell and was killed, it was said, treacherously. In time the news came to Russellville. Major Stewart, then an old man, mounted his horse and disappeared. Many months later he returned home, but would say nothing as to where he had been or as to what he had done. Some time afterwards travelers from Mississippi told the story. They said Stewart visited the home of his son; Bell, hearing the old Indian fighter was coming, fled, but Stewart followed, tracking him through Arkansas, into and through the swamps of Louisiana, and finally into Texas, then a province of Mexico. On the banks of the Brazos River, near the town of Brazoria, Bell was found dead, pierced by a bullet, and it was said Stewart killed him.

In view of Stewart's statement that he did not kill Bell, and the fact that his bitterest enemies, including Historian Smith, admitted that he always told the truth if he spoke at all, it is fair to presume that the bullet that brought death to Bell did not come from his rifle, though Stewart did follow him, with the purpose of killing him. A remarkable feature of this man-hunt was that Bell knew Stewart was on his track, and resorted to every means at his command to throw him off, and it is presumed he either killed himself in desperation, or that he was murdered by robbers or Indians, who thus saved Stewart the task.

Dozens of stories such as those narrated are told or were told of Major Stewart.

In his last days the old hunter spent much of his time in his little shop which he called his "den" making powder horns for his male friends, and silver spoons and other trinkets for the women and children, for he was quite skillful as a silver-smith. Many of his old powder horns may still be found, and on each is a motto or verse written in a clear round hand in indelible ink. Here are some of the inscriptions on his powder horns:

"Health to the sick,
Honor to the brave;
Wealth to the poor
And freedom to the slave."

"Act honest and charitable, and in all your dealings have eternity in view; and forget not the eleventh commandment which is recorded in John XIII, 34th verse."

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see,
That mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me."

"The sceptered king, the burthened slave,
The humble and the haughty die;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave
In death without distinction lie."

A short time before he died Major Stewart told his daughter that he had not long to live, and that he was going away soon and would not be seen again. He had lived most of his life in the woods, and he wanted to die beneath the forest trees and let nature take her course with his remains. He said he would go where his body would never be found.

His daughter was heartbroken and begged so piteously that the old man relented and agreed to die at home. The following note was his last message:

"Wm. Stewart's request to his children and all the world:

"The request of Wm. Stewart this day given to his two daughters, Sally and Elvira, that if either of them be present

when he dies that they have a plain coffin or box made out of the raw plank, untouched by jointer or plane, and him, the said Stewart, to be laid in the clothes he may die in—unshaved and without other shrouding of any kind whatever. He further forbids any gospel speculator from preaching his funeral. Given under my hand this 10th of July, 1850.

“WM. STEWART.”

“He who preaches for money is the gospel speculator. W. S.”

The day he died Major Stewart dressed himself in his broad-cloth suit, and when he passed away my father, who held his hand, said he could hardly tell when he ceased to breathe, so gently did the last summons come.

His instructions as to his funeral were followed to the letter.

Thus passed an American pioneer, courageous, violent, strong; but at the same time truthful, charitable, and kind. He was my mother's grandfather.

WHEN THERE WERE OLD MAIDS

There was a time in the long ago, before most of you were born, when there were old maids. As I have told you before, when a maid was thirty years of age she was called an “old maid,” at thirty-five, in the popular vernacular, she was a “d—d old maid.”

Now they are “bachelor maids,” and they seem much happier than were their unmarried sisters of past years.

Mating is nature's order, but I never could see any reason why any opprobrium should attach to an unmarried woman any more than it should be attached to an unmarried man. In fact it seems to me that the unmarried woman far outranks in standing the unmarried man.

Many are the good reasons why there are life-long maids and bachelors. One reason is lack of good health, but this does not seem generally very compelling. Another is that a man or woman fails to get the mate of his or her choice. They choose a life of celibacy as the alternative. Again many persons stifle

love for the opposite sex because they have dependent relatives, to whom they conceive they owe a first duty.

I knew well the history of one old man. He lived in Logan County, Kentucky. His father had been wealthy, but lost his fortune during the Revolutionary War. He had only a few Negro slaves left, and lived in the past. The man in question was his oldest son. He took charge of the family affairs, managed and worked with the slaves. There were twelve children in the family. He provided for and educated these; and when he was about seventy years old, all the family was provided for. Needless to say, he had never had time to marry. With his burdens lifted, like the young man in springtime of whom you have all heard, his mind reverted to the age-old problem. He fell in love and married—a tribute to his common sense—a woman nearly as old as he. They lived happily ever afterwards.

No one will doubt that this man had good reasons to remain a bachelor most of his life. And there are many others, both men and women.

I knew some five or six generations of another family, among whom old bachelors were numerous. A man who knew this family well remarked: "These men never fall in love with more than one woman. If they cannot get the one woman they want, they never marry."

Away back yonder, around the time Abe Lincoln and Jeff Davis were having their argument across Mason and Dixon's line, as already indicated, a stigma attached to old maids. They seemed to agree to it themselves, although some of them were the salt of the earth.

There were only three avenues of employment open to old maids—housekeeping and other domestic duties, sewing and knitting for neighbors at a pittance, and teaching school. No wonder the girls had a horror of passing through life in single blessedness. Many girls married when thirteen or fourteen years of age, without criticism.

The sewing job was the one least to be desired. The seamstress frequently would go from house to house to assist the wife in making clothing for many children. She generally had a regular line of clients. I knew one of these who had a harelip,

and who had been making the rounds from youth to middle age. Finally she became thoroughly disgusted, went to Salt Lake City and joined the Latter Day Saints.

I knew another spinster, whose father had been wealthy, but who had lost his fortune by "going security" for his friends. She was afterwards always dissatisfied with life. She was the housekeeper for a wealthy widow for many years, and as the years rolled by managed to save an old-age nest egg of about \$500. She then became a money lender, and all the widowers in the neighborhood wanted to marry her. To her credit be it said, she turned these fortune hunters down with scornful indignation.

One of the most successful teachers I ever had was a bright, high-tempered old maid. She could come about as near beating a lesson through a thick skull as anyone I ever knew. I generally knew my lessons tolerably well, but one day I got mutton-headed and could not learn my geography. She "kept me in" all the afternoon and when the shades of evening came took me home with her, conducted me to her bedroom, lighted a lamp, and told me I would stay there until I knew my lesson. Then she went to supper, leaving a hungry and tearful boy with his geography open before his non-seeing eyes. My trouble was I could not master the names of two Florida rivers and that of the largest lake in the state. They were, however, finally conquered, and I was sent home to explain my tardiness to my father and mother. Somehow I did not seem to get the sympathy I felt I deserved. In the years to come on visits to Florida I never could enjoy the scenery of these two rivers, and fish caught out of Lake Okeechobee never had exactly the right flavor.

I knew several old maids of the time referred to, when there were old maids, who after facing the hardships of youth and middle age, as elderly women married. Most of these alliances were unsatisfactory.

One old maid had a younger sister, much better looking than she. Each had inherited a few hundred dollars. A money-loving chap was ardent in his courtship of the younger and prettier. All of a sudden the suitor switched and married the hard-looking

older sister. They had a long and unsatisfactory married life. The husband had expected his old wife, who was almost an invalid, to die soon. Then he would get her money and marry the other sister.

I know this is true for the man in the case admitted it to me some years later. He concluded with the remark: "And now her neck has got stringy, and she never will die."

I knew a maiden lady who was smart and unattractive. When she was twenty-five years old she decided she wanted an education, entered college, graduated and carried off the honors on commencement day.

Then she settled down to spending her life visiting her neighbors. She would stay a week or so at each place, and then move on. Her tongue was as sharp as a cambric needle. She would entertain her hosts by telling them the low-down on the families she had recently visited. She was given to boasting that if she could ever get to San Francisco, where she had rich kinsfolk, she could lead a carefree, happy life.

Finally all the hosts and hostesses got together, in desperation, took up a collection, bought her a railroad ticket to San Francisco, and bade her a fond farewell.

When she reached the Golden Gate, she heated her wealthy kinsfolk so hot that they bought her a ticket back home, much to the consternation of the community.

Then she married a Federal pensioner who had a satisfactory income. He soon discovered that he had caught a Tartar, pronounced her crazy and had her incarcerated in a lunatic asylum. But she would not stay put. She employed a lawyer, brought habeas-corpus proceedings and secured her release. Then she had her husband tried on a writ of lunacy. The jury declared him mentally unsound. The old Yankee soldier spent his remaining days in comparative peace behind locks and bars, while the grass widow lived on his pension. Both, no doubt, were happier than they would have been had they continued to live as man and wife.

I knew a lady who remained single for over fifty years. Then the sweetheart of her young life, who had made a comfortable competence, became a widower and married her. They

got along amicably. The lady, no longer being cramped financially, spent much of her time shopping. Like many other ladies, she spent much more time shopping than buying until the clerks in the stores began to dread her appearance. One night the clerks met around the egg stove in the rear of the grocery and began to voice their grievances against the lady shopper. One of the boys concluded the round-table discussion with the remark:

"Oh! well, now, she is not so bad. The only thing the matter with her is, she ran an old maid too long."

My advice to the bachelor girls is: If cupid's darts do not strike early, wear a coat of mail. I see an opportunity for a pun, but, emulating the illustrious example of Dr. Samuel Johnson, I forbear.

CHAPTER XII

MATTERS A TRIFLE PERSONAL

IN THE OLD HOME TOWN AND AFTERWARDS

Let's talk about the days that are no more—from forty to seventy years ago. I was a boy, or a young man, during those years—most of them happy years, as they are seen through the vistas of memory.

As a boy and a very young man I lived on a farm or in a country town, Russellville, in Southern Kentucky; then for ten years of bachelorhood I was a wanderer, always at work, and always expecting some day to be rich. During most of those wandering years the image of a pretty Kentucky girl was carried in my mind.

Dr. Holmes tells us in his "autocrat of the Breakfast Table," that as a fact he possessed most of the substantial things he desired, as pictured in his imagination. So with me. Though I have had my trials, my sorrows, and my dangers, I have had many years of reasonably happy life, always poor but never in actual want.

But this is not what I started out to tell. I started out to talk about some of the experiences in Russellville, Kentucky, the home town, and in my Aeneid of ten years that followed.

I go to that old town sometimes and can walk entirely through it without meeting a human being I know, though there are left a few old men and women, whom I knew years ago as rollicking boys and girls. In Maplewood, the town cemetery, where I feel most at home, most of my old friends are asleep under the blue-grass sod.

Not so in the old days following the War Between the States. Half the county, comprising the rich farming land, had been Rebel. The other half, "the Coonrange," was hilly and much of the land was poor, and most of the people were "Yanks." When the Rebel

boys came to town on county court days, and met the Yanks from "the Coonrange," there were always fights between these old soldier boys. They had not had enough of strife during the four years of warfare to satisfy their belligerency.

The town in those days was far from peaceful. Many a time the crack of shotguns or pistols would tell of a tragedy, and many a time bullets would plough through the streets. I have heard and seen both these phenomena.

Strange to say the soldier boys generally fought it out "fist and skull," and, though armed, seldom fired a shot. My boyish heroes were John Finch, a Reb who was never whipped, and Guv Barker, a Yank, who never was whipped but once, and that was when he got tangled up in a "fist and skull" argument with John Finch.

Guv was riding home one day when a man stepped out of a thicket with a shotgun pointed at Guv's head, and only a few feet away. Guv clapped his hand over the muzzle of the gun and pushed it aside, the load passing through the palm of his hand. He jumped from his horse, drew his knife, and killed his antagonist.

The fighting former soldiers gradually passed away or became more pacific. But there continued to be fights enough to satisfy the most exacting.

Political contests were fierce in those days. I have seen fifty or more men lined up on a side on the Public Square, when the firing of one shot would have meant a slaughter.

At last the dove of peace began to hover; and then most of the fighting was done by the young boys among themselves. Rocks were the favorite weapons, but sometimes sticks were used. Many a boy had a bald spot on his head, where a stone had cut a gash.

We also played marbles, foot-and-a-half, "half-hammer," as we called it, town-ball, bull-pen, and other games. To my mind bandy (now called shinny) was the greatest game of all. It required skill and courage, and almost every game resulted in cracked skulls and barked shins. It was a swift game with no pause from start to finish. Football was in fact football. The ball could only be kicked, and must never be touched with the hand.

When we were about eight years old we began to hunt, and developed some of the best shots in the world. I had a brother and a neighbor boy who could kill quail on the wing with a rifle. Ever since that time, even to the present day, there have been fine shots in that town.

Gray's Tavern had long been a popular caravansary. It had a bell that rang out the glad tidings when a meal was ready. It could be heard all over town. The niggers, or should I say Negroes, interpreted the ringing of the bell. According to their theory it said: "Pig-tail done, pig-tail done; If you don't come quick you shan't have none."

Railroads had not been running long in those days, but these same smart American citizens of African descent interpreted the language of the starting train as:

"I don't care a damn if I do go to hell,
I don't care a damn if I do go to hell."

Then after the train got under way:

"Hell can't ketch me,
Hell can't ketch me."

The house where I lived was known as "the Hise house," because Judge Elijah Hise and Mrs. Hise made it their home for many years. Just across the street was the old stone jail. Above it on the corner was the blacksmith shop; and Bradley's livery stable was diagonally across the corner from the residence. Consequently there was plenty doing in that neighborhood.

The blacksmith shop was always an interesting place for the boys. We would watch John Vaught make shoes and nail them on horses wild and gentle. No horse was too wild for John to handle. It was interesting to watch him make plows and fit them together, for he manufactured plowshares and all. There was never a better plow made than Vaught's; and in spite of many modern improvements, no plow has ever turned the soil more successfully than his. Besides, although you young folk may not believe it, on hot summer days the blacksmith shop was the coolest place in town—always there was a breeze.

The jail had its somber points of interest. We were always glad when a prisoner was released, and correspondingly depressed when one was locked up, leaving hope behind.

The livery stable was a feature of consuming interest. There the farmers, wearing old-fashioned cloth leggings, stabled their horses for the day; and in the evening, stimulated frequently with Kentucky corn juice, would mount with glee and go clattering home.

There were droves of mules coming in to spend the night on their way South to the cotton fields and sugar plantations. In those days the mules were driven to market in pairs, each pair tied together with a rope attached to their necks. A gray mare was in front, for the mules, having respect for age, would follow her. The owner and a few drivers were scattered along the procession.

Sometimes, too, flocks of hundreds of turkeys would come along also on foot, going South. Then there were many droves of fat hogs, going South on foot. In front would be a man calling the hogs and dropping a few grains of corn to toll them along. A hog has little intellect, and most of that is located in his stomach.

It was always a great day when the advance guard of the circus drove up and began to plaster the livery stable with flaming posters. The boys gathered with eager interest to see the pictures of lions and tigers and bareback riders, including the maiden standing tip-toe on the flat back of a show horse. The old maids and good Christians said that was the reason they thought it wrong to go to circuses. But none of us boys were good Christians, though we were required regularly to go to church and Sunday school. We never allowed the circus bills to remain posted on the wall for more than two or three days. Then with boyish deviltry and no reason at all we tore them all down.

The great day was when the circus came lumbering over the muddy or dusty highways into town. At first there were no wild animals, but as the poverty of the war began to recede, and the former Rebel soldiers began to take the bottom rail off the top of the fence, and put it where it belonged, an elephant came, and then a lion and a tiger and a cage of monkeys. After a year or so we greeted as the crowning feature the fat hippopotamus,

which we called a hippo-po-ta-mus, because our leading citizen, Judge Elijah Hise, pronounced it that way. He was a university graduate, but always said "sot" for "sat." He also always took the boys to the circus.

A number of circus men and their horses were always at Bradley's livery stable. We boys liked to look at them. A thriller was provided when the circus followers fought among themselves.

The circus itself, with its fat-woman and living-skeleton side-shows, with its sellers of popcorn, peanuts, ginger cakes, red lemonade, and striped stick candy, was in our eyes the culmination of all scenic spectacles of ancient or modern times. When Barnum came, Mr. and Mrs. Barnum rode at the head of the procession in a carriage. Our elders, with poor success, used to try to convince us boys that when we had seen the parade we had seen it all.

Even surpassing the circus in thrilling excitement, was when the courthouse bell sounded: "Ding, ding, ding, ding," which meant that there was a fire somewhere in town. We boys accepted the license of the occasion and ran through the streets bawling: "Fiarh! Fiarh!! Fiarh!!!" in long-drawn accent. The young men ran to the old hand-pumping fire engine and hauled it out of its shed. The older men secured a bucket full of water each, and hurried to the fire, which the united effort generally extinguished.

When it was a big fire in the business section, it was a different story. The old engine was in action as long as the water lasted in the nearby cisterns. It would be turned over to the colored population, while improvised white firemen acted as chiefs and gave directions. A barrel of whisky would be rolled out of Dave Ricketts' saloon; the head would be knocked out and tin cups would be hung around the rim. All hands would take a drink, including the ebony brigade operating the fire engine, Dick, Tom, Harry, Ned, George, Sam, and others, and they pumped with all vengeance while they sang:

"The engine brake, the biler bust,
It ain't a gwine ter rain no mo'
And laid de tanyard in the dust
It ain't a gwine ter rain no mo'."

There were other ditties, many of them improvised for the occasion. The big fires were decidedly hilarious events. Everybody had a good time except the man whose property was burning and Dave Ricketts, as he heard the tin cups scraping the bottom of his whisky barrel. The barrel of whisky was Dave's contribution to every big fire.

There were other things worth telling about that town and its people, but time and space are calling a halt, and I have yet to tell of my wandering years, after I left my boyhood home.

Two and a half years were spent in what was then wild and woolly West, among cowboys, Indians, ranchers, dance halls, and bad men, all classes armed to the teeth.

Then came my return to the states, when I embarked in the newspaper game for good. At first I never stayed long at one place, always leaving whenever I thought I was bettering my condition.

The most tragic experience during this time was living in boarding houses. The smart man was always there, the pretty girl, the old maid, and the run of the mines. I finally adopted the plan when I went to a new town of picking out some family and asking to be taken in as a member of the household. This was much better.

But the years of wandering were not all bad. My main object was to make good as a reporter. I always have and do now consider myself more of a reporter than anything. It is my opinion that a good reporter ranks with the biggest and best in the newspaper field. As I have frequently remarked, a real reporter is a priest of the Living God.

During those days my associates were mostly men. I visited few girls, I went to few theatrical performances. In leisure hours I called socially on men who counted in business and political affairs, so that they would know me when I called for news. Society was taboo except occasionally in a professional capacity.

My office associates, after working hours, were reporters and old-time printers, who set type by hand. I often wondered why reporters who talked so entertainingly did not put more of their natural endowment into the things they wrote. Their conversation during the time of waiting for the press to start, after the

day's work was done, was much more interesting than their productions in the paper the next day.

The old-time printer was an institution. Some of these were gentlemen of the old school, faultlessly dressed, intelligent, and forceful. Some of them—a minority—were known as “tramp printers.” The latter were just as entertaining and just as good workmen as their more aristocratic contemporaries. I learned much from these old printers. They were a self-satisfied set. They boasted that no machine could ever supplant their nimble fingers and human intelligence. But even then Mergenthaler was peeping over the horizon with a linotype. The old-time printer has passed on, but the bright memory of his accomplishments will remain.

My wanderings began to become few and far between after I married the one and only girl. After marrying a young wife I resumed my association with the young, but I knew neither their language nor their aspirations. Nevertheless, I loved and still love youth. It is and always will be the hope of the world.

TWENTY YEARS A MANAGING EDITOR

(*An editorial in the Memphis Commercial, written by C. P. J. Mooney, August 16, 1918.*)

A few days ago Marmaduke Morton, managing editor, writing to a friend, put in the postscript, “Did you know I have been with the *Banner* twenty years today.”

Probably not over 2,000 people in Tennessee know M. B. Morton. Outside of his circle of friends, not many people in Nashville know Mr. Morton. Yet there is not any man in the state who has been in touch with more people than has this same Mr. Morton.

On some papers the managing editor has charge of the news, local and telegraph, and all other features of the paper except the editorial page. On other papers the managing editor has charge of everything “upstairs.”

On the great New York papers the organization is divided and subdivided. There is a publisher and a business manager,

a man in charge of the editorial page, a managing editor, sometimes two, Sunday editors, art editors, and what not.

Brisbane is unique in the set. He is publisher, managing editor, and occasionally it delights him to write a news story.

Mr. Morton's duties as managing editor of the *Banner* have been heavy and his responsibilities have been great. He has done his work thoroughly and efficiently. The same amount of energy devoted to strict business or highly-paid professions might have made Morton a rich man. But there is something in newspaper work that makes up for riches or the accumulation of money. In the newspaper office one is in the eternal present. The managing editor of a newspaper has his hands on the lever of a big machine which runs all the time, and every day that machine passes through untraveled realms.

Those of us who have held these positions do not know what the future holds, but we do know it will be interesting and different in appearance from all that is in the past.

When the writer became managing editor of the *Commercial Appeal* in 1896 the absorbing question before the American people was the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

During the summer we told the stories of Mr. Bryan's remarkable canvass and Mr. McKinley's receiving delegations from all corners of the United States. The big names in the paper were those of Mark Hanna and James K. Jones.

Two years later we swung into the Spanish-American war with all its alluring features, and quickly afterwards we went into the sickness in camps, embalmed beef, and the ship purchase scandal.

In 1900 we fought out the issue of expansion. Ten years before few of us had heard of the Philippines, except to know that they were a group of islands somewhere in the Pacific.

In 1900 we knew all about the Moros, Aguinaldo, and Guam. Then we broke into the era of the great trusts and we thought in 1901 and 1902 that before many years four or five men would own all the railroads and that a dozen men would own all the money and that everybody else would be working on a salary. Then we began "trust-busting" and for about two years even J. P. could not sell a genuine gold brick at its full value. After

a while we became used to the big combinations and they and Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Carnegie lost their terrors.

A few years later the managing editors directed the shaping of policies on the uplift and eugenics.

Then suddenly, we swept into fields of gorgeous interests with the war of 1914, and its possibilities in aeroplanes, submarines, and wireless. After four years this war has, in some aspects, become commonplace. But every day Morton and Krock, of Louisville [now on the *New York Times* and one of the leading American political writers and commentators]; Beck, of Chicago; Heiskell, of Little Rock; Stanley, of Birmingham; and Goodwin, of Birmingham; Morris and Leach, the young bucks of Memphis—they have not been in the game long—all hurry into their offices every day, keenly interested in the new thing the day will bring forth.

And that is the essence of the attractiveness of newspaper work.

Every day in the year there is something new. There has been something new to us every day for twenty-eight years and we are just as much interested today as to what tomorrow will bring forth as we were on June 17, 1890, when we came into Memphis and began "reporting for the paper," that paper being the *Avalanche*.

Morton has been managing editor of the *Banner* for twenty years, but he is still a good managing editor, because his news curiosity is as keen today as it was in the long ago.

It is interesting business, this newspaper work. After twenty-eight years in it we rejoice that we are still an optimist, and, in spite of the awful tragedy that is upon us, the world is a little better than it was twenty-eight years ago. Men today are struggling for better things as hard as they were when we came to Memphis and wrote our first story, which was "The Population of Memphis is 63,360."

When God Almighty made this earth he did a perfect piece of work, and men and women should every day try to do something to show their appreciation of having such a beautiful playground. That is how we feel after we have been in the game

around thirty years, and we know that Morton feels the same way. He is a fine managing editor and a fine gentleman.

KENTUCKY BOYS CROSS THE CONTINENT

"And that was in the golden prime of good Haroun-al-Raschid."

It was not quite that long ago, but since that time an old century has died, and another is approaching the half-way mark.

It was when the American people proudly referred to the United States as "the melting pot of nations." This was the home of the homeless, the land that offered opportunity to all. All this has been changed, but that year marked the high point in the immigration up to that time. There were great quantities of vacant land.

The transcontinental railroads each owned every alternate section in the strip eighty miles wide of the public lands along their rights of way.

Many young fellows were going from "The States" to the Golden West.

That was why I was crossing the continent in an emigrant train of three cars hitched on behind a freight train. We bumped and jolted along. It took us nine days to go from Kansas City to San Francisco, but we saw the country, and stopped long enough at each city, while freight cars were being switched around, to inspect that city. We saw no buffalo, for that year the last herd of wild buffalo in America was destroyed in Montana, "because they furnished food for the wild Indians." It was argued that with the annihilation of these wild cattle, Indian wars would cease, for lack of a commissary. It had not been long since trains would be stopped by immense herds of buffalo crossing the tracks. Their destruction was the greatest of the many crimes against the wild life of this country.

The railroad official who assigned us to berths in the emigrant train was an artist. He endeavored to place congenial groups together. The first car was filled with immigrants from southeastern Europe; the second with middle and northern

Europeans; and the third and last with Americans, most of them young fellows, with more energy than money, and Westerners who had been East on visits and could see no sense in spending money on a first-class train and a Pullman sleeper, when an emigrant train furnished better accommodations than they had been used to.

With me was another boy about my age, and the two of us were expected to look after and protect a middle-aged maiden whom we had known in Kentucky and who was going to the coast to teach school. All members of our immediate party at first were feeling blue, for we had shed many tears as we kissed our fathers and mothers and sisters goodby. Our sweethearts?—we just shook hands with those pretty girls. It was not so easy to kiss a girl then as now. Mine would not even shake hands with me when I left.

We never expected to see them again. The other boy was back home within three months, I stayed two and a half years and the fine maiden lady, who had courage and to spare, remained on the coast for twenty long years, and only came home to die.

I am free to say after all these years after making trips from coast to coast in sleepers on fast trains, that the trip on the last coach of the emigrant train was one of the most entrancing of my life.

One reason was the novelty of the situation; another that the blood of youth was coursing through my veins; and still another that there was a live California girl on our car, with whom I soon formed a comradeship. Her father was with her. He was a real old-timer, had come to the coast before the mast in '49, had been a miner, a grizzly-bear hunter, and a ranchman in Mendocino County, California. He was a big, black-bearded man, strong as an ox, carried a large bowie knife in his belt, and was fond of good red liquor. I suppose he has long since passed to his reward, but for fear of accidents, I will just call him Dad.

I will call the live girl Rose, because that was not her name. I am hoping she is still living a happy, carefree life, surrounded by many children and grandchildren.

Rose was ready for any adventure and she and I spent much of our time romping around on top of the freight train, which we reached through the caboose. We would shoot at all the wild life as the train jogged along. One day as we were sitting on a box car, I cut off a lock of her hair and put it in my pocket-book. I kept that lock of hair for years, until finally my young wife found it in my trunk and consigned it to the flames.

Geronimo, the fierce old Apache, was on the warpath then and we were watching out for him as we passed through New Mexico and Arizona. We were going to take a shot at him if he passed our way, and then turn Dad loose on him with his big knife, but Geronimo did not make himself visible.

At Albuquerque we had to change trains, and a rough German immigrant made a rush from the second car to ours, and took possession of a seat corresponding to that of a young woman and her child. We were much interested in her because she was going to get off at her home right in the middle of the Apache country. We wanted to see her safely landed. We raised a row with the German and tried to make him move forward into that Central European car.

Dad called us off. "Boys," said he, "let that Dutchman alone, for I intend to cut his throat from ear to ear, as soon as we reach California. I would do it now, but I don't know the laws of this territory." Finally we got rid of the German and bloodshed was not necessary.

At Yuma, Arizona, our train made a long stop and we had a chance to explore that superheated town on the confines of Mexico. We went through the penitentiary, and luckily all of us got out. Then we went out and visited the Indians. On our way to the camping ground we met a party of Indians coming to town. One young squaw was wrapped in a new, bright red, striped blanket—a "pīlpil pississe," as it is called in the Chinook jargon. One of the ladies in our party pointing to her said: "I'll bet that is a princess." The "princess" evidently pleased at the attention given her opened her blanket, and there she stood a bronze statue in the nude. Rose laughed, loud and musically, but the other women were speechless.

We spent half a day in Los Angeles, then a beautiful little city of 20,000 inhabitants. The residential lots were measured by the acre. The houses were large and attractive, some of them with double roofs to make them cooler in summer. The yards were full of orange, lemon, fig, and other trees and shrubbery. The front gates were all wide open, and you were at liberty to promenade in the shade, and take such fruit as you wanted to eat on the premises. You were not expected to take it away with you. I was charmed and considered cutting short my journey there, and throwing away the remaining thousand miles of my emigrant ticket. Had I done so I would now probably have been a millionaire. If I went on I would have a week more with the wild Rose, and I went on.

When we reached a town on the Pacific Ocean, we again had an opportunity to investigate the surroundings, while our freight train switched cars. We stopped right at the ocean where a wharf projected out into the water. On one side was a row of heavy piles driven firmly into the earth, projecting thirty or forty feet from the ground, sawed off smooth at the top. I proposed to Rose that we climb to the top of these piles where we could get a view of the surrounding country, without any thought of the embarrassment she might feel when we came to descend.

Rose readily assented, and we had a fine frolic together. When the train whistled and we had to come hurriedly down from our high perch, it seemed that all Bulgaria, Rumania, Serbia, Herzegovina and Czechoslovakia erupted from coach No. 1 to see the descent. I got on the ladder first and remained as close to the pretty girl as possible in order to hold down her skirts in the brisk breeze from across the seas. I was mad as a hornet with the irreverent foreigners and wanted to fight, but concluded I could not whip the whole of Southeastern Europe and a part of Asiatic Turkey. I thought maybe Dad would come out and cut a few throats, but he did not seem to mind. The young lady came nonchalantly switching down the ladder, as calm as a May morning.

When we arrived at San Francisco our party stopped at the Russ House. The city was in its heyday. Modjeska was

playing "As You Like It" with Muldoon as Charles the Wrestler. Everybody seemed to have money and spending was lavish. Fine clothes and well-groomed, healthy-looking women were everywhere. The town was booming. An everlasting evidence of prosperity is to find the women well dressed and happy. No specimen of earth's fauna responds so quickly to good treatment as the female of the genus homo.

San Francisco was wild over athletics. Duncan Ross, formerly of Louisville, Kentucky, was the star, then a young athlete of captivating personality, and the champion swordsman of the world. A great arena had been built for him, where swordsmen on horseback met in conflict until Ross fatally wounded an English champion. The latter was game, and when he seemed about to recover appeared in another contest with Ross, but died soon afterwards. After that the great arena never prospered, and had to be closed.

Donald McDonald, Scotchman in kilts, was there to wrestle with Ross. He was as simple as a child, and one day some of his friends told him our fine old maiden teacher, whom I was escorting to her destination, wanted to see him. He promptly called at her room, and was as promptly ordered out.

"Why did you send for me if you did not want to see me?" he asked.

"I did not send for you," she replied, "and if you ever come here again, you will wish you hadn't." Ross thought this a great joke.

Chinatown was then in its glory, but was no showplace as now. It was a little China, with playhouses, music, cat-like women dressed in silks and satins, and the rough-and-tumble of China. When you went there it was on your own responsibility, for you were not welcomed. You literally took your life in your hands.

Rose and I took in the town in great shape, although I refrained from subjecting her to the dangers of Chinatown. We went to the theaters, the museums; the aquariums, and everywhere else a frolicsome boy and girl would want to go.

The fine old maiden teacher lectured me a little. Said she: "I knew your father and mother before they were married; I

have known you ever since you were born; but I never would have known what kind of boy you really were if I had not made this trip with you."

The time had arrived when I must take ship for Portland, Oregon, for at that time no railroad penetrated the northwest corner of the United States of North America.

Rose went down to see me off and presented me with a little bouquet she carried in her hand, while I imprinted a kiss upon her ruby lips. I never saw her again.

And this ends my story of a trip across the continent on an emigrant train. Such a journey cannot be taken in these piping times. It must remain a memory of the days and the times that have passed.

THE SANTA FE TRAIL GOES STREAMLINED

"I am going to retire when I am forty years old. I will be rich by that time," said I.

"I'll bet when you are forty you will not have \$2,500," said my more mature-minded friend.

That was a backset, and I never forgot it. I won the bet, for when I reached my fortieth year I made a careful inventory and found myself a millionaire. I had a young wife and a little boy whom I would not have exchanged for the wealth of the Indies and I had \$2,500 in cold cash. I still have all my assets—over thirty years later—though neither wife nor boy are any longer little. I value both as highly now as I did then, so I am still rolling in wealth, although you would never suspect it.

When the conversation above narrated transpired the blood of glorious youth was coursing through my veins, my companion and I were going West with the intention and expectation of "getting rich" in a few years and returning to Kentucky and getting "the girls we left behind us." We were also "lonesome since we left the ridge and the tears they did blind us."

That was over fifty years ago, but we eventually got the girls.

And now I am telling you about it as I sit in my sister's front room in Trinidad, Colorado, looking at the towering peak, known as Simpson's Rest, where George Simpson lies buried, encased in stone. Old Simpson was a pioneer Indian fighter and was buried there by his request.

Across the town arises Fisher's Peak now covered with snow.

In a green park nearby is the equestrian statue of Kit Carson, the greatest trail blazer and forerunner of civilization from the Mississippi to the Pacific Coast. He was born in Madison County, Kentucky, but was not a grandson of Daniel Boone, as Emerson Hough says, although his brother married two daughters of Squire Boone, the brother of Daniel Boone.

Just in passing: Emerson Hough painted in prose the greatest pictures of Western pioneer life, and may readily be forgiven for an inconsequential error in the genealogy of Kit Carson. Kit lived at Taos, across Raton Mountains, near Santa Fe. The tunnel through Raton Mountains is the highest point on the railroad between Kansas City and the coast.

We used streamlined trains and every convenience known to man on our trip to Trinidad—I and “the girl I [once] left behind me.” The first time when I left her, I rode in an emigrant train. My fellow travelers were Italians, Germans, Hungarians, Bulgarians, Russians, Greeks, and some Americans. It was the most interesting journey of my life.

Among the Americans were Californians with plenty of money. They had gone to the coast in '49 to dig gold, and saw no sense in throwing away hard-earned money on Pullman coaches after having spent many years digging in mines, chopping trees, hunting grizzlies, sleeping in shacks or on Mother Earth, cooking with frying pans, and using buffalo chips for fuel and for plates.

Buffalo chips made nice clean plates and were very convenient as I was to find out later. You never had to wash them for when you finished using them you just threw them away. When you needed one you stooped down and picked a brand-new one off the ground, where nature had been bleaching and polishing it for many years.

In those good old days an emigrant train was a world in itself. Every emigrant did his own cooking and eating and washing and ironing, if the emigrant happened to have a smoothing iron. One discouraging thing about an emigrant train was the remarkable variety of unpleasant odors that accompanied it. It used to be said you could smell an "African slave ship" five miles away. Honestly and truly, I do not believe an emigrant train was as bad as that.

There is a great contrast between an emigrant train with its primitive equipment and a streamlined train with its conveniences and gadgets that keep you exploring and investigating all the time. It all makes one of us old-timers long for the simplicity of a covered wagon, a frying pan, a bowie knife, a navy pistol, and a bucking broncho.

It was in the month of May that I crossed the continent for the first time. Passing through Missouri the train would flush great flocks of prairie chickens in the cornfields. Now the prairie's chicken has departed. I saw this time in Missouri no wild life, but many rich cultivated fields and many new barns and dwelling houses.

The Santa Fe Railroad follows the old Santa Fe Trail from near Kansas City into New Mexico, for St. Joseph, the eastern terminus of the trail and of the pony express, is only a few miles away. When some great writer appears who can paint the pictures of the trail and of the pony express it will be the great saga of the Western plains.

From the emigrant train you could see the Santa Fe Trail, once the great highway of commerce between the East and West, straight as an arrow along beside the rails for nearly a thousand miles. The railroad with its technically educated engineers could find no more direct route than that laid out generations ago by naked savages with no education and no instruments.

Dodge City, now a thriving modern town, was when I first saw it a beehive of Indians, cowboys, saloons, harness and saddlery shops—a real, smart frontier town.

Along the way from the emigrant train we saw countless thousands of prairie dogs, owls, rattlesnakes, coyotes, and now

and then a deer or an antelope. We were practically never out of sight of buffalo bones.

The only reminder of the wild life of the old days I have seen in Trinidad this time was the carcass of a black-tailed buck, strapped to a New Mexico car, parked on a street in Trinidad. Motoring over Raton Pass at 8,000 feet elevation we saw one half-starved coyote.

Trinidad, situated in a valley between rugged mountains, is and has been since the pioneer days one of the most picturesque towns on this continent. The pioneers have gone, but the beautiful scenery will remain forever. At present the town has many up-to-date business houses and many handsome residences.

Now as you fly on wings of steam over the steel rails you see the Santa Fe Trail no more. In its stead are broad highways carrying an immense amount of motor traffic, instead of great hordes of long horns being driven to market, cavalcades of frontier troops, trains of wagons bringing manufactured articles West, and taking hides, furs, and ores East.

The almost dry bed of the Arkansas River still winds along in sight of the railway and Santa Fe Trail. There is little water in the river except following rare rainy seasons.

What would Kit Carson and George Simpson think if they could take the ride from Kansas City to Trinidad on a modern railway train and see the changes that have come, and not a buffalo in sight of the millions that roamed the plains when they were here.

I have seen a geography, a textbook in the schools of ninety year ago, in which it was said that for a short distance west of the Mississippi River there was a fertile valley. West of that were vast, sterile plains extending to the Rocky Mountains, inhabited by wild animals and wilder and more savage men, concluding with: "It will in all probability never be the abode of civilized man."

OLD DAYS ON THE COLUMBIA

The Columbia is the mightiest river that flows from the United States into the Pacific. This has been well known for one hundred and fifty years. Near the mouth of the river is Astoria, one of the oldest towns on the Pacific Coast of America, founded by John Jacob Astor's ill-fated ship which sailed around the Horn, to establish trading posts and to claim the Oregon country, comprising the present states of Oregon and Washington, for the United States.

Soon after leaving Astoria, the ship was destroyed, and the skipper, not knowing the resources of the greatest fur trader this country has produced, thought Astor's fortune was wrecked. He was mistaken, but that has little to do with this story.

My acquaintance with Astoria was emphasized by my joy as a boy who, fifty-six years ago, had just crossed Clatsop Spit out of a great storm on the Pacific, to find the ship's table loaded with more good food than I had ever seen before. It was stacked and piled. That was one time the table fairly groaned, for during the three days' stormy cruise from San Francisco the passengers had "fed the fishes," but not themselves. When we arose from that repast the table groaned no more for it was empty.

Notwithstanding the Columbia had so long been known, it was almost as wild and uninhabited as when Thomas Jefferson sent Lewis and Clark to explore this terra incognita, and as when the great missionary, Dr. Whitman, and his party were massacred by a band of Indians, under command of a Hudson Bay Scotchman, gone native. I knew this renegade's daughter, Nancy McKenzie, who had none of her father's bloodthirsty traits. Her mother was a squaw, and from her she must have inherited the good traits of character that distinguished her. She knew the lore of the Indians, and was indispensable when a man got shot, frozen, or had delirium tremens. When she was old, I had the good fortune to be instrumental in saving her forty-acre claim, which was all the land she wanted. This made Nancy my staunch friend.

It seems strange now that the United States was slow to lay claim to the Oregon country. It was argued in Congress

that it was too remote and inaccessible to be of any value, that a road could never be built to it across the Rocky Mountains, and that it could be reached only by sailing around Cape Horn. The few people who lived there were urging the government to assert its right to this new empire by reason of discovery and settlement.

Dr. Whitman was sent to Washington, D. C., to urge annexation. A congressional debate was raging and the assertion had been made that a wagon could never cross the mountains into Oregon. Dr. Whitman at once invited a delegation to go with him down to a livery stable and see the wagon in which he had traveled from the Columbia to Washington. This incident went a long way towards inducing the United States to assert its ownership of this vast domain. A short time afterwards, Dr. Whitman met his death.

Before the middle of the Nineteenth Century this country's ownership was firmly established, though the boundary line between it and British Columbia was long undetermined. "Fifty-four forty or fight," was painted on covered wagons, crossing the plains. It frequently took a year to make the trip. Great Britain was stubborn as usual, and finally the forty-ninth parallel of latitude was accepted as the boundary, instead of "fifty-four forty."

Most of the earlier settlers went to the Willamette Valley, one of the most fertile and attractive spots on earth, and few settled north of the Columbia and Snake rivers.

Portland and a few smaller towns were built near the mouth of the Columbia, but for one hundred years there was no town on the Columbia east of the Dalles, a short distance from Portland. Navigation practically ceased there. The Dalles became noted for a great salmon cannery. The fish were caught in a wheel built in the rapids and in nets as they tried to navigate the swift water. Nevertheless millions of salmon every year succeeded in running or jumping the rapids, going to their spawning grounds in the upper river and its tributaries.

After giving us our sumptuous repast at Astoria, our ship steamed up the Columbia to Portland where our voyage ended. I crossed the river and plunged into the wilds of Washington

Territory, now the state of Washington, which was to be my home for the next two and one-half years. During that time I became familiar with the Columbia River and its scant settlements from the point where it enters the United States from British Columbia to where it loses itself in a great estuary of the Pacific.

A few weeks before I was to return to the states, I swam my little black mare across Okanagan River, near its confluence with the Columbia. There was not a white settler for many miles in any direction and the juncture of the two rivers was just as wild and untenanted as when Lewis and Clark, on their way home from their exploring expedition, had left two trappers at this spot to spend the winter. I never knew what became of the two trappers, but, whatever their fate, they were bold and self-reliant adventurers—made of the stuff that conquered wild America from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

And now America has become Columbia conscious. There is not yet any large city on the river above Portland, but the giant that has slept through millenniums is being awakened and put to work. The most notable example of this is the Grand Coulee Dam which will render navigable a considerable stretch of the river and will divert water into the Grand Coulee, which was once the bed of the great stream, to irrigate an immense section of the Big Bend Country. It will be one of the mammoth electric power producers in this world. It will also probably overcome the sheer falls in the river at Hell Gate, which with its surrounding mountains and towering cliffs is one of the grandest pieces of scenery on this continent.

When I reached Washington Territory, no railroad entered it from the outside world. Now Washington state is criss-crossed with railroads and motor highways, where we used to travel in wagons, on horseback, and in sleighs and bobsleds.

I wonder how the highways cross the Grand Coulee, second only in immensity to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. We used to tie a long rope to the tail end of our wagon and let it run by gravity into the great gulch, taking half-turns with the rope around trees as we went down. At the bottom we would take most of the load off the wagon, hitch all the horses

to it we could get, sometimes using our lariat ropes and riding horses to help out while the available men took hold of the spokes of the wheels and helped roll them up the hill. Frequently this performance would have to be repeated several times, before the load could be conveyed from the bottom of the canyon to the level prairie on the other side. In places there were acres of flat land and little springs and streams in the bottom of the canyon. There were some cabins in the great gulch, which was a rendezvous for cattle rustlers.

In my time there was only one bridge across the Columbia throughout its entire length, and few ferries. In fact on its upper reaches there was only one ferry. It was operated by a half-breed boy named Brown, from the Colville Valley to the Indian reservation north of the river.

Generally when it was necessary for us to cross the river, which was swift-flowing and described as "a quarter of a mile wide and half a mile deep," we stripped our horses and turned them into the water. The current would carry them a mile or more down stream before they reached the other shore. Then they would shake themselves, stroll up the bank, and eat grass while they waited for us to come on in an Indian canoe, bringing their saddles, bridles, blankets, and lariats.

The Indians said when God made the world he surveyed it and marked it with rivers, lakes, and mountains, and there was no sense in a "chickamon mouth" coming along and surveying and measuring it with chains, and driving stobs into the ground, and making little mounds of stone. They were talking about the "yellow haired Kentuckian" with some gold fillings in his teeth—that was I, for I was then engaged in surveying roads, claims, townsites, and other things, including lands in severalty for Indians whose reservation was about to be thrown open for settlement by the whites. "Chickamon" is the Chinook word for gold. Hence my sobriquet, which was not intended to be complimentary. I could, however, generally mollify an irate aborigine by opening my mouth and showing him the gold in my teeth.

As the Columbia could be navigated successfully for only a short distance from the ocean, towns did not spring up along

its course, as is the rule with most rivers. The Dalles was the first insuperable barrier. Then there were the falls at Hell Gate, the rapids at the mouth of Spokane River, Kettle Falls near the mouth of Colville River, and the Little Dalles some miles farther up stream. Between these numerous obstructions there were considerable stretches of navigable water, but there was nothing to call for navigation. The cattle and horses could be driven to market. Furs collected by Indian and white trappers were not bulky, and could easily be transported on packhorses or in wagons. There was nothing else to go to market.

Almost anywhere in the sands along the Columbia a little gold may be found, and in the gold-crazy days following the great excitement in the Sacramento Valley, many prospectors and placer miners followed the Columbia into British Columbia, taking their supplies with them in boats which they paddled and poled up stream, making laborious portages at all the obstructions.

When the gold excitement broke out in the Kootenai country, north of the international boundary line, a steamboat was built at the Little Dalles to take supplies to miners some two hundred miles or more up the river. When the mines were worked out and the boat played out, Captain Pingstone married a squaw and settled on a ranch in Colville Valley, where he raised children, fruit and vegetables, cattle and horses.

Frogpond Pete was a young man who saw visions. So he built him a cabin and cleared a garden spot at the Little Dalles, and asserted a squatter's claim to what he believed would be the site of a town, when some day traffic would again be opened on the upper Columbia. Pete remained there for many years, and saw his dream come partially true, when a boat was built at the Little Dalles to take supplies from Colville Valley to the workmen on the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

Few boatmen could shoot the Little Dalles, but Frogpond Pete could. It was the scene of many tragedies. I was called on to survey Pete's claim when the last steamboat mentioned was being built, and it may be of interest to note the fact that Captain Pingstone was called from his ranch to be captain of

this boat, because he was the only man living who knew this piece of water.

Pete told me the following story:

"Last winter three Canadians in a rowboat came here, and asked me if they could shoot the rapids. I told them I could, but advised them not to try it. They said they could do it, if I could. I stood on that rock right there and saw them all drown a few minutes later."

Mark Twain wove a picturesque halo around "the bad man" of the pioneer West with his "private graveyard." Others have followed the inimitable example of the author of *Roughing It*, until the average reader thinks of the old West as an aggregation of outlaws. During my own pioneering experience, I met a number of these alleged bad men, notably "Red Handed Mike," who had a reputation as a knife fighter. Hence his name. I considered him and most of the other "bad men" foolish braggarts.

Mark Twain pictures Slade as a fearless killer, and yet he lost his courage and died like a craven on the gallows. In recent years Slade's story has appeared in the movies. He and other bad men were the exception and not the rule. More crimes are committed today in one week in any city of 150,000 inhabitants in this country, than were committed in Washington Territory during the whole time I lived there. In fact, while it was practically without law, it was the most law-abiding community in which I have ever lived.

Why? Because the scattered population was composed of bold young men, who had had courage enough to leave home, family, and friends to make a career in the wilds. They were generally well armed.

A law of the open spaces was that you could always avoid a fight by totally ignoring an insulting man. Then you lost no prestige. If you replied to him you must either bluff him, fight him, or be branded a craven.

Most of the tragedies of the time were due to trying to swim or cross the raging Columbia in crazy boats, or to rattlesnake bites. A few were due to accidental shootings. Though every-

body could and did ride wild horses off the range, there were few accidents, and I never knew a death from this cause.

My own death song was once sung by Nez Perce Indian women, when I was about to be swept through the Columbia rapids at the mouth of the Spokane River. It was a novel and exciting experience. I suppose it is not necessary to say there were no tragic results.

In those days the Columbia was considered something of a nuisance. It was in canyons in many places, and in others had steep high banks, so that it was of little use for irrigation. Its most valuable asset was the immense quantity of fine salmon it brought from the Pacific once a year—a godsend for the Indians who were expert in catching the fish and drying them in the sun for use in winter.

Now a change has come. Washington Territory has become a populous state, with vast agricultural and horticultural resources. Its mines are productive and its immense forests are furnishing lumber that is being shipped to the remotest confines of the earth. In the writer's opinion, it is the best wheat-growing section of the world.

Last but not least, the Columbia has been harnessed, it is potentially the greatest producer of electric power of any American river. Its high banks and everlasting flow of water make dam building easy, and power cheap. Projects already under construction are immense, and only the surface has been scratched.

Washington State is destined to be one of the greatest manufacturing and industrial sections of this nation.

EXPLORING EARTH'S CAVERNS

When I was a boy I worked all one summer in order to get enough money to go to Mammoth Cave. My job was cleaning out fence corners at fifty cents a day. I got poison oak all over me from head to heel. One of my old colored friends told me how to cure it. It is surprising how much knowledge and wisdom are stored in old Negroes' heads.

"Buddy, get some nightshade leaves and mash them up with cream. Smear it all over you when you go to bed at night,

and in two or three days you will be well." It worked, and has worked many times since, for I am quite susceptible to poison ivy. You may have the recipe free of charge.

I was soon in fine fettle for my trip to the cave. It was one of the most thrilling experiences of my whole life. I have since seen many of the wonders of nature, but none ever affected me like that first trip to Mammoth Cave, with its great avenues, its Star Chamber, its underground Echo River—none other like it—its stone houses where a number of sufferers from tuberculosis lived, thinking the pure air would cure them. It did not. Some of them died and the others abandoned their dwelling places far beneath the surface of the earth.

I also was interested in the remains of the old saltpeter vats, the ox tracks, and the cartwheel ruts made when the saltpeter was hauled to the surface for the purpose of making powder. An additional interest was given by a legend in our family that one of my great-grandfathers had made powder for the Indian wars out of saltpeter taken from this cave.

With this experience, associated with other boys, I became a cave explorer on my own hook, for there were many caves in Logan County, Kentucky, where we lived. One of these was known as Gorham's Cave. The stream that trickled through it was in places very deep, and once I stepped in "over my head" and had to swim out.

Our most disastrous experience was when a rock weighing about six hundred pounds fell on one of the boys, badly smashing his leg. We carried him out, and he eventually recovered.

One of the treacherous things about a cave is that many rocks have remained in a delicately poised position for hundreds or thousands of years and it only takes a touch to start them tumbling.

It would require too much space to tell of all my cave experiences, so I will tell of only a few.

Some forty-odd years ago the Louisville and Nashville Railroad was developing Colossal Cavern, a few miles from Glasgow Junction, as a possible rival of Mammoth Cave. I was then city editor of the *Courier-Journal*. The cave was being developed and explored privately, and no visitors were admitted.

One day the managing editor, Arthur Ford, told me he wanted me to send a man to Colossal Cavern.

"Let him get in it any way he can," said he, "and write it up for the *Courier-Journal*."

"All right," said I, "I am an experienced cave man, and I will send myself."

Charles Daily, one of the telegraph editors, for many years afterward a newspaper correspondent in Peking, volunteered to go with me.

We reached the cave entrance early one Sunday morning. The watchman in charge said we could not enter the cave, that it was not open to visitors and was dangerous. We told him we were tourists, and probably would never be that way again, and offered him five dollars to unlock the door. That was persuasive, and he hunted up a boy guide, and unlocked the door to the rough cabin built over the entrance to the cave.

The entrance was not attractive. It looked something like a large well, or the shaft leading into a coal mine. It was necessary to go down a hundred feet or so on rough ladders. It was insignificant compared with the great entrance to Mammoth Cave which yawns like the mouth of a great monster, big enough for wagons and carriages to drive into it.

At the bottom of the shaft was a narrow passage, probably a quarter of a mile long—it is difficult to estimate distances in a cave—and along the bottom of it, most of the way, you had to straddle or crawl through a little stream where the ceiling was low. I thought if I should die or get killed, I would have to be dragged out with a rope around my neck. In most large caves the air is pure and refreshing, but there are confined places where it is very smothery and oppressive. Cave atmosphere is not conducive to long life, as most guides die after a few years of the experience. Our boy guide was killed a short time after our visit by falling into a pit.

Leaving the narrow passage the cavern opened up grandly. In one place was a deep pit, which we had to cross, coon fashion, on a pole. There was a running stream in the main cave. The great avenues were hundreds of feet wide and a hundred feet tall. There were countless stalagmites and stalactites. The

walls were profusely decorated with crystals and many gypsum formations that looked like beds of snowy flowers set on edge.

We concluded that Colossal Cavern was a fitting rival of Mammoth Cave if a more accessible entrance could be devised.

Some thirty-five years ago a Nashville party under the guidance of Eugene Priest went to Wayne County, Kentucky, to inspect the Mayfield oil field near Monticello. After seeing the black oil gush from the pumps and flow into great tanks, we visited Mill Springs, where Nashville's great editor-soldier, General Felix Zollicoffer, lost his life in one of the early engagements of the War Between the States.

One night, while we were at Mayfield's camp, it was proposed that a party of us visit the great cave nearby. Each man was given a lantern, and we were furnished a guide who did not know the cave. He succeeded, however, in piloting us to a point where there was a beautiful water display, and then started back. We soon discovered that our guide was lost. There were many cross passages in the cave, and if we could not find our way out we would have to sit still in utter darkness for a day or two until rescuers found us. Were you ever in utter darkness in the silence of a cave? If so you have a pretty realistic idea of what hell is like, especially if you are waiting for rescuers, with death from starvation as the alternative. The ultimate prospect would be to be discovered some years later, and be pronounced a prehistoric mummy, and be given a niche in some museum, for people to look at and wonder at your grinning mouth and parchment skin.

We had no oil except that in the lanterns, and so a council of war decided we had better conserve that. We extinguished the lights in all the lanterns save one. A pioneer took the lighted lantern and the rest of us followed holding onto one another's coattails in order to keep in touch. The pioneer would examine the trails when we came to a fork in the avenue, and we would obediently follow, because there was nothing else to do.

Finally, as the last lantern was flickering to extinction, we saw the stars shining through the mouth of the cave.

Besides the caves mentioned I have explored many others, especially little ones, and it was among the latter that I had an interesting experience.

In the great plains of western Texas there are many little gypsum caves. Each contains one room, whose ceilings and walls are studded with the most perfect and beautiful prismatic crystals imaginable. Upon entering you would imagine you are inside a crystal palace. But such a visit is not devoid of dangers.

These caves are generally entered through a drain that leads from the prairies. As you walk down the drain, its grassy sides are so close that you can reach out your hand and touch them. They are infested with little, muddy-looking rattlesnakes, ready to strike at a moment's notice, or no notice at all. Also the panthers make their dens in many of the caves, so that you never feel safe until you are back on the level prairie.

I made a trip across western Texas once with my brother and a cowboy. Both tried to dissuade me from visiting the caves, with which they were familiar. The cowboy said he and his partner, while herding cattle near where we were, had startled an old panther and four cubs out of their cave. He said the two of them pursued the panthers and killed them all with their pistols. But cowboys are such liars! However, I saw a beautiful cave and encountered neither rattlesnakes nor panthers.

You might ask: "What is the charm of prowling about in holes in the ground anyhow?" There are several. One is the joy of exploration. The earth's surface has been pretty well explored; but there is much virgin territory in the caverns under the earth. "The danger is itself a lure," as Fitz-James told Roderick Dhu. The darkness is another lure. Who does not love to wander in the woods at night, when everything seems strange and unnatural. Then there is the greatest lure of all, the wonderfully beautiful formations and scenes you are always likely to encounter. There are few snakes in the larger caves and little life of any kind. There are rats and occasionally many bats. The saltpeter found in caves is from the droppings of bats, very much chemically like the Peruvian guano. It has always seemed strange to me that so few Indian signs are found in caves except on rare occasions, near the entrances. I imagine the Indians must have been superstitious about entering the great holes in the ground.

If you have lost the enthusiasm and recklessness of youth, you are too old to enjoy prowling through the bowels of the earth.

LOUIS BROWNLOW'S BEGINNING

A feature article containing a sketch of Louis Brownlow, together with an interview with him, appeared in the *New York Morning Telegram*, September 24, 1916. He was at that time one of the three commissioners of the District of Columbia. In his interview he tells of the beginning of his newspaper career on the *Nashville Banner*, in which the author of these reminiscences appears.

Brownlow has gone far since then on various newspapers, as Washington correspondent, as a world traveler and writer, as a favorite of two Democratic presidents, Woodrow Wilson and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

He was chairman of the commission that prepared for President Roosevelt the government reorganization program, now advocated by the President. He has also served as city manager of Petersburg, Virginia, and Knoxville, Tennessee, and is now head of the Public Administration Clearing House in Chicago.

An excerpt from the interview in the article referred to follows:

"I went down to Nashville to visit my uncle," he explained, "and I supposed it was the 'lure of the city,' that gave me an idea that I'd like to stay there. Anyway, I wasn't homesick, and after my visit was over, I started out to find a job. I did a little of everything that a country fellow of eighteen could do—sold cigars in hotels, magazines, candy—you know, odds and ends. I kept that up for a time, and then one day I decided I would go onto a newspaper. Without the slightest hesitation, and with no qualms as to my qualifications for the job, I presented myself at the office of the *Nashville Banner*. And that's where I really began life.

"That's where I really started," he repeated, "there on the *Nashville Banner*. The man who held the fate and fortunes of cub reporters in his hands, the man on whose authority an

awful lot of the *Banner* hung, was Marmaduke Morton. He was a long, lank man, clean shaven and with a pompadour of light hair that was always brushed straight up, perpendicular and stiff. Right here in front of him, on his desk, was a pile of paper—this size. [Mr. Brownlow lifted a tablet, four by five perhaps.] In the drawer at his right hand he kept a great lot of copy paper; in the drawer at his left he had pounds and pounds of tobacco; here, on the top of his desk, was an accumulation of corn-cob pipes. Just above his head was a low-hanging gas jet, and it was always lighted. I stood before him that morning when I'd decided upon a newspaper career and told him I wanted a job on the *Banner*.

"He looked me over, up and down, and picked up one of the corn-cob pipes, opened the drawer on his left and stuffed the bowl full of tobacco; took a piece of paper, held it up to the gas flame above his head and lighted his pipe. Then, through the smoke, he looked me over again.

"'Can you write?' he asked as he handed me a pencil and paper and beckoned me to come around to the corner of the desk. I wrote my name; I'm quite sure that never before nor since have I written it so well. Marmaduke Morton considered the writing as he smoked and I waited. Finally he drawled: 'Well, if you want to go to work and work for nothin' you can come around in the morning.'

"He always took the pipe from his mouth, held the bowl in his hand and emphasized what he said by shaking the stem at you, or pointing with it. 'Come around in the morning,' he said again, 'at seven o'clock. Now, when I say seven, I mean seven. Seven isn't ten minutes past, as Tom A. over there thinks [he indicated Tom with his pipe]; nor thirty after, accordin' to Sam B. there [the stem pointed out the laggard Sam]; nor eight o'clock the way Miss C. thinks [straight at the society editor he directed the pipe], but it's seven. Now,' he turned around to his desk again, 'if you want to work for nothin' come around in the morning and I'll give you something to do until the Legislature, when Jim D. gets back, and then I'll fire you.'

"The next morning I was on hand before seven and waited ten minutes until Marmaduke Morton came in and put me to

work. The next morning, in my zeal to make no mistake as to the time of seven o'clock, I was still earlier, and once more ahead of Marmaduke Morton, even though he got down at ten minutes to seven. Well, that thing began on Wednesday, and so keen was I to get to the office before he did, and so determined was he not to let me, that I arrived every day earlier and earlier, and he all but caught up, until one morning we both got down there at six o'clock.

"But it was a great morning. Morton took up the morning paper and was in a frenzy. There had been a fearful cyclone and Columbia was torn up by the roots. The dispatch gave the name of only one killed—the sister of the *Banner's* correspondent there. Some one must go down at once and cover the story; the train left at six fifteen, and there was I, and no one else.

"'You'll have to go,' he said, 'and get the full list of the wounded, dead, and dying, and let the rest go. How much money have you?'

"I could shake up two dollars and he collected two from his pockets. I caught the train by running and swinging on, and, of course, had no time to buy a ticket. So it happened that in the excitement of the catastrophe, and the crowds on board, the conductor didn't ask me for fare or ticket, and I got to Columbia with the four dollars in my pocket, and went to work.

"The telegraph lines were all down, and it was some time before any communication could be established, but, after a while we got a line to Birmingham, up through Charlotte, finally Chicago and then down to Nashville. I begged for the line, begged and then showed my four dollars. No sooner was my stuff under way than the Associated Press fellows rushed in, storming the place, but my list ticked steadily over the wire until nearly finished, when the lines broke. So I was the first one and the only one who got anything out.

"Then I borrowed some money of some relatives I had in the town and went back to the office. The list was all right and the story of the cyclone had to be written around the list; but I got blown up for not staying down there and covering the whole story. I was fired back as fast as I could get there and stayed three or four days.

"When I reported for another assignment, someone told me that Grigsby wanted to see me. I asked who he was, and learned he was the cashier. Now, of course, I had no occasion to meet Mr. Grigsby, because I was working for nothing, but I had not the slightest objection to seeing what he looked like. He was a sour-faced man, as are all cashiers for newspapers, and of few words. He pushed an envelope toward me with, 'Mr. Morton said to give you this.' I opened it and found twenty-five dollars.

"Of course, I lost no time getting to Mr. Morton. I touched him on the elbow and showed him the envelope. 'I'm much obliged for this,' I said. His pipe was just empty, and he knocked out the ashes on the edge of his desk, filled it with fresh tobacco, packed it nicely and deliberately; lifted the bit of paper to the gas jet, lighted the pipe, drew it a minute, then took it from his mouth and looked me over.

" 'You did some hard work, and that's your pay for it,' he said. Another draw or two on the corncob, and he fastened it in his hand and laid down the law to me with the stem, **emphasizing** every word. 'That's your pay for it,' he repeated, 'but don't let that swell your head. On the different papers where I've been, all told, I've broken in one hundred and two cubs, and you're the most unlikely of the whole lot. But if you want to work for nothin' come in the morning at seven, and I'll give you something to do until the Legislature, when Jim D. gets back, and then I'll fire you.' Well, I was back the next morning a little before seven, and I was put to work until the Legislature. But I wasn't fired then. It happened that I was sent to cover the Legislature."

[If you do not believe this story you will not be altogether wrong.—M. B. M.]

Although Mr. Brownlow did not dwell upon that particular detail, it must be that he became more and more familiar with the Grigsbys of newspapers, for from that time his place in the Fourth Estate was fully established. From the *Nashville Banner* he went to the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, and later became the city editor of the *Louisville Times*, the afternoon edition of the *Courier-Journal*.

M. B. MORTON BADLY INJURED BY AUTOMOBILE

(*Local Story in the Nashville Banner, January 21, 1935*)

M. B. Morton, 75, managing editor of the *Banner*, and one of the best known newspaper men in the South is at St. Thomas Hospital suffering from a fractured left leg, a broken right wrist, and a slight concussion of the brain caused shortly before 7 o'clock this morning when he was struck by a taxicab at Fourth Avenue and Commerce Street as he was on his way to his office.

The driver, A. D. Gentry, 34, of the Murfreesboro Road, stopped his cab and took Mr. Morton to the General Hospital. He was later removed to St. Thomas Hospital after examination by Dr. Owsley Manier and Dr. W. D. Haggard.

Mr. Morton had just left a Sunset Park bus, at Fifth Avenue and Commerce Street, as was his daily custom, and was proceeding along Commerce Street to the *Banner* office, when the accident occurred. He had been accustomed to start his day's work at 7 o'clock each morning.

His physicians report that he was resting as well as could be expected, but that he was suffering considerably from shock.

Gentry was arrested by Emergency Officer Allen Murray and booked at police station on a charge of reckless driving. His bond of \$250 was made by O. D. Jenkins of the General Cab Company.

MY DEATH AND RESURRECTION

(*Written July 14, 1935*)

"Where am I?"

"You are in the hospital."

"What am I doing here?"

"You had a little accident the other day."

"What kind of an accident was it?"

"You must keep quiet now and we will tell you tomorrow."

"Was it an automobile accident?"

"Yes."

"Any bones broken?"

"Yes."

"Was my hip joint broken?"

"No."

That was reassuring to a man who had passed his three score years and ten.

I never felt better in my life. In fact, I could not imagine there was anything the matter with me, and went to sleep or went again into concussion of the brain. When I waked up the surgeon was sitting beside me.

"How am I, Doctor?" I asked.

"You are doing fine," he replied. I have heard that a thousand times since, so one would imagine that I am running around playing handball, instead of lying in my bed, sitting in an easy chair, or hobbling laboriously about the house on my crutches, carrying four pounds of harness on my smashed leg.

Since my first interview with the doctor and my pretty nurse, I have suffered untold agonies. I have suffered death a hundred times and more in mind and body. Although I never died but once, I say this with the full knowledge that I am not overstating facts. But more of the death scene anon, for I am getting ahead of the story.

Mr. Lee Oglivie saw the auto strike me and ran to my assistance after calling to the auto driver to stop. It had been raining and when he found me lying in the gutter with my head down hill, the street water running into my mouth, and the blood gushing from my head, arm, and leg, he became deathly sick and called for help. Mr. Ed. Wallace came on the run from the Argonne Hotel and with the help of a passing colored man took me in the automobile to the General Hospital where I received generous and scientific first aid while my wife, the *Banner* office, and my family physician and surgeon were called.

I was then removed to St. Thomas Hospital, where a thorough examination was made. It was found that I had a crescent-shaped cut, about six inches long, on my head, which had already been so well fixed at the General Hospital that it was not necessary to give it any further attention. Both bones in my right wrist had been broken, and my left leg, from the knee to the ankle, had been crushed—one compound fracture,

two other fractures, and various other minor breaks. Fortunately neither the knee nor the ankle was broken.

This is all at second hand, because I remember nothing of the day of the accident, except a faint recollection of getting on and off the bus before being struck by the automobile, and I knew nothing else until several days later, when I awoke and asked the nurse where I was.

After that fateful awakening my real suffering began—bone-setting, having my leg encased in a plaster cast, then braces and puttee and medicine and more medicine. It is needless to say that I received the best attention, for my wife and boy, who had been summoned from a distant state, were with me a great part of the time, and the physicians were tireless in giving me every possible attention.

Although I was unconscious for only a few days, it was weeks before I recovered sufficiently to regain fully my mental faculties. In the meantime I had many horrible dreams and hallucinations.

Though I was flat of my back for four months and unable to move without assistance I felt all the time like I could get up and walk about and do just as I used to do before I was hurt. So one day when the nurse was out and I was by myself I concluded I would put this theory into practice. I was like the old Moor in the Alhambra, of whom Washington Irving wrote, "To think was to act with Muley Abul Hassan."

I had a plaster cast on my leg that weighed about seventy-five pounds, a splint on my broken wrist, and various other harness. Up I got and then down I went, sprawling on the floor. There I lay for a few minutes and then began to call for help. A Negro man came in, picked me up, and put me back on the bed.

Then the little nurse gal came in nearly scared to death, followed by one of the Sisters. "Are you hurt?" they cried sotto voce. I said "No" but they were not satisfied until the doctors came and gave me an X-ray examination. Then all hands agreed that I was not hurt.

The night I died? Oh, yes, I had fallen into a troubled dream and thought my nurse and other attendants had conspired to

put me out of my misery that night. The horror of the situation awoke me but I still believed the conspiracy was real. It seemed to me they had come to the conclusion I was going to die, and they might as well ease me off. I knew I was helpless by myself, so after considering the situation I said to the nurse:

"Call my wife."

After a short absence she returned and said my wife had been with me nearly all day, was worn out, and had gone to bed.

"Call my boy," I ordered.

After another short absence the suspected conspirator returned.

"Your boy has gone automobiling with a young lady," and she did not know where he was.

"Call Jimmy Stahlman," said I.

The smiling nurse reported that Mr. Stahlman could not be reached.

I seemed to be at the end of my row. I thought about sending for Alex Barthell with two automatic pistols, for I knew I could depend on him with such equipment, "but" I said to myself, "they will come back and tell the same sort of story about him that they told about the others." Then I became reconciled to my fate and turned over and died.

When the morning sun began to stream through the window I opened my eyes. I was not quite certain whether I was in heaven or in hell, but I was inclined to the latter hypothesis.

I could not figure out how that smiling nurse had got there, but there she was.

"Good morning," she greeted.

"Where is the devil?" I asked.

"In hell I suppose."

"Well, where am I?"

"In your own bed in the hospital. You have had a good night and are better this morning."

"I may be better," thought I, "If I had a good night, I hope I will never have another such."

I scratched my head with my left hand and looked up, and there stood my wife. I had come to life and was safe.

I was finally allowed to go home in an ambulance. That smiling nurse came with me and gave me excellent attention for several months longer—never tried to kill me again. All things come with time. All you have to do is to sit down or lie down, as the case may be, and wait.

Finally the cast was taken off my leg and a brace and puttee took its place. I began to have a little appetite and my taste for good coffee returned. I regretfully let the smiling nurse go, not because I did not need her but because the time for retrenchment had arrived. Since then I have got along pretty well with home-made nursing. I have read numerous books and magazines. I hobble around, and sit around, and lie around.

You get tired of reading. The little girls in the neighborhood have proved a saving grace. From three to seven years old, they have come singly and in groups. They are an everlasting comfort. They frequently bring little bunches of flowers they have gathered along the way, and when they find me asleep they leave their precious little bouquets at my door. The little children, who are in nowise responsible, have my greatest sympathy in contemplating the chaotic condition of this country and the world at large.

For a long time they did not allow me to have company, and then my friends sent flowers. Don't you ever believe, when you are lying helpless in bed, that flowers do no good. They are sweet messages from the outside, and remind you that somebody cares. I did not know I had so many friends until the flowers began rolling in and telling me all about it.

Later on the friends themselves began to come, and that is the best part of a prolonged invalidism. Occasionally one of the girls would kiss me. Imagine how important it makes an old man feel! One of my gals told me that I was the most interesting man she ever met. The idea! I knew it wasn't true, but I liked it just the same. How a visit from a friend cheers a prolonged invalidism.

I had other sources of amusement. I enjoyed looking out of the windows at the floating clouds and blue sky. It was the first time in a long life that I had absolutely nothing to do. I could watch the clouds gather, the thunderheads coming in

from the west, the trees swaying in the wind and the grand burst of the storm with its flashing lightning and crashing thunder. I began to understand what inspired the poet when he wrote:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps on the
Sea and rides upon the storm."

I watched the flowers begin to peep up in the back yard, the buds begin to swell, and the fragrant blooms to welcome the springtime. The peachtree blossoms looked like fairyland; and it was soothing to the spirit to see my wife moving about among the wild profusion of blossoms, giving them the little attentions they so much appreciate.

I have other friends. "Popeye" the pup comes to my window, looks up at me, and invites me to come out and play with him. He is always wondering why I do not accept his cordial invitations.

The birds that come to the baths and labyrinths that I made for them before I got smashed up are showing their friendship. They sing for me morning, noon, and night. A gentle robin sits on the lawn near the porch and turns his head in attentive listening as I whistle, and he wonders what kind of an old bird I am.

The mockingbirds, the thrushes, the cardinals, and other birds have shown me how they build their nests and care for the little birds. A pair of cardinals conducted their family affairs in a Virginia cedar right against the front porch. They were asking me to protect them from the prowling cats. It took them five days to build their nest and four or five weeks to lay their eggs and hatch their young. Then the little cardinals flew away.

The mockingbirds and the thrushes selected the overgrown rambling rosebush as their nesting place. The young of the thrushes are clumsy and helpless for the first few days, but the little mockingbirds are graceful from the day they are pushed out of the nest.

The mockingbirds are the most graceful and the greatest singers of the feathered tribe.

But the wood thrushes—did you ever hear sweeter notes than theirs? Their subdued note reminds you of the sweet voice of a Swiss girl.

I cannot tell you about all my bird friends; but I have already introduced you to my three or four favorites.

These are some of the horrors of getting smashed up and some of the diversions of invalidism. I will see you when the roses bloom again.

ON THE WAY BACK

(*Editorial by W. E. Beard in the Nashville Banner,
July 14, 1935*)

It is with gratification unbounded that the *Banner* calls attention to a signed article appearing upon this page from the pencil of Marmaduke B. Morton, its managing editor, seriously incapacitated some months ago as a result of being struck by a taxicab, while office-bound.

This is the first bit of newspaper comment or recording which his pencil, hitherto a tireless weapon, has ventured upon, and consequently is a contribution of rare interest in the editorial department of the *Banner*, as indeed it will be for a much wider circle.

Significant and especially gratifying is it that this veteran of many and divers adventures, the natural accompaniments of a long newspaper career, and a witness of human casualties of almost every variety, comes back to the exercise of his pencil with outspoken optimism for the future, with the same invulnerable spirit which has carried him, in the course of his long and useful career, through episodes thrilling, threatening, and heart-sickening.

Mr. Morton has had a round or series of rounds with modern surgery in its most ghastly habiliments and wielding instruments so terrifying to look upon except impersonally, and has survived, his spirit unbroken, his faith unshaken.

He has had a close call, but now he is on his way back, going about it rather slowly to be sure, for crutches are new things in a life which has been so busy as his, but definitely on his way.

"Man is immortal till his work is done!"

STAFF HAILS RETURN OF MANAGING EDITOR

(*Editor and Publisher, December 7, 1935*)

Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 4—It's going to be a merrier Christmas this year around the offices of the Nashville *Banner* than anyone on the newspaper expected.

The reason is that M. B. Morton, managing editor of the *Banner* since 1898, and affectionately referred to as the "Daddy" of the editorial department, is now able to spend part of each day back at his desk, after an absence of nearly ten months caused by injuries he received when struck by an automobile as he was going to work January 21 this year.

Although at first, because of his 76 years, it was feared he would not recover sufficiently to return to his office, he made such remarkable progress after the first few months that he has been able now for several weeks to come to his desk every morning and to see the first two editions of the paper go to press.

One of the oldest newspaper executives in years as well as in point of service, Mr. Morton was born on a Kentucky farm August 6, 1859, and first came to Nashville in 1888 as a reporter for the late U. S. Senator E. W. Carmack, then editor of the old Nashville *Democrat*, one of the predecessors of the present Nashville *Tennessean*.

After an active career on Kentucky and Alabama newspapers, Mr. Morton was invited by the late Major E. B. Stahlman, publisher of the *Banner*, to become managing editor of that paper in July, 1898, and he accepted.

"I'm coming back to my desk more for my own good than for the paper's," Mr. Morton said with a grin.

"The paper has been getting along very well without me, but I haven't been getting on so well without the paper."

His return was the occasion for a veritable reception in his office on the part of the staff, several of whom have worked with him for a score of years or more.

M. B. MORTON BECOMES MANAGING EDITOR
EMERITUS

(*Local item in the Nashville Banner, April 8, 1937*)

M. B. Morton, whose name has held a prominent place in Southern journalism for half a century, has become managing editor emeritus of the *Banner*, which he has served as managing editor for more than thirty-eight years.

The announcement was made today by James G. Stahlman, publisher.

Mr. Morton is succeeded by Charles M. Moss, former city editor, who, in turn, is succeeded as city editor by Rousseau Duncan, formerly telegraph editor. Alvand Dunkleberger, formerly assistant telegraph editor, is promoted to telegraph editor.

Mr. Morton, now in his seventy-eighth year, was born near Russellville, Kentucky, August 6, 1859, son of William and Sophia W. Morton, receiving his early education in a one-room log schoolhouse, from which he went to Bethel College, Russellville. With the exception of several years in the West, he has been identified with newspaper work since early manhood, having begun his career as local editor of the Russellville (Kentucky) *Herald-Enterprise*.

Perhaps the oldest managing editor of any American daily newspaper, both in age and in point of active service, at the time of his retirement, Mr. Morton saw many years of reportorial service before becoming managing editor of the *Banner* in August, 1898. He had been a reporter and Frankfort correspondent and city editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and had worked on newspapers in Birmingham, having served as a reporter and later as city editor of the Birmingham *Herald*. Previous to his connection with the *Banner*, he had also been connected with the old Nashville *Democrat* and the Nashville *American*.

For many years after assuming the managing editor's post on the *Banner*, he covered every national convention, of both Democrats and Republicans.

During his long years of service he had trained many a youngster, several of whom later served in executive positions on other newspapers. He was generally regarded as the "balance wheel" in the editorial rooms. When others became excited, he remained calm, and directed the affairs of his department with a master hand. He demanded of his co-workers accuracy and thoroughness of detail. His insistence was that the best way to tell a story was in plain, understandable words with as little flourish as possible, and in his work as managing editor he was as thorough as he had been as a reporter.

THIS CUB LIKED HIS OLD BOSS

(Written by Dudley Glass in his daily column in the Atlanta Georgian, April 4, 1937.)

We hear by grapevine wireless that the Nashville *Banner* has retired Managing Editor Marmaduke B. Morton, on generous pay, after more than fifty years of newspaper service. But we hope it's not true.

He was "Old Man Morton" to us cubs more than thirty years ago. We realize now that he wasn't an old man then. Maybe we called him the "Old Man" because he was so very wise and patient and kindly and altogether lovable.

Gee, that's been a long time! And we've seen Mr. Morton only once in all those years—up at Asheville at a publisher's meeting, the only holiday junket we ever knew him to take.

Lord, the number of good newspapermen M. B. Morton has made out of unlicked cubs who started at five dollars a week and considered themselves journalists!

Whenever we think—and we often do—of how densely ignorant and how insufferably conceited we were when Mr. Morton took us under his wing and gently suggested that a few less polysyllables and a trifle more clarity in our copy would

be an improvement, we start turning red on our bald spot and the rosy glow creeps down to our ankles.

The idea of retiring M. B. Morton! We can't guess at his years, but we'll bet he is younger in heart and mind and spirit right now than the freshest cub on the *Banner* staff.

We hope he has taken his old desk with him—and his corn-cob pipes and the drawer full of tobacco and the old green eyeshade and the rickety chair—if it has survived all these years. We used to have an idea Mr. Morton slept in that chair instead of a bed—because he always was in it when we came to work in the morning and when we went away in the afternoon.

It's a grand old paper, the Nashville *Banner*, and always was. And the vigorous young Stahlman at its head—they call him the Dixie Dynamo—is carrying on the fine traditions of his grandfather with the pep and enterprise of more modern journalism.

We've wanted to drop into the old *Banner* office some day and swap yarns about our cubdom there. But not now! Not if "Old Man Morton" is not in his corner.

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